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FIFTH AVENUE & 37TH STREET
New York

Vol. XXXVI

**APRIL, 1912** 

No. 4

## THE **CLEVERNESS**

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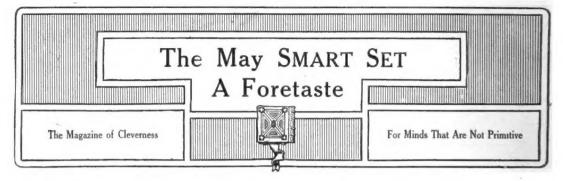
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JOHN ADAMS THAYER, President

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HO, FOR THE MERRY MONTH OF MAY! And a merry magazine for a merry month! That is what the May SMART SET will be. Yet not all merriment, for there are gray days even in May, and the May number, true to The SMART SET's general purpose of revealing many phases of human nature through various forms of literary art, necessarily touches here and there a pathetic, a poignant and even a tragic note.

QUITE A REPRESENTATIVE number this May issue will be—representative of the persistent aim and effort of The SMART Set to produce a well balanced collection of fresh, clever, artistic, human stories, sketches, essays, lyrics, epigrams and quips, that are written by men and women who really know how to write.

AMONG THE CONTRIBUTORS to this admirable May number are such well known story tellers, poets, essayists and playwrights as Leroy Scott, Emerson Hough, George Bronson Howard, Richard Le Gallienne, Emery Pottle, John Kendrick Bangs, Thomas L. Masson, Louise Closser Hale, John D. Barry and Miriam Michelson. There are also several newcomers who bring a fresh and original note. Two, at least, of them should be heard of in the future.

OUR NEW DEPARTMENT, "Pertinent and Impertinent," which begins to bud in the present issue, will be found in full flower in the May number. You will enjoy the pungence of this witty comment on modern life, manners and customs by Owen Hatteras—a name, we dare predict, that will some day be as well known as "Mr. Dooley" or George Ade.

THE COMPLETE NOVELETTE, which is always a favorite feature of The SMART SET, will be "In Borrowed Plumes," by Leroy Scott. It tells of a snobbish woman

in society who snubs another woman. The latter gets an actress to impersonate a countess, and the impersonation is so well carried out that—well, you would never guess just what the result is and we won't spoil the story for you by telling the dénouement. Of course, how it happens is as fascinating as what it is that happens, in one of Leroy Scott's novelettes.

A TRAGICAL AFFAIR during an unusual wedding trip on a sailing ship is the subject of Emerson Hough's powerful little story, "The Honeymoon."

HOW A U. S. ARMY OFFICER used his wits in China to rid the country of a disturbing missionary by shipping him off to America is the theme of George Bronson Howard's amusing story, "Taintor, of Seven Precious Dragons."

"LACK OF IMAGINATION IN MIL-LIONAIRES" is the title of Richard Le Gallienne's essay. In his flowing, graceful style, the author shows how ignorant rich men are of ways in which to spend their wealth so as to make it produce the joy of life.

ONE OF THE BEST BURLESQUES the editors have seen for a long time is Samuel D. McCoy's "Mrs. Potiphar Pays a Call." It would make the proverbial cat laugh.

OTHER CONTRIBUTIONS that will provide lively entertainment are "A Perfectly True Story," by Thomas L. Masson, "The Great Impersonator" (a story of the stage), by Eleanor Ingram, a one-act play by Miriam Michelson (author of "In the Bishop's Carriage"), "The Judge Decides," by Frank Fowell (a poignant story in which the judge himself becomes involved in a case he is trying), and a breezy tale by Emery Pottle.



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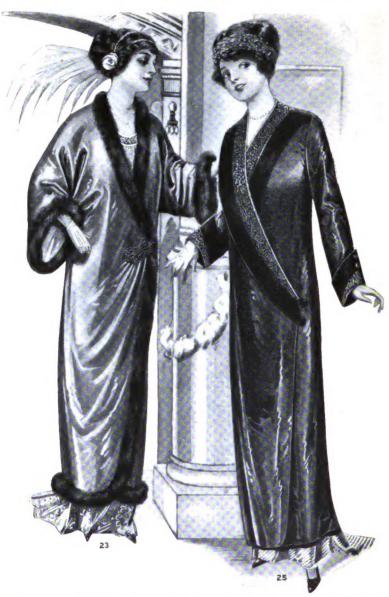
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The beauty and pathos of Gustave Nadaud's famous ballad "Carcassonne" have tempted many translators to put it into English, among them the Rev. Minot J. Savage, Mrs. Kate Brownlee Sherwood, John R. Thompson and Miss Betham-Edwards. The version by the last named author, which appeared in her volume, "Literary Rambles in France," is generally admitted to be the one which best renders the spirit and appeal of the original. With Miss Betham-Edwards's kind permission it is here given as an accompaniment of the frontispiece.

## **CARCASSONNE**

I'm growing old; just threescore years,
In wet and dry, in dust and mire,
I've sweated, never getting near
Fulfillment of my heart's desire.
Ah, well I see that bliss below
'Tis Heaven's will to grant to none;
Harvest and vintage come and go—
I've never got to Carcassonne!

The town I've glanced at many a day,
You see it from yon mountain chain;
But five long leagues it lies away,
That's ten leagues there and back again.
Ah, if the vintage promised fair,
But grapes won't ripen without sun,
Without soft showers to make them swell;
I shall not get to Carcassonne!

You'd think 'twas always Sunday there,
So fine, they say, are folks bedight,
Silk hats, frock coats, the bourgeois wear,
Their demoiselles walk out in white.
Two generals with their stars you see,
And towers outdoing Babylon,
A bishop too—ah me! ah me!
I've never got to Carcassonne!

Yes, truly did our curé call
Pride the besetting sin of man;
Ambition brought on Adam's fall,
And soaring wishes are my bane.
Yet could I only steal away
Before the winter has begun,
I'd die contented any day,
If once I'd been to Carcassonne!

Mon Dieu, mon Dieu, forgive my prayer, I'm but a poor presumptuous fool; We build fine castles in the air, When old, as when we went to school. My wife, with our firstborn Aighan, Has made the journey to Narbonne; My godson has seen Perpignan—
I've never been to Carcassonne.

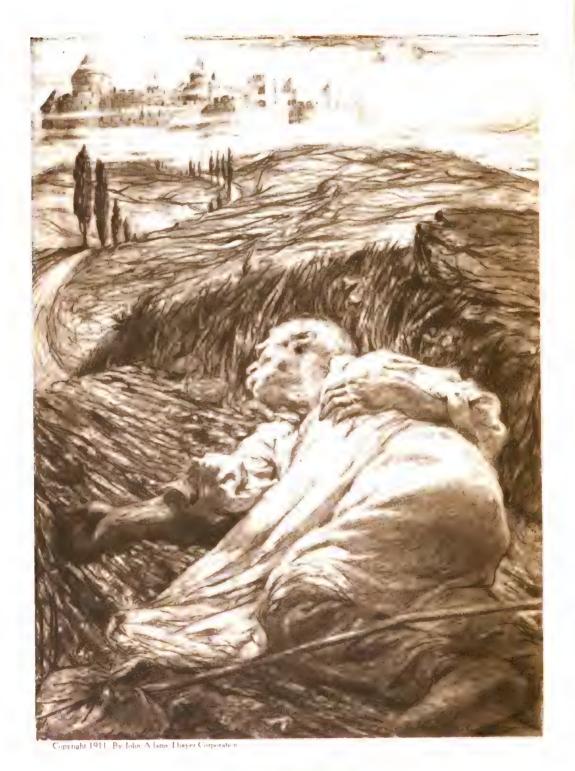
So sighed a peasant of Limoux,
A worthy neighbour bent and worn;
Ho, friend, quoth I, I'll go with you,
We'll sally forth tomorrow morn!
And true enough away we hied,
But when our goal was almost won,
God rest his soul, the good man died—
He never got to Carcassonne!

GUSTAVE NADAUD
(Translated by Miss Betham-Edwards)

It is believed that Nadaud himself never saw Carcassonne. Like Balzac he was in ignorance—except through hearsay—of a place out of which he made a piece of literary art which will endure as long as the French language.

"A far-off sight of Carcassonne," says Miss Betham-Edwards, "recalls some magic city in Arabian story. Enchanted, intangible, no edifice reared by human hands seems that airy pile of pearl, opal and amethyst lifted high above the common world, its battlements dimly outlined against the golden heavens." But the Carcassonne of the poem, of course, is not only the actual city that the peasant never reached: it is also each individual's own unrealized dreams and ideals.





## CARCASSONNE

FROM A PAINTING MADE SPECIALLY FOR THE SMART SET MAGAZINE BY ROSE CECIL O'NEIL

# THE SMART SET

Its Prime Purpose is to Provide Lively Entertainment
For Minds That Are Not Primitive

## INSURING LESLIE

By Frances Aymar Mathews

THE manager of the Hyperion Theater sat in his private office. It was Saturday morning. The box office was piled high with fancy cartons, and most of them had thorny stems sticking from their ends; also there were boxes of violets, candy boxes and letters galore. The air was heavy with fragrance. Everything was addressed to "Mr. Leslie Tremaine." There were thirteen squashy parcels tied up with ribbons, evidently sofa cushions, a score of plants in pots with cards attached and forty-one photographs in frames.

Macaulay, the manager, surveyed the scene with no happy eye; he pushed his hat back and exclaimed with disgust: "Look at that now!" as his hand waved

over the collection.

The subordinate nodded grimly. "It's

his birthday."

"I know it's his birthday—I'm giving a supper tonight to celebrate it; but this is too much!" He rose and glanced over the cards. "Every one of the blamed things from a girl!"

"Sure. Isn't he the biggest matinee

idol 'ever?"

Macaulay nodded. "That he is; and I guess I had a hand in making him one."

"Well?" ventured the subordinate.

April, 1912-1

The manager relighted his big cigar and said nothing.

"Gad," pursued the undaunted subordinate, "what an easy layout these'll make for the press agent!"

Macaulay, after a long puff, said: "I'm going to fire him if he don't get on the job better."

"Fire Tremaine!" cried the subordinate, aghast, and clearing a track between the presents.

"No; the press agent. I haven't had one worth his salt since I lost Martin Zevine."

"He's come back."

"Where is he?" Macaulay sat down again.

"Living on lobster and champagne at

Rector's."

"If I can get him back he can live on gold."

"You can't. He's solid, they say, in some kind of foreign enterprise."

"Er-see here."

"Yes, sir." The subordinate drew near.

"Who's Mr. Tremaine particularly sweet on now?"

"Nobody, that I know of."

"I'm afraid of my life he'll marry. Report to me if you see anything special."

"Yes, sir. Hello!" This to the en-

trance of a very small red-headed girl smothered under a monstrous hat, a big box in her arms and tightly held between

her lips a bunch of daisies.

"It's only me," she said, "with Mr. Tremaine's wigs, sir," courtesying to Macaulay and relieving her lips of their burden. "And if you please, these're for his birthday. Ain't he come down vet?" The child glanced eagerly toward the stage.

The clerk shook his head.

"Please give 'em to him, and say from Maud Ellen McCoo. He'll know." And she trotted off.

"Look at that, will you?" Macaulay ironically indicated the daisies. "'He'll

know.' Jupiter!"

"They're all in the same boat, sir. If they weren't, he wouldn't be a matinee idol."

"I know that, but supposing he gets mar-" Macaulay had stopped by the window and his eye caught what was going on at the curb. "Look at that!" he muttered.

They both looked. Leslie Tremaine was standing by his car, hat in hand, talking earnestly to an extremely attractive girl; his manner was of that devotional order which can be warranted to enlist the attention of most women.

"It's only Miss Grev."

"Do you mean to tell me she's in it, too?" The other nodded resignedly. "I thought she had a lover hidden away in her home town."

"Maybe she has," and the younger

man went off about his duties.

A few moments later Tremaine came in by the stage door, which adjoined Macaulay's office; he was alone now, for Miss Grey passed along the corridor to rehearsal as the star entered the manager's private room.

"Hello, Mac!" he sang out breezily,

and then noticed the presents.

"Hello," was the laconic retort.
"What the deuce—" Tremaine laughed as he looked at the cards, opened one or two of the parcels and read some of the notes.

"It's your birthday."

"I know, but--" He chuckled as he

read. "I say, old man, nothing for you but those daisies?"

"They're not for me. She said: 'Give them to him, and say from Maud Ellen McCoo; he'll know.'" Macaulay pushed the daisies to his star.

"Thanks awfully. Poor little Maud Ellen!" He stuck one in his buttonhole, and then called a man to bundle the presents away to his dressing room.

This done, Tremaine surveyed Macaulay, and lighting a cigarette, asked:

"What's up, Mac?"

"Why?"

"You look as if you'd lost a million."

"Wish I had."

"You do?"

"Yes, because then I must have had it to lose, anyhow!"

"I thought I was playing to money!" "So you are, my boy, so you are.

Money isn't the whole show." Macaulay was restlessly pacing the room.

"Out with it, Mac. Can I help you?" "No one else. Look here, Tremaine;

I never have said a word before, but I'm going to now."

"What about?" The younger man was

puzzled.

"Marrying."

"Are you going to do it, old man?" "Not much. It's you I'm talking

about."

"Well?" The handsome star held his head poised, evidently anxious for the reply.

"Are you thinking of marrying?"

Tremaine took a long breath and shook his head.

"They say-" "Who says?"

"Well"—Macaulay hesitated—"Sinclair sort of hints around that you and she are going to hit it off on the quiet."

"Does she?" Macaulay nodded. "Bad form on her part. Surprised at it. She's well born, and ought to be well bred."

"No matter about that rot. We all know she's here at twenty a week, walking on and off the stage twice each night without a word to say except 'No,' just so as to be near you, and ready to say 'Yes.'"

"Pshaw!" Tremaine perched on the office table, swinging his legs like a boy.

"Then it's not so?"
"It certainly is not."

"Anybody else, not in the profession?"

"No, no one not in the profession."

"Anybody that is in it, then?" Macaulay sprang this with an eagle eye fixed on his quarry.

The star touched his daisy. "Are you thinking of Maud Ellen McCoo, Mac?"

"I'm not. I'm thinking of Miss Marjorie Grey." The eagle eye would have pierced the star's soul, if eagle eyes can do such things.

Tremaine smiled. "Nice girl."

"I saw you with her at the curb just now."

"I saw you. Your gaze struck me, Mac, as being along admiring lines—eh, old man?"

Macaulay deigned a withering glance, but proceeded: "Are you engaged to her?"

"I am not."

"Are you engaged to any of them?"
"Not one."

"Thank heaven!"

"Mac, supposing I were, what of it?"
"What of it? You, a matinee idol of
the first class asking that! Why, man
alive, half your value lies in your being
unmarried. You know it as well as I do.
The idea of asking me such a fool ques-

tion!"

"Do you really think it makes all that difference?" he said seriously, his eyes on the dim stage beyond, where he could see both Miss Sinclair and Miss Grey rehearsing.

"Do I really think!" echoed Macaulay with biting satire. "What's a comedy matinee idol, anyhow? Tell me that!"

"Sometimes I think he's an all-fired idiot." He left the table and paced

the floor, too.

"Not much. He's generally as levelheaded as they make them. Can trade on every curve and line he's got. What's his biggest asset, eh?"

"Give it up," gloomily.

"Is it his acting?" the manager in-

quired with bitter irony.

"I—I suppose that has something to do with it," Tremaine replied in tones of humble aspiration. "Not at all! His biggest asset is his being an unmarried marriageable man."

"I suppose you're right, old man," the

actor replied gloomily.

"Of course I'm right. Who makes up the greatest part of the audiences?"

"Ğirls."

"Well, where are you at, then? Does any woman, no matter if she's gray-haired and wears glasses, want to think the idol's making real love to a wife at home the same as he's making it for her to go wild about at the theater? No, sir. She wants to fancy him doing the really truly stunt for her, and the minute he's married he's marred, as Shakespeare himself says." Macaulay's intonation was triumphant; he had played the legitimate when he was younger.

"I suppose so," meekly.

"Leslie, it's up to you to keep yourself single."

"I reckon it won't be difficult." The

star tapped his boot with his cane.

"Won't it!" Macaulay's easy banter was tinctured with foreboding. "I think it will. You're young, good-looking, just the sort women rave over. To be sure you've got some sense"—Tremaine bowed—"and you've got me to watch out for you, but I don't get one good night's sleep the season through for the dread of waking up to read of your marriage to some of 'em."

Tremaine laughed heartily. "Is it really as bad as that, Mac? Do you think I'd marry just for the sake of doing

the stunt?"

"I don't. But you might lose your head as well as your heart. Girls are—well," Macaulay floundered, "they're girls. You may not realize that if you do it your salary would drop one hundred per cent, and you'd be plain leading man forever after. Besides," added the manager, "what do you want to marry for, anyway? Look at me! I'm not married, and I'm happy enough."

"I don't want to marry," came the

reply in a matter-of-fact tone.

"That's good news, Leslie; but take

care."

At that instant Tremaine was called; the stage was waiting for him; and as he started out Miss Sinclair and he met, shook hands, smiled at each other. Miss Sinclair daintily took Maud Ellen's daisy from the star's buttonhole and put in its place her own orchid. What Tremaine said to this possessive courtesy the manager did not hear, but he saw the girl blush furiously as she thrust the daisy furtively into her bag.

Macaulay whistled. Tremaine, he decided, had been too blooming quiet; he hadn't fired up or got excited. Macaulay knew his star fairly well, and this absence of irascibility augured ill. Macaulay's instincts told him that Tremaine was thinking of marriage, and that, at any rate, if Tremaine was not thinking of it some girl was.

#### II

THE main thing was, which girl was it? Maybe some society girl of whom he, Macaulay, had never seen or heard. Maybe Tremaine was riding in the park or speeding up Riverside Drive with this girl, dining with her, spending Sunday afternoons and evenings at her feet! Maybe she sat nightly in the theater and Tremaine played to her and her alone all through the love scene which drew the biggest houses in New York that season! Maybe Tremaine was engaged, and once the run ended would marry and sail for his summer abroad! When he came back in October, what then? Macaulay actually broke into a cold perspiration at the idea. He got up, intending to go and watch the rehearsal for a bit, incidentally to reconnoiter Tremaine's attitude toward feminine members of the company other than the Misses Sinclair and Grey.

The passage was dark; there was a pile of scenery at the first groove. Macaulay heard the "heavy" rattling over his lines down at the footlights; also he heard just around the corner of that pile of flats the voice of his star.

Tremaine said: "But, my dearest dear, I really couldn't help it. A confounded nuisance, but you know yourself, as matters stand, just such things have got to be done by you and by me until—"

Macaulay made the mistake of his life—he dropped his glasses; and then he rounded the corner of that pile of garden walls, trellises and painted shrubbery.

Once around, he saw Tremaine of course—leaning against the pile, with a smile upon his lips. No one else was

there.

Macaulay surveyed the stage. The whole company was on, the six women, the four men. Miss Sinclair was kneeling at her stage mother's side; the leading woman was crossing up with her stage father; Miss Grey was putting on her hat with appropriate business at the mirror. Not one of these women, it seemed to the manager, could have gotten into position while he was picking up and anathematizing his glasses. He looked the star over. "Hello!"

"Hello, old man."

"Where is she?" in resigned desperation.

"Where is who?"

"The one you were calling 'dearest

dear' just now. I heard you."

Tremaine laughed lazily. "Mac, you're up against it hard. I've been reading those plays you sent me, and some lines out of one of them struck my fancy."

"Out of which one of them?" Ma-

caulay demanded.

"Don't remember; but the lines struck me, and I was going over them

aloud, I suppose."

"Yes, you were." The manager retreated. As he left he saw Tremaine take the orchid from his buttonhole and push it down in his pocket.

Sinclair? Of course, Sinclair. She put his daisy in her bag; he put her orchid in his pocket. A clear case; but how in thunder did Miss Sinclair get from the wing to the center of the stage in one second by the watch?

When Macaulay got back to his office the subordinate handed him a card. He

read:

Mr. Martin Zevine.

Keene, Zevine & Co., Insurance.

The sight of Zevine's name encouraged him. Zevine was resourceful; he

might be out of a job and would keep an eye on Tremaine and Sinclair. "Show

him in," he said.

Martin Zevine was spick and span, a dapper, well set-up man of forty-odd, with clear ferret eyes, a whimsical mouth, curly red hair and a prosperous atmosphere.

After the preliminaries, he said: "Mac, you're a bigger man than when I

left the States four years ago."

Macaulay nodded.

"Tremaine has done the most of it,

eh?"

"Well, yes, mainly. I have fourteen other attractions out, but Tremaine is my best card. Seen him?"

"Not yet; only got in day before yes-

terday."

The manager wrote an order for a box and pushed it over to Zevine. "Come tonight and look him over."

"Thanks; I will. Is he the real thing? Or just a good-looking chap with a way with him?"

"Both. He is handsome, and the best young light comedian on the stage today. I picked him out of a bunch of kids just after his graduation from Columbia—he was big in college theatricals—"

"H'm. Well, old man, there's nothing like the masculine star for drawing the

feminine audience."

"There you are!" exclaimed Macaulay. "When he isn't married," he added lugubriously.

"Tremaine isn't?"

"Jupiter, no! Not yet."

"Engaged?"

"I-don't know." He thoughtfully fingered his guest's card. "I say, who's

Keene, anyway?"

"Kitty Keene—a woman, yes," in response to Macaulay's inquiring look. "The shrewdest, prettiest, most successful little woman that ever breathed."

"Not your wife, then, I take it." "Not yet," seriously. "She's my partner, and no silent one, I can tell you."

"'Insurance," Macaulay read. "Life or fire?"

"Neither."

"Accident?" "No."

"Well?"

"Confidential insurance."

"What's that?"

"Well, it's been a go on the other side. Kitty's the originator of it. I tell you, Mac, there isn't that girl's equal. She's college bred, daughter of a dominie out in Iowa, been a newspaper woman, lectured, taught, traveled, been on the stage; and now-" He filliped his card on the desk and took a triumphant breath.

"Confidential insurance," Macaulay repeated ruminatingly. "If it isn't a

secret, what does it mean?"

"It's always a secret. In the very nature of the game it's got to be, but I don't mind telling you, Mac, for I know you'll hold it close."

### III

The manager through the open door watched the company disbanding for luncheon, and all his attention centered on seeing with whom Tremaine should

Tremaine went out with Miss Estelle Thompson, aged fifty-five and playing the mother in the reigning Tremaine comedy, "Fascinating Frances." "By George!" Macaulay got up. "It can't be Thompson! Impossible!" Then he sat down and said: "Excuse me, my boy; I'm a bit rattled over some little matters this morning. You were saying-"

Martin Zevine had not failed to note each person who filed past that open door; he was a man who never failed to note everybody and everything that

Providence put in his way.

"Was that Tremaine?" he asked abruptly instead of answering the oth-

er's question.

"The tall chap in the gray clothes? Yes, that's Tremaine." Macaulay sighed. Miss Thompson as a new factor was on his nerves; women of that age, he knew, were sometimes fatally attractive to men under thirty. "But," he added, "go on; tell me your scheme. If it's in the line of press work, Zevine, frankly, I'd like to have you back—on better terms, much better." He knocked the ash off his cigar and pushed the box toward his visitor.

"No, Mac, it's not along the old lines. I'd do anything to oblige you, though, until we get a start over here. We were tremendously lucky across the pond. Left a branch in Berlin. It's"—his voice lowered—"insuring young men against marriage."

"What!"

"That's what it is; Kitty's own idea, too. Takes a woman to invent that sort

of thing!"

"I suppose your layout is to unravel the fellows who get themselves tangled up and find out they don't want to marry

after they've asked the girl, eh?"

"By no means! A man always knows how to do that stunt and fix it up so the girl can say she broke it. Our patrons in England and on the Continent have been mainly parents, guardians and other relatives."

Macaulay laid down his cigar and leaned across his desk. "Martin, I may

do some business with you."

"Good!" Zevine laid aside his cigar,

Macaulay closed the door. "I've got a chap that's crazy to get married. He says he isn't, but I know better. I know of three girls—at least"—the manager hesitated a little about including Miss Thompson, weight one hundred and seventy pounds, in his list, but went on—"who wouldn't say no to him."

"Three," Zevine quoted, making a note on his pad, and at attention.

"There's probably thousands of 'em dying to get a chance at him."

"Big fortune?"
"Big salary."

"You his guardian?" Macaulay shook his head.

"Under age?"
"Twenty-eight."

Martin Zevine laid down his pencil.

"He must have buckled up to some one girl at that time of life."

"That's what I'm afraid of."

"Sure."

"The question is, which one is it? And how the deuce is he to be kept from making a fool of himself?"

"Leave it to Kitty," said the other,

cheerfully.

"Can it be done?"

"Leave it to Kitty. Done? Yes, it can. We've handled far worse cases, and they've lived to thank us for our work."

"See here, Mart, are you serious?"

"Mac, old man, I give you my word we've made a pile of money, and a success of it; we've got testimonials from earls and duchesses, members of Parliament, merchants, lawyers, physicians, all at your disposal; and if Kitty and I guarantee to keep your young man from marrying, we'll do it."

"What's the damage?"

"For a hundred-thousand-dollar policy?" Macaulay nodded.

"Four thousand per annum."

The manager shook his head. "It would be only twenty-five hundred for a

life policy."

"Sure; but think of the difference. A life insurance policy means the signing of some papers on the part of the company. A policy insuring against matrimony means what to the company?"

"Hanged if I know!" Macaulay al-

lowed.

"Listen; it means the most aggressive and the most secretive and subtle detective work." The manager's eyes opened and comprehended. "It may mean cautious social invasions, dress, entertaining, a thousand details. It takes a man and a woman to do it; and that man and that woman have got to have the experience, the coolness and the brains to do it."

"I see."

"Leave it to Kitty. I'm only her instrument. Four thousand a year isn't much if the young man and his salary are worth it."

"Worth it! You bet!" Macaulay was silent a moment while Zevine sharp-

ened his pencil.

"It's Tremaine," Macaulay said desperately.

"I thought so." Zevine held his pencil up and looked at his host.

Macaulay nodded. "It's a go, Mart. Four thousand a year to you as long as you keep him from marrying."

"I'll have the policy made out."
"You'd better begin right away."
"I rather think we had." Zevine's tone was premonitory.

"What do you mean?" asked the other, turning pale. "You haven't heard anything, have you, Zevine?"

"No, but I saw something that gave

me a starter."

"Not Thompson?"

"Bah, no! I saw her go out with him just now. I remember Thompson."

"Think it couldn't be Thompson?"
"She's a little too fat for the fit."

"What fit? What starter? Eh?"
"Mac, I told you I'd never seen Tremaine. I didn't know I had, until you

indicated him just now."

"Well? I tell you, Mart, if that boy marries it's all to the dogs with me. My other ventures aren't paying expenses, and I'm mortgaged up to my eyebrows. The minute he marries down go the re-

ceipts."

"But he isn't going to marry. Now I'll tell you where I saw him. This morning at five o'clock I was on Riverside Drive. Got a mount at Durland's. About One Hundredth Street I sighted an automobile coming slowly down, Tremaine driving."

Macaulay gasped, "Five o'clock in the morning! And he tells me he never wakes until ten! Who was with him?"

"He was alone. My nag was restive. I hadn't been up for a good while, so I pulled her in, and—why, I don't know—I kept pace with the machine a few blocks until it stopped; then I stopped, pretending to shorten my stirrups. And coming along one of the cross streets from Broadway I saw a girl."

"One of those girls you saw coming

out just now from rehearsal?"

"I don't know. I didn't see this girl clearly. She was done up in a dark blue cloak, cap, veil, scarf and goggles, so that no human eye could tell who she was."

"Could it have been Thompson, do you think? She's fond of blue."

"Hardly—although those automobile

clothes are very deceptive."

"Some society girl, I'll bet. You can't stop Tremaine from marrying, I suppose, if his mind is made up," Macaulay finished hopelessly.

"Leave it to Kitty. She'll make up

his mind for him."

### IV

ZEVINE rang up Kitty Keene and asked her to come over to Macaulay's office. She was there in fifteen minutes.

She was a pretty woman, with the gift of good manners, an unaffected camaraderie and a certain brusqueness, which in an ugly woman might have been challenged. Kitty Keene didn't know the meaning of delay or put-off. What she had to do she believed in doing at once. "Now" was her mascot, she said; therefore after taking down some items regarding the new and unconscious client and listening to every scrap of information she could elicit, Kitty outlined her plans to her audience.

"It'll be like this, Mr. Macaulay: You have rehearsal on soon, I suppose?"

"They'll all be back in a quarter of an

hour now."

"Then, if you please, Mr. Zevine will look in as your old press agent once more on the payroll. That insures"—she turned to Zevine—"your admission always on the stage, and the right to see the star at almost any hour of the twenty-four—on the lookout for copy, you know." She glanced at the manager for confirmation.

"Right. Glad to have him back.

Told him so."

"Then, Mr. Macaulay, if you please, I am an English girl, especially well connected, with titled relatives, and all that. Over here to write up the American stage. Have a play on the stocks; want to act. You give me a position of some sort. An extra, I suppose. Can you?"

"Well, yes. Sinclair was saying last night she thought there should be one or two more women on in the ballroom

scene."

"Yes. That gives me the right to be here at rehearsals and performances; that's settled." She closed her bag on notes and pen. "As to salary, I don't want any—that comes out of the four thousand!" She laughed.

"Miss Keene"—Macaulay surveyed her critically—"would you mind giving

me an inkling of the method?"

"Certainly not." She sat down again by his desk, Zevine regarding her with undisguised admiration. "If Tremaine's affections are fixed, it is rational to suppose it is a girl whom he sees here, since you overheard him say what you report. That was the speech of a man in love with the woman he spoke to. Mr. Zevine, having seen him with a girl this morning at five o'clock, also argues that there is a girl. Now I am sure I can identify the girl at once if she is in the company. If she is a society girl, the task will be more difficult."

"How will you proceed with her?" "Just with one little weapon-jeal-

Zevine smiled. "Kitty'll make love to I'll make love to the girl Tremaine.

after we spot her."

"These tactics we have found invariably effective, and we can confidently guarantee them to arouse a first class commotion after a very few doses."

Macaulay looked at Kitty with awe. "What won't a woman think of!" he ex-

claimed.

"Leave it to Kitty," said Zevine.

"I guess I may, and I think I'll sleep easy tonight for the first time since the season opened."

"They're coming back from lunch-eon, are they not?" Kitty asked as the stage door swung open.

Macaulay nodded.

"You are sure you've told me everything bearing upon the topic, Mr. Macaulay?" she asked.

"Sure. Come on out now and I'll introduce you both to the company." He

"Sure there is no other girl here in whom Mr. Tremaine has shown any interest, or she in him?"

The manager halted. "Well," he said thoughtfully, "of course there is always Maud Ellen McCoo, but-"

"Who is Maud Ellen McCoo?" Zevine and Kitty both uttered the same

"Maud Ellen McCoo is the wigmaker's errand girl. She worships him. She fetched him a bunch of posies this morning. It's his birthday, you know."

"Is she pretty?" asked Kitty, whip-

ping out her pad.

"Tastes differ. I shouldn't call Maud Ellen pretty."

"How old?"

"She's tall for her age. Maybe thirteen."

"Oh, a child!" Kitty put up her pad. "No. Maud Ellen would be a child if she'd been brought up in the seventies, but she was reared on Tenth Avenue. She's grown up, and she's in love with Tremaine, sure."

Kitty once more took out her pad. "We'll reckon with Maud Ellen McCoo. Let me see; there's Virginia Sinclair, Marjorie Grey and Estelle Thompson in the company, and Drelincourt, Montmorenci, Astor, La Salle and Von Kotzebue in the extras; now McCoo makes nine. Well, let's go out and meet the enemy, Mr. Macaulay." Kitty laughed as she tripped around the corner of those flats, Macaulay guiding her, and Martin crossing to greet Thompson, who had been a star in Texas when he last saw her.

Not five minutes after Kitty Keene had been introduced to the company she was deep in Paris hat talk with Virginia Sinclair and Estelle Thompson. She sized them up without delay as being both very much attracted to the star; but in the matter of Tremaine's preference it was not easy to determine. Through her own conversations with the other men, she kept her eyes on Tremaine. Presently the ballroom scene was called, with the extras, among whom she was enrolled. Ethelynne Drelincourt, a remarkably slim and beautiful girl, cast a shoe as she was dancing. Tremaine, who chanced to be nearest to her, picked up the slipper, went gallantly down on one knee, put it on, buttoned the ankle strap and certainly said something nice to the girl as he got up, for her color rose and her reply was, "Thank you, Mr. Tremaine," with, "I will tell you later," added in a whisper.

Kitty's glance took in the others. Thompson was superciliously glaring; Sinclair was pale with anger; Grey's back was turned. Kitty, immediately her scene was over, turned her attention to the extras, whose demeanor was collectively haughty as Ethelynne rejoined

them at their corner.

"He'll be drinkin' champagne out of your slipper next," remarked La Salle with scorn.

"Was it you was out ridin' with him last Sunday dressed up in dark blue?"

was Astor's contribution.

"And was it you gave him the orchid that's stickin' out of his pocket now?" queried Von Kotzebue with ironical su-

periority.

Kitty laughingly whispered to Ethelvnne: "So you are the dark blue, are you? You see, I have heard of you, too. Are you really?" she added in the intimate tone girls so readily adopt to each other.

Drelincourt, between tears and laughter, made no reply, and presently took solitary refuge in a seat far back on a pile

of scenery.

Kitty, who had nothing more to do, followed her. Her sharp eyes had seen shadows there, and tiptoeing as if merely investigating her new environment, she soon brought up in comparative darkness and nearly bumped into a weighted drop and a tangle of electric wires. She stood still. Kitty knew when to do that. She heard a voice—Tremaine's.

Then followed violent smothered sobbing—a girl's. It was not Drelincourt, for Drelincourt was partly in sight. Tre-

maine was saying:

"My dear child, I did appreciate them very much. I put one in my buttonhole, and I hadn't a present I valued more. Now I don't want them to see you here crying like this. There, there, now listen; you go softly out at the front of the house: you know—through the boxes on this side; my car is at the door. You get in, and the chauffeur'll know it's all right if you just ask him for the dark blue things. Put them on quickly—it's twilight now—and tell him where to take you; no one must see your tears, little girl. Come now; not a word." Kitty heard the stifled sobs, the footsteps on the boards. "Tell your mother all about it."

Kitty Keene felt a trump card slipping out of her very hand; she must see this sobbing girl who was being sent out to the dark blue things—evidently the ac-

customed dark blue, too!

Risking an encounter with the star, the insurance lady nimbly stepped around the flat and almost into Tre-

maine's embrace.

Ruffled? Not a bit. "Hello! It's Miss Keene, isn't it? Beastly dark here; good spot to go over one's lines in, though; can't hear the gabble down stage so plainly." He barred her way with easy nonchalance, leaning both arms upon the flat door through which Kitty wanted to pass.

"I have no lines, you know, Mr. Tremaine—I'm just one of the new extras, and I want to go to the box office and

ask for my letters, please."

"Certainly." He dropped his arms. "Let me show you the way-or, better still, allow me to get them for you."

The deferential tone and the situation were what Kitty wanted, of course; she was as pretty as she could be, and glad, considering her business scheme, that Tremaine had discovered it so early in the engagement. But this went by the board in the teeth of the dark blue.

"No, thank you, I won't trouble you." She bolted, taking the road he had lately pointed out to the sobbing girl; she got outside, but only just in time to see Tremaine's car buzzing off, with the dark blue girl, glasses, veil, hood and all, seated in it in solitary state.

Zevine was in the lobby, too. He had not seen Kitty at first. When he did he

came up to her.

"Hush-h," she whispered.

"No one about," he replied. "You saw her-the dark blue? I just got here in time to get a glimpse."

Kitty, breathless, muttered: "Did you see her before she got into the coat and

things?"

"No. Did you?"

"No; but I heard her." And she told all to her partner. "Now," she said, "we're positive it's no society girl. It must be someone attached to the theater."

"Not so sure of that, Kitty. Get away back. There's Tremaine coming down."

"Go tell Macaulay after the birthday supper we'll have something to say." She went the road she had come, taking care, as she sighted Tremaine, to be reading a letter which she took from her bag as she neared the right wing. Marjorie Grey was not far off; presently Zevine came and chatted with her about press work and wanting her last photos.

Kitty admired Zevine's manner; it

was charming. She couldn't see why he was quite so impressive with Grey; yet perhaps his cue would be the impressive with all the women surrounding the unconscious insured, until they could be positive which was the luckless she.

As Kitty listened to Zevine, she also heard Tremaine saying to Sinclair, as they crossed down: "Oh, come now, you didn't keep that daisy!" Kitty pricked up her ears. "Did you?"
"Of course I did!" Sinclair showed a wilted daisy. "Where is the orchid?"

Tremaine's glance was indescribable as he leaned over the girl and answered: "It's here, next my heart. See!" He showed her the withered stem.

"I was afraid you'd thrown it away."

"Never."

Then the star was called.

### V

THE performance went off splendidly that evening. Everybody was in the wildest spirits; the ballroom scene caught on better than ever, and it was Kitty Keene who, after one rehearsal only, made good and actually got a recall for the magnificently impudent way in which she did her bit of business with Tremaine.

Of course much of this high pressure snap was due to anticipation, and when the whole company, the staff and some members of the press, with Macaulay at the head, Tremaine on his right, sat at the long table on the stage, hilarity knew no bounds. There was a cake with a ring in it and twenty-eight candles. There were twenty-eight guests, twentyeight flags of all nations, twenty-eight birds singing for dear life, twenty-eight signed photos of the star, twenty-eight ribbons from the electrolier in the ceiling, all the presents on the sideboard and music galore.

Drelincourt was in form, with no

traces of her afternoon's tears; Miss Sinclair had orchids in her gown, and still more were given her by Tremaine from his store; Thompson was in dark blue satin. She won the ring; it was a solitaire diamond. Miss Grey wore white and pink and looked a dream; Zevine sat beside her and told her so in other and variegated language. Zevine amused her; he was witty, clever, knew how to talk, and Grey was capable of appreciating these points. She seemed to be enjoying Zevine very much. Kitty observed this; so did Tremaine. Tremaine always observed any attractive woman; it was a natural way he had. Kitty was at his right; he observed her and talked to her a great deal.

By and by, after the toasts, the stage was cleared and dancing was in order. Tremaine had Kitty as a partner; Zevine had Miss Grey. Then they changed partners at Kitty's suggestion; neither Tremaine nor Miss Grey seemed enrap-

tured at the proposition.

As Zevine and Kitty floated off together, Kitty whispered: "I think I've got the clue."

"What is it?"

"Thompson. Don't faint."

"No accounting for tastes," he muttered, surveying the dark blue satin as it bounced past them with Mac himself.

"She's a fine woman."

"Fine," assented Zevine. "Not one armful, but two or three!"

"Hush!"

"How did you make it out?"

"I saw him cut the piece of cake with the ring in it and expressly hand it to Thompson."

"No!" "Yes."

"That settles it. We'll buckle up to that for a sure thing now, and no trouble at all. No need for you to be fooling with Tremaine any more, Kitty."

"No need for you to be so sweet on

Miss Grey any longer, Mart."

"Sure. Can't stop off yet. I'll go the limit, up to proposing to Thompson if

necessary." "Take me back to Tremaine; I promised. Besides, dear, you know Tremaine must be diverted as well as Thompson.'

"You're right." He landed her exactly in the middle of Miss Grey's exit home with her maid, pleading headache

for early departure.

Kitty asked Tremaine to let her off for this dance, and as Thompson had disappeared she felt certain Tremaine would go in her direction if left to himself, as he certainly had not seen her alone since he handed her the cake and the solitaire.

Kitty was correct. Tremaine, making an excuse of Miss Grey's scarf, which she had inadvertently left on the settee, made a bee line for the other side, where Kitty had seen Thompson cross not five

minutes before.

Kitty went up center, behind the scenes, and dropped down on the side next the wall by the stage door. She heard Tremaine's voice, but she dared not move further and see lest she should

He said: "It's not too late. Just a little spin. Get into the dark blue and wait for me-or tell Hyde to ride you around for fifteen minutes. through with the crowd by then."

There must have been a whispered reply, for Tremaine next said: "Non-sense. Impossible. You saw the ring? You knew whom I meant it for?" There was a surreptitious kiss, with smothered laughter. Kitty went out, the happiest little woman in New York.

"It's Thompson," she managed to tell Zevine. "She's waiting for him now in his car in the dark blue, and they're going for a spin. I heard him talk to her about the ring."

"No!"

"Yes."

"You got close enough for that?"

"I did.

"Leave it to Kitty," he muttered con-clusively. Then, as an after thought: "But the sobbing girl this afternoon back there, and the dark blue for her, too?"

"Thompson, of course."

"But you said he called her 'little

girl'!"

"Stupid! A man five feet high'll call a woman he loves who measures six feet in her silk stockings. 'little girl'; didn't you know that?"

Zevine laughed. "Hadn't I better follow them in a taxi to make doubly sure, and see the 'little girl' home?"

"Yes; go and do just that. lay'll want more than positive evidence. We must give it to him. Then tomorrow you can quit Grey, Mart," she laughed, "and go for Thompson!"

Kitty, turning to cross the stage, en-

countered the manager.

"I've been looking for you," he said in a low voice. "I am on wires to know if you've located anything yet."

Kitty laughed. "You want quick work, Mr. Macaulay, don't you?"
"You're a quick worker," he responded with ready gallantry. "I'm sure if Tremaine's engaged to any girl about the theater here you know by this time who it is."

"It's the dark blue."
"Dark blue?" in astonishment. "Not

"Hush-h!" She put her finger to her

lips. "Walls have ears."

"They haven't; but people on their way from the stage door to the stage have, all the same."

"You don't mean it?" Macaulay

whistled.

Kitty slipped her own solitaire up and down on the third finger of her left hand for him to see.

Macaulay gasped with enlighten-

ment.

"Engaged!" he whispered. Jupiter!'

Kitty nodded. "Dark blue."

"Dark blue, sure," with convinced resignation. "Then it was she whom Zevine saw with him this morning at five o'clock in-

"Dark blue." Kitty gently pulled her companion into the improvised ballroom, where they beheld Tremaine now serving the extra ladies to more and more ice cream and cakes-all but Drelincourt; she was not there.

As soon as Zevine had left Kitty, he sauntered to the stage door. It was open; a limousine stood at the curb.

"That the star's car?" he queried of

the doorman, well knowing it was not.
"No; Mr. Tremaine's car has gone,

Zevine stepped out, and seeming to see Tremaine's car, said: "Oh! A friend waiting for him in it?"

"No, sir. empty." Mr. Tremaine's car is

Zevine wanted no more than the attained knowledge that the dark blue had left on foot, and would enter the car

from some other nearby point.

"I won't wait," he remarked; "I'll take a taxi"-which he did, and went around into Broadway. There, ten yards off, Tremaine's car stood. Empty? No. The dark blue leaned back in the rear seat, shrouded in veil, goggles and hood as he had seen her that very morning at

He instructed his chauffeur and waited

developments.

In a quarter of an hour Tremaine emerged, and in an accustomed way walked around and got in beside the dark blue figure. A toot, a swing and off they went, the taxi close behind, up Broadway.

### VI

HAD Zevine been possessed of ears half a block long he might have heard Tremaine say:

"Did anyone see you this time?"

"No. I'm sure they didn't." His arm went softly around his companion. "You didn't mind about the ring?"

"It was awfully well done, but-" "You didn't mind, sweetheart?"

The girl shook her head and laughed. "That's a dear. I knew you'd understand. No one saw but you."

"Oh, they all saw!"

"Yes, yes, but I mean no one saw that

I did it intentionally."

"Oh, no, I suppose not. Well, you wouldn't have wanted them to?"

"Certainly not." He laughed, too. "How do you like the new press agent?"

"How do you?"

"He dances nicely. I watched him

from the wings."

"Yes, I suppose he does. See here, did you talk with that new extra woman?"

The girl shook her head. "How could I? Why?"

"Dear, I have an idea that Mac suspects!"

"What?" She started. "Not any-

thing about me? He couldn't."

"No, he couldn't very well. We've been too cautious; and besides. he's had no chance. But he began talking to me about my getting married this morning, or rather about my not getting married. Says it would break me up entirely and all that."

"Well"—she nestled cosily in the gray tweed arm-"you don't want to get married, so what's the use of thinking

about what he said?"

"True. And yet-see here, little girl, I want you to shed the blue. Get a pink coat, or a white or yellow or some-

"Never; dark blue for mine. Why in the world do you want me to do that.

Leslie?"

"I'll tell you. As I crossed tonight I heard Mac and that all-fired clever little Kitty Keene talking. Heard my name and 'dark blue'-'dark blue' over and over. They're on to us, dear heart, somehow or other."

"Well, suppose-"

"We can't afford to suppose. We've settled the situation and decided what we'd do, and no one must suspect."

"Oh, they couldn't."

"Not easily. But I think Mac's put someone up to the job of keeping an eye on me."

"Who?"

"Don't quite know yet. But it might be the new press agent."
"Why?"

"This morning when I was riding along slowly, waiting for you, uptown, I'm sure I saw this Zevine on a spirited mount keeping step with us. It looked unconscious enough, to be sure, but—"

"Don't be gloomy!" the girl said with a merry laugh. "Suppose Mr. Macaulay is shadowing you; let's lead him a

dance."

At that instant a taxi came up abreast with Tremaine's car, so that the wheels grazed and the chauffeurs exchanged uncomplimentary remarks.

"There!" Tremaine started back. "Zevine is in that taxi; he's following us! I know he is! I swear, this is a bit too much. I'll not be watched! I'll shut up

the theater and quit first."

"There, there, dear boy, stop—hush. It's not worth while. If I really am a menace, I'll leave New York. I'll never stand in your way."

"When you leave New York I'll leave with you. Curse his impudence!" He looked after the taxi, which was turning

into a side street.

Zevine dismissed his yellow taxi and called up a black one at the stand. By the time Tremaine's car had reached Grant's Tomb, Zevine in his fresh vehicle was not far behind.

The girl in the car ahead laughed, was kissed through the veil and repeated,

"Let's lead them a dance!"

"You'd laugh a man out of the worst humor ever! All right, we'll do it. But how?"

"Listen." She mapped out several roads, which Tremaine joyously agreed to take.

"And we'll begin tomorrow?"

"Tonight," she said decisively. "Mrs. McCoo is waiting up for me. Send her home in the car; I'll loan her my old dark blue cloak."

Tremaine laughed as delightedly as a

boy.

"Fine; and then tomorrow?" He was craning his neck backward, peering out. "There's a black taxi in the rear. I'll bet the press agent fellow's changed his colors and is in it."

"No matter. Tomorrow you begin. Make Macaulay think you're on the edge of a wedding. It'll do him good. The idea"—she cast a look behind, too, now—"of having you watched! Zevine is in that taxi!" she said excitedly.

"I was sure of it!" he said. "I say, dear, do you mean what you said just now?" He told the chauffeur to turn and make for a number in Eighty-fifth Street.

"Yes."

"How'll I begin?"

"Just as-you-did-with-me."

"Not quite. But I'll do a good deal to balk espionage. As if a man hadn't the right to do as he pleases because he's under an eight years' contract!" "Here we are." The machine pulled up; they looked behind and beheld the black taxi halting at the corner.

"Good night, girl."

"Good night, dear. I'll send McCoo down right away. And, Les, make love to them all, and don't forget to include that Marjorie Grey girl in the catalogue!"

"No danger," he laughingly answered as he saw her disappear into the big

apartment house.

Then he walked deliberately up to the corner, and stopping under the street lamp, lighted a cigar in the very teeth, as

it were, of the black taxi.

Presently he swung over into the park. Zevine thought it was only a blind. He got out of the car and scurried across to the apartment house and stood in the shadow of the columns. He heard the lift doors clash, saw the dark blue figure emerge at closer range than he had as yet beheld her—a portly personage!

"Thompson for certain!" Zevine muttered. Just as the woman was getting into the car, she stumbled; Zevine darted forward to assist her, not, however, without a quick surreptitious glance toward the park. He had a clear

track.

"I hope you are not hurt, Miss Thompson," he said with deference and solicitude. "You remember Mr. Zevine?"

The lady made no reply, only gave a haughty toss of the head as she touched the chauffeur on the shoulder, and was gone. Zevine whistled for his car and was after her, while Leslie Tremaine stood laughing on the edge of the park. Down Eighth Avenue to the Circle, across Fifty-eighth Street to Fifth Avenue, back to Seventh, down to Thirty-seventh Street and across to Tenth Avenue they went.

Where did Thompson live, anyway? Zevine consulted his item book, page T. policy No. 414. Thompson lived in One Hundred and Sixteenth Street West! And at that instant Tremaine's car pulled up before a dingy tenement near Twenty-eighth Street; the blue figure—ye gods, how nimble Thompson was despite her size!—jumped out, was lost in

the hallway, the door banging behind her; and the car was off, Zevine not reaching the spot until too late to locate the exact house she had entered!

He told Kitty the next morning: "It's

Thompson sure."

"But the Tenth Avenue tenement?" Kitty whipped out her own item book, found page M., and read: "McCoo-Maud Ellen; residence, Tenth Avenue near Twenty-eighth Street, number on inside door and illegible."

Zevine hadn't even put Maud Ellen

on his list.

"Wonderful little woman!"

"Who? Maud Ellen?"

"No; you. But, dear, look here. What in thunder was Thompson doing at Maud Ellen's house at two o'clock this morning?"

"Leave it to Kitty," she chirped, and

then Macaulay joined them.

"Weil?" The manager's air was expectant. "You said I might look for something definite today." He sat down.
"It's Thompson, Mac." Zevine re-

lated the events of the night before.

"I'll give her two weeks' notice. woman of her age!"

Kitty shook her head. "You mustn't

do that, Mr. Macaulay."

"If Thompson spells temptation to

him, off she goes."

"I am not as sure as Mr. Zevine is." Macaulay squared around; so did

"Who do you think it is?" the man-

ager asked.

"It might be Sinclair, or Drelincourt, or Grey.

"Not Grey!"

"She's unlikely, but Kitty smiled. she's one of the bunch. And—it might be-me!"

Macaulay laughed; Zevine didn't.

"I tell you," the insurance lady proceeded, "I hardly believe any man would say the things I've heard Tremaine say if he really cared for any other girl." Her eyes fell.

"Hello!" exclaimed Macaulay. With one look at Zevine's face he went out in

the lobby to an imaginary call.
"Kitty!" said Zevine, laying his hands over hers.

"Mart!" she responded, looking him full in the eyes.

"Don't go too far."

"No farther than you do."

"Tremaine's a fascinating chap, and I don't see the necessity of your making

yourself too agreeable.'

"Thompson's a fine woman; Drelincourt is pretty; Grey is too, very; and Sinclair is a regular professional beauty. I don't see any call for you hanging around them, taking them to luncheons and dinners and things."

"Pshaw! Part of the game."

"Tremaine's part of the game. Every one of them is jealous of me already."

"Looks like it!"

"Well, then, am I not attending strictly to business? My share is to divert Tremaine's mind and heart from whichever the dark blue is, isn't it?"

"Yes, if you don't go too far. Recollect, Kitty, I'm human, and we're en-

gaged."

"I'm human, too, and if you take those girls out on 'business'—I'm going out with Tremaine on 'business,' too.

"Has he asked you out?" he asked,

amazed.

"He has; what's more, he's particularly requested me to wear a dark blue coat, and so forth. And if his marriage can't be stopped in any other way, I'll get engaged to him myself!"
Zevine surveyed his partner.

sha'n't go that far."

"Business is business, Mart. going as far as business demands."

"Kitty, there's no need for it. Thompson's the dark blue, and-" Zevine rose, thrust his hands in his pockets and whis-

"Go on," she urged blithely.

"The thing's a cinch! Thompson's absolutely gone on me."

"Indeed! And that's business, too, I suppose. How about the others?"

"Oh, girls are girls. They like a chap that knows how to do it."

"And men like a girl who knows how

to do it, too."

He turned quickly to her. "Kitty," he said pleadingly, "Tremaine'll never marry Thompson or any of them. Don't go out with him, eh, dear?"

## VII

MACAULAY, thinking the sky must have cleared, returned as Kitty left the office. Zevine said: "Mac, it's Thompson sure. Don't mind Kitty; she's upset today."

The manager had concluded to have his own little say in this, so he asked Thompson to luncheon. Along about

the sweets course, he said:

"Now, Estelle, we've known each other a good while, haven't we?"

"Indeed, we have, Mac," she said,

with a sigh.

"Now don't be flustered, but I'm going to say something to you," he went on, trying to look airy and gay.

Thompson did get flustered.

"Going to talk to you as if I were your brother." The Thompson thermometer fell. "I've seen how this matter of you and Tremaine was going, ever since the engagement ring episode on Tuesday night."

Thompson blushed furiously under the hint of rouge she wore; she had not gone quite this far in her dreams; but she accepted the situation with smiles.

"Now look here, Estelle, don't do it; he's too young for you, my dear lady, young-looking as you are, I know. If it weren't for your weight, you could play Juliet all right today. But you'd soon get tired of a chap like Tremaine. Turn him down, Thompson; be sensible; send him about his business."

Thompson trembled. It is not often that a woman of fifty-five is charged up with betrothal to a man of twenty-eight, without knowing that such a state of

affairs exists.

"Do they all think I'm engaged to Tremaine?" she asked, looking at the

ring.

"Aren't you?" he returned bluntly.
"Why—you don't expect me to be

the one to announce it, do you?"

"Renounce it, Estelle. Renounce it. He's only a boy alongside of you. Think how you'd feel to see yourself getting gray and corpulent, going around with a fine young chap who'd look like your son by and by."

"Mac, you don't know what love is."

"Foolishness! Besides, there's all the others dying for him, too. You've got to reckon with them, Estelle."

Thompson held up the ring, and her hitherto unsuspected joy blotted out every other consideration. "Mac, I can't

give him up."

Consequently Macaulay, thinking he'd better take a hand in the other half of the game, too, made occasion later

to see Tremaine himself.

He began along the same lines as his recent talk with the star, but this time Macaulay encountered a different humor. Tremaine listened until the manager made a full stop; then he broke out:

"Look here, Macaulay, you don't own me. I've signed with you for eight years, but I don't look upon a theatrical contract as constituting a bill of sale. If I want to marry, hang it, I'll do it!"

"But do you want to?" Mac asked

anxiously.

"None of your blamed business!" Tremaine sat on the table swinging his heels.

"I ought to have put the 'no mar-

riage' clause in the contract."

Tremaine laughed grimly. "I told you once I didn't want to marry. Why can't you rest contented with that?"

"Because you're doing things every day that disprove your assertion."

"Supposing I am! Supposing I've changed my mind! Supposing I do want

to marry; what then?"

"Tremaine, your head is level enough. You know, if you marry, it'll mean a wedding tour abroad; you'll stop there a couple of years. And," emphasizing his speech with a heavy paper knife, "when you come back the public will have forgotten you, and the girls'll be crazy about some other fellow. That's the way publics and girls are made, my boy."

Tremaine rose. "Someone's spying on me. Damn it, Mac, I won't stand

that!

"Easy now. Who's spying on you? You've a right to marry all the girls you want to. It's none of my business. What I've said has been for your own good."

"Thanks for disinterested kind

thoughts!" Tremaine responded with

"Slow up a little, Leslie. Keep away from the girls, since you say you don't want to marry any of them."

"Keep away from the girls! I like at! If they'd only keep away from that!

Macaulay shook his head. "There's Thompson going around with a ring on her left hand that you gave her."

"Mac, you yourself say that my box office value lies in my ability to make love. Now, I don't know of but one way to talk to a girl, the love way. And if I don't keep in practice off the stage, I couldn't do it as well on, do you see? Besides, they don't give me a chance to make love!"

"Tremaine, you're not the only one." "I know it. I'm not an absolute fool, but how in thunder am I to behave? What would you advise me to do?" He sat on the table again.

"Treat 'em all alike."

"All alike?"

"Be absolutely impartial to the whole bunch."

"Impartial! Jove, I'll try it!" he said after a pause. "And if I get in too

deep, I'll turn them over to you."

Macaulay looked after Tremaine's exit with dubious eyes. "He's on to the watching all right. Keene, Zevine & Co. must be more careful."

### VIII

THAT evening, after the performance, the manager read a portion of the riot act to his new detectives and made them understand pretty clearly that unless they covered their tracks more cleverly, premiums would not be paid on the Tremaine policy. At the same time he learned conclusively that the insurance firm had gotten incontrovertible evidence that Leslie Tremaine was not frequenting society; he did not dine at any private house on Sundays, but seemed to spend his leisure hours in his own apartment in the Alpine and in automobiling, generally alone. society girl possibility thus eliminated beyond a doubt, Zevine quieted Macau-

lay down, confessing precipitancy on his part and winding up the talk satisfac-torily, it seemed, with the parting adjuration to "leave it to Kitty."

Tremaine himself at luncheon time on Monday did not go out, but ordered in a little spread and invited Thompson to

share it.

As they sat over the prompt table Thompson said, looking at her ring (she'd had to have it enlarged, by the way, in order to wear it on her third left finger): "I was so excited Tuesday evening with surprise that I didn't realize the seriousness, Mr. Tremaine."

"Of what?" he asked, looking up over

a wing bone.

"The ring you gave me."

"Ah!" Down went the wing bone, and up came Tremaine's most effective

"They're all cocksure of it now. Mac was congratulating me on Saturday."
"Was he?" Tremaine's smile was

called celestial by the idolaters.

"How did you first come to—care for

me like that?"

"Can you ask?" He buttered his peas.

"I'd an idea it was Drelincourt." "Hardly," he said reproachfully. "Mac says I'm too old for you."

"Mac's a fool!"

"He's afraid to have you marry-" Thompson uttered the word courageously, if tentatively.
"Why?" he asked, glowering at the

"He says it'll spoil your value as the matinee idol you are," with a glance full of sentiment.

"Absurd!" he returned, taking a large

mouthful of chicken.

"Then you won't give up the girl"— Thompson did hesitate a quarter of a second-"you love, even for the sake of fame?"

"Never!" he said, peppering his po-

tatoes.

"I am very happy," Thompson said.
"Are you, darling?"

"I'm awfully near it," the star answered, catching sight of Drelincourt, with Kitty, and Sinclair, with Grey, coming in from their luncheon.

Kitty Keene's eyes actually flashed into the middle of Tremaine's most languishing glance at his companion, who now lowered her tones as she proceeded.

"They've been teasing me about being out with you in your car all dressed in

dark blue last evening."

"Who has been teasing?" he asked in a caressing voice, adding more oil to the dressing.

"That new extra; she said she saw me

with you!"

Tremaine laid down his fork. did, eh? Well, now suppose we make it good! What do you say to a spin Wednesday evening? And wear dark blue to please me, will you?"

"I'll wear anything to please you!"

"We'll start from here right after the performance." Thompson assented. Then the waiter came for their tray and rehearsal was presently on again.

When Tremaine had a long wait later on, Kitty Keene thought she'd make it short for him. Zevine was getting news

for the papers from Grey and the rest. "Well, Mr. Tremaine," Kitty said, "I've thought it over and I'll go for a spin with you."

"Will you? That makes me more

happy than you can guess."
"Perhaps I can guess," she said coyly.
"Well?" The girls all said he had the most burning glance that a star ever "Guess, please do!"

"Oh, you're too She laughed a little. Every woman is your much of a flirt. game. The words you speak to me are

your current conversation."

"You are wrong." His glance certainly was as ardent as a man could

make it.

"Don't look at me like that!" she cried under her breath. Kitty knew her vocal values thoroughly; she had won out with them in various policies in England and France before today.
"Why not? Why may I not look as I

"Do you feel as you look?"

"How do I look?" He passed the fringe of her scarf across his lips.

"As if—oh, you know!"

"Perhaps I do, but I want you to tell me." Tremaine's love making on the April, 1912-2

stage was allowed to be of the most subtle and efficacious description. "You

"As if"—dancing before Kitty's eyes was that four-thousand-dollar policy "as if I were the one girl in the world for you!" She really did blush as she caught Zevine's eyes fastened upon her over the top of Grey's hat.

"That's just the way I wanted to look." He touched her gloved hand

lightly. "Am I?"

"Can you ask?"

"I fancied it was Thompson."

"Ridiculous!"

"Somebody said it was Drelincourt." Tremaine shook his head gravely.
"Or Sinclair?" she smiled as he held

her two hands in his.

Tremaine went on shaking his head

slowly and not removing his eyes.

"They said even that you might be going to marry Grey, until the new press agent came on the scene. She is very much in love with him."

"I am not going to marry Grey," he said with fierceness. Tremaine gazed They said he could do more with his eyes than any man in the profession. Will you do me a favor?"

"Won't I?"

"Will you wear dark blue—you know, coat, cap and all that sort of thing-on Wednesday?"

"Of course I will."

"We'll start from here right after the performance." Kitty assented.

Then Zevine interrupted them without apology, and took Kitty off to the

"I'm engaged to Tremaine," she an-

nounced blithely.

"Perhaps I soon will be to Grey," he returned equally blithely.

"There's no use in that, Mart. What for?"

"I saw her exchange glances with

Tremaine that spoke volumes."

"All right, I'll go and read those volumes, and you go to the newspapers. Leave it to Kitty." She crossed. Grey had not impressed the insurance lady, although she had of course noted her as a possible ingredient in the game. As

she went over she made a plan and carried it out.

"My dear," she whispered, "you'll

keep a secret, I'm sure."

"Certainly." "He's done it!"

"Who?" "Tremaine."

"What has he done?"

"Proposed."

The girl did not seem surprised. said simply and unaffectedly, "Congratulations," then in a moment added, "I thought it was Thompson."

Kitty shook her head. "You won't

tell, will you?" "I won't tell."

They were called for the ballroom

Tremaine was not in this; he sat it out. way up behind the piles of scenery with

Sinclair was saying: "After keeping my orchid for nearly a week"-Leslie had just shown the faded blossom to her-"I was surprised to hear about Thompson and the ring."

Thompson?" "Who's he

blandly.

"The 'heavy'-Estelle Thompson."

"Oh!" He rose; his air was dismissing.

"And the ring?"

"She chanced to get the ring that was put in the cake."

"But-"

"Well?" Tremaine now stood before her, his gaze upon her anxious face.

"Didn't you want Thompson to have

the ring?"

Leslie shook his head, not removing

his eyes.

"Is there anyone whom you did want to have it?" with deep sentiment.

He nodded slowly.

"Was it me?" An eager glance met

"What do you think about that?"

"I—think it was." She could hardly be blamed from her point of view, considering the steadiness of Tremaine's eyes. "I'm so happy!"

Tremaine's stare kept up, accompanied by his inimitable, inscrutable

smile.

"Aren't you?" wistfully.

Then she sighed rapturously: both heard certain lines being warbled down stage; both knew they would soon be needed. Leslie said: "Will you go for a spin Wednesday evening?"

"Lovely!"

"And do me a favor?" ardently. "Of course," with a fervor of reciproc-

"Wear dark blue completely?"

"Indeed, I will."

"We'll start from here right after the performance," Tremaine whispered as they came down to meet their cue.

#### IX

REHEARSAL was over for that day. The extras were at the stage door—in fact, two of them had already leftwhen Kitty Keene suddenly exclaimed under her breath to Von Kotzebue: "Who's that?"

Von Kotzebue turned, saw a girl in dark blue complete, goggles and all, standing at the left, down very near the iron door leading into the auditorium. This girl exhibited neither impatience nor expectancy.

"Who is it?"

Ernestine Von Kotzebue shook her head. "Come on; it's none of us. Some of Mr. Tremaine's society friends waiting to speak to him, I guess."

Von Kotzebue was in a hurry to get away, but Kitty held her ground. There was no possible place to hide in, so, readily assuming as non-committal an air as

the other girl, she stood still.

Presently, of course, Tremaine appeared. He saw Kitty, in fact returned her nod with interest, and then turned with an exclusive air to the other girl.

"I got your note," he said in a very low voice, holding a pink missive in his

hand.

"I was sure you'd not refuse to wait just a few minutes after rehearsal."

"How could I? Such a sweet note!" From force of perpetual habit he bent as unscrupulously charming a glance upon the goggles as if he saw the face behind them and the tightly tied blue veil.

Kitty Keene, taking out her watch every other minute, peering here and there, still stuck to her position.

"Did you like it?" the dark blue

asked.

"Could I help it?" he said in a tone as ecstatic as usual under duplicate circumstances. "Now," coming a few inches closer, "won't you please tell me who you are?"

"Don't you know?" she asked with

astonishment and reproach.

"How can I?" He glanced at the goggles and veil, then at the open note he held. "It's only signed 'Dark Blue."

"But the incident!"
"Er—which one?"
"The slipper"

"The slipper."

"Ah, the slipper!" He strove with an enlightened joyous inflection calculated to alleviate what must come next.

"But which slipper? Whose?"

There were many slippers in Tremaine's past experiences; and it was perhaps too much to expect that the idol should be able to identify any particular one.

"Mine," she said conclusively.

"I see." He did see that it was hopeless; he took her hand and went on. "Tell me'why you are wearing dark blue today." For aught he knew she wore dark blue every day.

"Because they say you like it."

"I do."

"And I want you to know that I

dore-

"Dark blue," he interrupted briskly. "That's so nice. I am sure we are friends, because our tastes agree." The star pulled out his watch. Kitty was still consulting hers.

"It's not that. It's just that I wanted you to know none of the company thinks half as much of you as I do, Mr. Tre-

maine."

He sighed hopelessly. The imminence of it urged him onward. "I wonder if you'd care"—he put emphasis on the pronoun—"to take a spin Wednesday evening?"

"Wouldn't I!" she answered with de-

light

"And you'll wear dark blue, too?"

"Surely!"

"And you'll let me call you by your first name?"

"Oh, yes, now I will, of course."

"Let me hear you say that name of yours; I never know just how to pronounce it."

She spoke three syllables in his ear.

She had noticed Kitty Keene.

Tremaine's expression was puzzled, but he said: "We'll start from here right after the performance. Until then—" He raised her gloved hand to his lips, under fire of Kitty's eyes. He watched the dark blue girl leave the theater by the front, and bowed to Kitty Keene, who deftly ran down the steps into the orchestra, up the aisle and so out in the lobby just in time to see the girl get into a taxi and whirl away.

Tremaine stood to see what Kitty would do. She kissed her finger tips to him. "If Miss Grey comes, please say I couldn't wait any longer. I must make One Hundred and Fifteenth Street by six o'clock. Forgive me. So long!"

"All right," he sang back, and then picked up a programme, hoping to

identify the slipper girl.

Tremaine then crossed the stage exactly to the spot where Kitty Keene had been standing, and picked up something else, this time from the floor—a card. He read it.

#### KEENE, ZEVINE & Co., Insurance

"Insurance?" Well, to be sure, fire and life, accident, travelers, plate glass, burglars, all sorts and conditions of insurance. And women were in everything; why not in that? With Zevine? He had fancied those two in some way allied. He held Zevine in contempt; Zevine was a spy. Zevine had found favor in the eyes of a dark blue girl; he would just stop in and ask Macaulay what sort of insuring Keene, Zevine & Co. did. He put the card in his pocket and was making for the office when sobs assailed his ears. Sobs were things that routed Leslie Tremaine entirely; his ungovernable impulse was to still sobs, and the only soporific he knew for them was the comforting that a man's tender words can give to a girl.

He did think he'd cut and run, but as

sobs continued suppressedly from somewhere near his dressing room door, he felt that destiny intended him to find sobs and assuage them.

He crossed up. There, on the stone flooring under his very knob and name,

lay a heap—of dark blue girl.

#### X

No attention TREMAINE coughed. was paid; he sighed, unrewarded; he knocked on the door. The dark blue mass raised a begoggled, hooded, veiled head and exclaimed between sobs:

"Oh, it's you, Mr. Tremaine!"
"Yes, it's I. What can I do for you?" He looked about bewildered, for he knew the scrubwomen would be on duty shortly.

"N-nothing; only listen to

please."

"I am listening."

"It's-I'm here to tell you th-

Tremaine fancied he knew what she had to tell, and made haste to interrupt.

"Never mind; I understand. Don't bother to put it into words; I wouldn't if I were you. You'll get over it, and laugh at yourself in a month's time.

The dark blue rose from being a heap and the shrouded head went up alertly.

"You don't know who I am?" she

asked reproachfully.

"There, there; no matter," he said "I know you're a dear little soothingly. girl who's made a mistake.'

"Mistake, is it? I haven't. You're

Mr. Tremaine."

"Yes, yes, of course; but you'd better go home now. My car is at the door; just run out, jump in and tell the chauf-

feur where to take you."
"I will not." The goggles quaked, and the girl's hand was on the knob. "I've got things that I must tell you," she went on passionately. "It's danger you're in, and I can't keep it to myself."

The star's hand went over the girl's. "No, we can't go in here; the door is locked and my dresser has the key."

"Then I must say it all here."

"Please don't," he urged pleadingly.

"But-"

"I know it-I mean, I have dared to guess it; forgive me, but for your own sake, dear girl, let me take you and put you in a taxi and send you home."

"Mr. Tremaine, I guess you don't know who I am, at all."

"Don't be cruel," he said remorse-

fully.

"It's—it's only Maud Ellen McCoo," and she shrank into a heap again at his

"My child! What in thunder-"

"You took me for one of the sillies, sir. I ain't that. I think you're the finest ever, but not that way."

"Child," he said, taking off her goggles, "it is I who am the silly one; will you forgive me and tell me what is the matter?

"Not here, where the scrubladies might hear me, sir. The door ain't

locked, is it?"

They went in; he seated her on a trunk, and stood at the open door.

"Now tell me."

"You mind the night me mother came home in your car in these old dark blue things? Well, that new press man of Macaulay's up and spoke to her at the door, and called her 'Miss Thompson,' and the next morning it's me that seen him kitin' round Tenth Avenue by our corner; and it's Keene, the new extry, that sent for me mother that evenin' to engage her to do her laundry; and if she didn't sit on the edge of every livin' thing askin' questions round about, screwin' like a gimlet, but me mother she never let on, not her! The—" she ended in a sob.

"Don't cry, child, don't! They

mustn't hear you crying."

"Then she comes to Stepner's and-"

"Who comes?"

"The new extry—Keene's her name; and she orders wigs and says she, 'Be sure you send 'em home with Maud Ellen McCoo.' So it's meself they sent up to her flat on Forty-ninth Street with the w-wigs." She sobbed anew.

"For heaven's sake, don't cry!" heard the swish of the women's mops.

"I w-w-won't. When I got there, it was the elevator took me up. 'That door,' says the man, 'the one that's open; you can go right in.' It's in I went; the entry was dark, and it's the two of them I heard talkin' beyond at the front, and it's—it's—it's your name I heard 'em sayin'."

The swish of the playful mop was close at hand. Tremaine set the goggles back on the little freckled upturned nose of Maud Ellen McCoo. "There, there, now; go on—tell me all about it."
"Y-yes, sir. Says he—it was the

"Y-yes, sir. Says he—it was the press man's voice; I've heard him talkin' here often—says he: 'Kitty, Tremaine is the finest policy we ever got, and a sure thing for several years,' says he, and me feelin' my way along the entry up to that. Then I stood still, and says she: 'Of course it is. Thompson's the one, and if you and me together can't keep Tremaine from marry-in' the heavy or anyone else, we're not as smart as we think we are.'"

Tremaine gave a smothered whistle, as he nodded out to the charwomen and offered them ample opportunity to see

the dark blue girl.
"Th-th-then—"

"Now don't sob!" he cried implor-

ingly. "Hear those mops; don't, don't!"

"I w-w-won't, sir. Then says she, laughin' to kill: 'Wasn't Mac mad, though, just because he thinks Tre-Tre-Tremaine's caught on! I soon had him quieted down. Four thousand dollars a year's worth workin' for. I'll watch him like a cat with a mouse, and no marryin' for him, eh, Mart?' says she; and s-s-says he: 'If we have to k-k-k-""

"Maud Ellen!" in a desperate whisper.

"Don't cry!"

"N-n-no. I w-w-won't. Says he: 'If we have to kidnap him, eh, Kitty?' and the two of them went into hy-stericks, and me shakin' let the box drop, and out she comes pleasant; and didn't sh-sh-she read me the questions about you, sir!"

"And you told her what?"

"Lies. It's to confession I went with them straight, and g-g-got absolution, so I did, but oh, if they kidnap you!" she finished agonizedly.

she finished agonizedly.

"They won't." He laid a reverential hand on the girl's head. "Maud Ellen,

you're a brave little woman; I'm proud to have you for a friend. I am grateful to you beyond measure. Don't cry; nothing's going to harm me. You have put me on the track. By and by I'll try to show you and your mother how deeply I feel my debt to you. Come now."

I feel my debt to you. Come now."
"Debt, is it? Never a debt. It's me
that's proud to serve you. You're fine,
never jollyin' or jeerin' at nobody; and
them talkin' of k-k-kidnapin' you!"

"No danger, thanks to you. If you don't mind, will you come here Wednesday evening after the performance? Bring your mother. Wear these dark blue things, and just stand around for a while. Don't take off your veil or goggles. Will you do that?"

"And it's me that'll be right here, and me mother, too; and they'll not get

these off me if I die for it."

#### $\mathbf{XI}$

TREMAINE took Maud Ellen out, put her in a taxicab and sent her home. Kitty Keene and Martin Zevine followed in another; on their fruitless return they met the star in his car with a blue-clad girl at his side! They followed him up to Westchester and lost him as by magic. When they got to town, speeding down Central Park West, they beheld his car before Miss Thompson's door.

Miss Thompson came out, also dressed in dark blue, and got in that car. They were sure it was she, from her size. They followed until they reached at length the house on Tenth Avenue, where the passenger alighted and skurried in; the car

went to the garage.

That evening between the acts Kitty Keene had the time of her life. Tremaine had never, perhaps, been so charming to any woman; there was a deference, gentleness and seriousness in his manner which caused the insurance lady an actual pang.

"Don't be so awfully in earnest, Mr. Tremaine," she said, responding to his

devotions.

"I was never so in earnest in my life."
"You can't make me believe that, on
so brief an acquaintance, I am the one



woman in the world for you," she insisted, perceiving Zevine with Miss

Thompson.

"I assure you, Kitty Keene, you're the one woman I'm after, the one woman for whom I would do anything to prove my absolute seriousness."

"You mean you-want-to marry

me?"

"What else could I mean, do you

think?"

"Mr. Tremaine, you puzzle me. Some people say you are pursuing Miss Thompson, others that you are madly in love with someone else."

"I am."

"Prove it." A challenge was in her

"I will." "When?"

"Wednesday evening." He had to leave her and make up for the last act.

Zevine caught Kitty just as she came from the dressing room ready for the curtain scene. He took her hands.

"Listen, Kit, it is Thompson; she herself has told me she is engaged to him. But she thinks she's too -sedatefor him, and since I've been doing the love stunt to her she's going to turn him down for my sake. On Thursday morning she's to tell him it can never be."

"He'll meet her on her own ground, Mart. Tremaine's just been telling me for the sixth time that I'm the only girl in the world for him," she announced

victoriously.

"What'll you do with him?" he asked nonplused.

"What'll you do with her?" she retorted.

Zevine kissed her shoulder, laughed and whispered, "I'll leave it to Kitty."

Wednesday was fine; the play went off with a snap. Macaulay was in high spirits; he took a nap that afternoon, so intense was his relief from the tension he'd been under.

Tremaine had never acted as well; there was a more than inimitable fascination in his playing; and as to the famous love scene, his worshipers were like to swoon with proxied bliss as they sat taking it in.

Finally the orchestra's last note

sounded: the caretakers were putting the crash over the seats, swathing the box curtains and chairs; the lights were down, the front doors barred, the stage cleared; Macaulay and his treasurer were still in the box office counting up the receipts.

Long before the star had even got the make-up rubbed off his face, a dark blue figure tiptoed down by the footlights to the stage door side of the house and took up a position at the head of the narrow corridor. Then another similar figure emerged from far up, and edged down quite near the first comer; presently Number Three appeared, with a calmness befitting her avoirdupois; she hovered at the third groove. A moment later a fourth girl in blue, then a fifth, entered, apparently from the street; they placed themselves with an air of firmness exactly opposite Leslie's dressing room door. In three minutes more a sixth, similarly clothed, flitted from the opposite side, and screening herself easily behind the last act set, stood at attention. None of the half-dozen had as yet perceived her companions; then the star's door opened and Leslie came out. Six dark blue figures made six distinctive dives toward him; six voices uttered a respective and characteristic coo of welcome; six figures, swathed, goggled and veiled beyond recognition, extended six hands and met in a dark blue cluster around the star.

There was just sufficient light for them, at this auspicious second, to behold each her five counterparts.

Tremaine said: "Ladies, are you all Let me see one, two, three, four, five, six. So good of you all not to disappoint me. The car is at the door."

Number Three broke the spell of amazed silence that had fallen upon the

"Mr. Tremaine, you invited me for a ride with you!" She spoke indignantly. "Of course. I am going. I will be

with you—all!" he said joyously.

Number Two said: "Mr. Tremaine, if you suppose I'm going for a ride in that sightseeing car at the door, you're mistaken. You're no gentleman. No two weeks' notice for mine; I'll quit right now!"

Number One, holding a daisy toward the star, exclaimed: "I couldn't have believed it possible." She burst into tears. "I'll quit, too. No two weeks', either."

Numbers Four and Five said nothing, but the smaller of them stood stanchly

close to Tremaine.

Number Six by this time had a friend at her side in the person of the new press agent. He spoke for her.

"Mr. Tremaine, after engaging this

lady's affections and—"

"Make it plural, Zevine," the star

interrupted blithely.

"Sir, you can't trifle with this lady. Miss Keene wishes me to say she quits the company without further notice, and

will not report tomorrow.

"Ladies, one moment, all of you! I have been urged-compelled-to this, I may say wholesale course, by our manager, Mr. Macaulay. Mac!" he called.

Macaulay sprang into the midst of the dark blue bouquet; none of them had

removed goggles or veils. "Mac," repeated the "Mac," repeated the star, "directed me to treat you all alike. I've done my best. The car is at the door. I am at your united service. Supper will be on at the inn in Westchester. We only have to wait for one more blue lady."

"Another?" cried the six in concert. Zevine, feeling Macaulay's eyes upon him, said: "This is all very well, Mr. Tremaine, but I am bound to remind you that your attentions to Miss Keene

have been-"

"Zevine. Tremaine interrupted him. my boy, look at that!" He held the card with the line, "Keene, Zevine & Co., Insurance," up before the press agent's eyes.

"Well, what of it?" asked Zevine

coolly.

"Mac, old man"—the star turned to his manager—"why did you put up your money on a fool scheme like this? Ladies, Mac here has been insuring me against marriage—paying out big money, I dare say, on the policy!"
"True for you, Tremaine."

Four of the dark blues drew together in low-voiced conversation; two remained steadfastly near the star, who now gently removed the veils and trappings from Maud Ellen McCoo and her somewhat ponderous mother.

"I didn't know your game, Mac-never might have, had it not been for Maud Ellen McCoo, one of my best

friends."

The cluster broke out simultaneously: "It's Maud Ellen McCoo, after all, then!"

"Mac," Leslie Tremaine went on, "I shall never marry—"

The cluster gasped for breath.

"Never. I give you my word of—" Zevine exclaimed: "Then you are a scoundrel, deluding all these girls!"

"My word of honor," Tremaine went

Macaulay laid a hand on his star's arm. "My boy, don't say that; you must be engaged to some of them." His air was lugubrious.

They all bent to hear, breathless. "I am not engaged to anyone."

A seventh figure in dark blue now mysteriously joined the group; they broke ranks to examine her, for none of them knew yet who the rest were save the McCoos.

"You see, old man"—he put his hand on the manager's arm-"I am married

already."

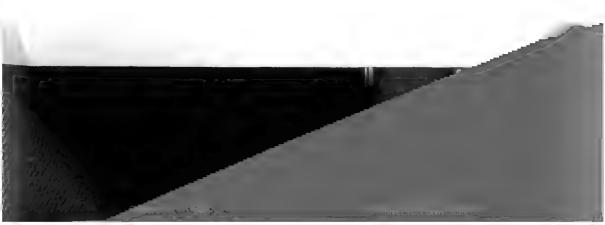
"To whom?" The cry rose in wild concert, Zevine and Mac included.

Tremaine glanced up toward the group, while Maud Ellen McCoo danced with unrestrained joy. "To a girl in dark blue, of course," he said, choosing one from the number, while the others looked on.

"Good night, all!" Into the night. into the car, into the flare of the Great White Way, up into the sweet cloverfilled country, the star and his dark blue

choice went merrily speeding.

All the dark blues reported for rehearsal the next morning—every one of the seven; because Maud Ellen McCoo was taken in as an extra from that date. and her mother as assistant dresser to the corps.



# AT A CAFÉ TABLE

### By Thomas Grant Springer

ALL those odd corners well shunned by Convention, Places that should call up blushes to mention, Scenes that to Memory still pay a pension When we look back through the mist of the years, Now, when I visit them, harbor ghosts—flitting by Through the tobacco smoke on an unwitting sigh; Dull sounds the music, for strangers are sitting nigh, While the old faces are drowned in my tears.

All are not dead. Some have gone to successes—Gone, and forgotten to leave their addresses!

Others are lost, and my idleness guesses

If from Bohemia they've sunk lower still.

Death has claimed some and staid Hymen still others,

Putting the ban on their vagabond brothers—

Sometimes I wonder if home joy now smothers

All their vague love thoughts that once roamed at will.

As to myself, are not girls still alluring,
With their ripe lips of light kisses assuring?
Or do I seek for some joy more enduring
Than the light lips that once kissed, laughed and fled?
Is it the charm of the winecup Fate dashes
Out of our hand and the ruddy tide splashes
Over the fire, and then leaves but the ashes
By which we dream when the warmth is long dead?

Is it because, when the goal has been sighted,
Time snuffs the candles at wayside shrines lighted?
Has my maturity come and affrighted
All the gay follies I once held so dear?
Is it because that the shallow stream turning
Mills that grind chaff has grown deeper, and spurning
Trivial ends, puts its current to earning
Things in our lives above skittles and beer?

I only know that I come as a stranger
To places where Pegasus once had a manger;
Maybe he wearied and turned a wide ranger,
Kicking his heels in wild pastures afar.
Something is wrong, either I or the places,
Crowded with forms and yet bleak with blank spaces;
No camaraderic here lights the faces—
Waiter! A beer! Then I catch the owl car.



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## STRONGER THAN STEEL

### By George Bronson Howard

AT," directed Meadowsley, luxuriating in a new sensation. He had never before seen little drops of perspiration spring out on a man's upper lip at the sight of food.

He had drawn off the damask covering that his valet had placed over the cold supper left every night in his lounging room, and had himself fetched from the refrigerator a bottle, the green glass of which was clouded with ice sweat. When he had drawn the cork and the champagne had creamed over the neck, he wrapped a napkin about the bottle and poured the wine with maddening exactness.

"There is cold asparagus for salad," he informed the Hungry Man. "Hard to get that thick kind of asparagus this time of year and harder to prepare. My man has Louis's recipe; of course you don't know Louis, but there is only one Louis in the world of cooking. He's at the Café de Paris—which means also Armenonville and the Pré Catalan. That paté now"—he indicated another silver dish-"Strasburg paté; they fatten the geese until their livers begin tobut maybe you wouldn't like to know about that. And those Perigord truffles in it—only hogs can find them. truffle growers keep a herd just to smell truffles out and root them up, and then the swineherd takes the truffles away and gives the hogs something else. The black things are the truffles. wouldn't know about them, of course. They are one of the vices of the rich. And there is the chicken in aspic—But eat, man, eat!"

The cleanliness of the man's knotted neckerchief, in contrast to the patched and ragged clothes he wore, had prepared Meadowsley for the self-restraint he showed in spite of the perspiration on his upper lip.

"You've got only one place set," said

the Hungry Man.

"I dined at the Ritz and had supper at the Savoy," said Meadowsley. "This is for you. Eat!"

"Badger is my name," said the Hun-

gry Man. "Thank you."

And he plied knife and fork with all the scrupulous correctness of the middle classes, cutting each morsel with his knife, even the asparagus; apparently the small silver holder was new to him. He gathered rapidity as does an electric fan. Meadowsley was dazzled; it seemed the knife and fork were revolving, and that the electric light was forever shining on the crystal of an upraised glass, hiding Badger's eyes.

"Just before I found you holding out those boxes of matches with that dumb look in your eyes," said Meadowsley, "I had been having supper with one of the prettiest young ladies in London." He beamed fatuously. "She dances at the Gaiety. I gave her my motor to take her home. 'Mother always looks out of the window to see who's with me, and worries me with questions,' she told

Even for a young man, Justin Meadowsley was a great fool. The real fact of the matter was that the young lady lived in Bloomsbury lodgings in ill accord with her Poiret evening gown, a location she did not wish an eligible young man like Meadowsley to associate with herself.

Her mother was, as always since her widowhood began, employed as an upper servant at a certain priory in Lancashire. But the imagination of a chorus girl in the matter of ancestry must be condoned, even applauded, else they could not fill their destined places as the wives

of noblemen and millionaires.

The young lady's defection had left Mr. Meadowsley, much impressed by her strict parental supervision, stranded in the Savoy's rubber-paved court; around him a silken crush—shining top hats crowded against brilliantined coiffures, impeccable patent pumps companioned by slim pitter-patter shoes under lace embroidery and priceless pailetting. Graceful motor cars swung up like great ships entering their harbor slips.

All London was going home. The lights of London were out, for it was half after midnight. For an hour or so the Strand and Piccadilly would swarm with helpless hunters and their eager prey. Then silent streets, deserted, too, save for a few prowling night cabmen drowsing on high seats, the desolation of

a desert on darkened London.

Meadowsley, yawning at the prospect, had found the Hungry Man, holding out boxes of matches, staring at the occupants of passing motors, their curtains up showing golden fittings against brocaded paneling, women's jeweled fingers raised to recently lighted cigarettes, men lounging, bored or alcoholically amused. He seemed as one looking at the heavens, too awed to be puzzled, too puzzled to be awed.

Meadowsley had invited him home, keeping step with him to St. James. Some women stared, and two policemen, identifying Meadowsley's nationality by the cut of his dress shoes, had muttered tolerantly, "American"—as though that explained all forms of insanity.

Meadowsley rose, bending deferentially—a very good imitation of Peters, his man—and replenished the wine glass

at Badger's elbow.

"Finish the paté," he urged. "I like

to see you eat."

Whenever Meadowsley's eyes were turned from him, Badger's rose silently from eyelid obscurity and appraised the gold service on the Circassian walnut buffet, the golden candelabrum, fivebranched, a precious tree with slim white burning fruit. The incense was as intoxicating as the wine.

Meadowsley told him that it was incense, else he would not have known; also how costly incense candles were. Badger, growing bolder, poured for himself.

This planet receives much damage through the earnest efforts of well meaning young asses like Justin Meadowsley, who read books that are over their heads and drop the pollen thereof in unsuitable places. Meadowsley prided himself on being both atheist and Socialist; not knowing that to be the first is impossible to an intelligence of sorts, and that to understand the creed of the second, one cannot be the first. His favorite pastime was to wander in localities where his clothes were jeered, get into conversation with needy proletarians, and advise them to rise and cast off the shackles that the rich and the clergy had laid upon them. He would have found no listeners had his discourses not been punctuated with largesse; but for these almsgivings there is no credit due him; the few hundreds he sowed yielded him far too great a harvest of self-satisfaction.

As DeLancy said:

"The only change Socialism has made in Justy is talk. It gives him a topic of conversation. Don't notice, though, that he's cut out anything he likes to do. When he's opened his fourth quart at Maxim's—half of which nobody's drunk—he starts on our duty to the poor. And spoils the evening. By the time he's opened his tenth at the Pré Catalan, he speaks as though he was present at the Creation. Why doesn't he learn to play good polo?"

The great beauty about men like Badger was that they listened intently.

Badger, with the fourth glass of champagne, forgot his troubles. He was a big man with a little head, a hopeless derelict who could depend only upon his strength of body for livelihood; and no man can save anything on four shillings a day. It was two months now since he had had work, and the match selling was unprofitable. He did not have the moral courage to insist on tips from those for whom he opened cab doors, pressing

his ragged body against the wheel so that the lady would not soil her skirts.

It would have been better for him had he been born in the lower class; but Badger was the son of a small tradesman in Liverpool and had received a sound moral education. Other people stole and cheated when they got a chance, but Badger's hands were clean. Even now. while he listened to Meadowsley, he felt a decided moral superiority.

"I always kep' myself respectable," said Badger, hiccoughing a little. "Poor I am but I ain't ashamed. Poor but hon-

est. Yes, sir, honest!"

"Oh, you English!" stormed Meadowsley, orating as though on a rostrum. "You helpless, hopeless English! Don't you know all property is theft; that the peers stole from your ancestors; that the millionaires cheat you every day? 'Poor but honest'- do you know what Shaw says about that? Yes, sir, Bernard Shaw—there's a man! He says: 'Poor but honest'; you might as well say, 'Amiable but insane.' That's Shaw."

But Badger had never heard of Shaw. He, however, gaped at the radiant being with the smoothly brushed hair, whose flushed face seemed receding and returning in waves of golden candlelight. Meadowsley took a long breath, expanding his chest under a ruffled lawn shirt in which were set three pink pearls surrounded by brilliants. The candlelight sought them out lovingly.

He went on talking. As he talked so did the books he read; mostly it was quotation, and very good quotation, too. He called on Badger to be a thief if he must be, anything but a hungry man.

"You have no right to be hungry in the midst of plenty. It shows that the compromise between you and the rich men has been broken by them. So you are a fool to keep to your bargain. Steal, man, steal. Don't be hungry!"

But Badger was no longer hungry. He was well filled, and the wine had made

him almost content.

"A good conscience is my reward," he said with tipsy solemnity. "There is One that sees.

He pointed to the chandelier.

"One that sees. And a 'erehafter."

"A what?" asked Meadowslev.

"A 'erehafter," said Badger, accenting the aspirate in a dignified manner.

"A hereafter?" translated Meadows-

'Yus," said Badger; "that's what I Skies—heavings—hangels! said. Wot is this life on this speer? Only a little tarrying. For our sins we will be judged. You know that."
"Oh, do I?" cried Meadowsley, his

eyes gleaming with debate. "Do I? Well, I'll show you, you poor fool. Listen

to me!"

He talked for close upon half an hour, a monologue uninterrupted save for sips from his glass. He argued after the manner of Tom Paine; crude but convincing to such people as Badger, for with them their religion is a solid edifice. Take out one brick—even so small a brick as the marvelous adventures of Jonah in the sea of sperm oil—and the house totters. Meadowsley knew all the concrete refutations.

Then he went on to geology and biology, telling of the millions of years it had taken to make the earth, of evolution,

real Tewish history.

Badger sat, stiff and stark, holding the arms of the gold and lacquered chair. The earth was not made in one calendar week; the walls of Jericho had not fallen at the sound of trumpets, nor was it possible for the sun to have stood still for even a fraction of a second; and other things.

The serene golden streets, the happy angels in glorified nightgowns strumming away on silver strings and eating honey with large gilt spoons-they faded away, sunk in a boundless, limitless gray sea. Badger was battling with angry waves and storm clouds. No island, no rock, not even a raft. Alone, helplessly fight-

He sat stunned with disaster; whining sounds came from back of his clenched teeth, the sounds a sick baby deserted

by its nurse might make.

Meadowsley poured argument upon argument. Badger opened his eyes; at first they were dazed eyes, but gradually a new light stole into them. He saw the lofty splendid room with its rich

tapestries, costly rugs, shining goldlacquered furniture in a new light, the light of one who has a part possession. The waferlike watch with its concomitant gold jingles that Meadowsley had laid on the table struck him as desirable to possess. The crystal, the silver, the gold service, all these were things that men should have.

Why not he? Meadowsley had said men of his kind were robbers; that they rose by robbing. So that was their secret; that was how they triumphed over better men like himself! They knew there was no hereafter, neither for punishment nor for pleasure; so they dared to take all that this world had to give. Well, he possessed the secret now. He

knew. too.

"Your servants? They sleep here, don't they? You might wake 'em up,' he said with a new cunning.

"What if I did? I pay them. But they don't sleep here. They— Aaaah!"

The sound of a gurgling throat on which two iron hands have fastened cannot be written. The hands had shot across the table. As Meadowsley's face purpled, Badger pulled him toward his side of the room. Badger released one hand, unfastened his belt and strapped Meadowsley up, hands behind his back.

He went about the business of looting the flat methodically, as though it were some usual piece of work, he who had neither stolen nor cheated in all his life. Afterward, when he recalled the events of that night, he wondered that the transition from religion and honesty to atheism and thievery could have been accomplished in so short a time. His only distinct remembrance of a sensation was a curious lightness, something akin to an effect produced on him one morning by smoking a cigarette before he had

The gold service gave him a little trouble; how should he convey it? Then he went into the bedroom, threw back the heavily monogrammed covering of the bed and whisked out a sheet. On the way out he gathered up the golden toilet articles on Meadowsley's dressing table. These, with the service, made a heavy weight for the sheet, so

he traveled back and took the monogrammed silk bed covering, too.

Soon he was ready to go, his pockets stuffed with Meadowsley gold jingles and banknotes, a heavy burden of precious things in his right hand.

He turned to look at Meadowsley.

The young millionaire's face was expressionless; his lips were dry and hard. Badger remembered, afterward, that the thought of killing Meadowsley came at the moment he laid his hand on the doorknob. This man knew his description; when the valet came in the morning, Scotland Yard would be notified, and he, Badger, would go to Dartmoor, shut away for ten years from the merry joyous life that was opening before him. It was best to kill Meadowsley. Otherwise, there was no sense in robbing him.

By some sudden flash of primitive knowledge, some sixth sense long unused, Meadowsley knew when Badger dropped the heavy burden of loot to the floor that the thud of it was intended for his death knell. Nor was there use in protesting. This man Badger was actuated only by the instinct of self-preservation: there was neither cruelty nor blood lust in his eyes, only a determination to protect himself, and a knowledge of his superior strength. Meadowsley staggered upward to his feet, but, bending at the knees from sheer nervous fear. toppled over on his face. The belt came loose, leaving his hands free again.

They fought such a battle in that room as men fought when the earth's crust was still warm, a fight that the cave men might have fought over a lurid fire in the blackness of underground. They made queer inarticulate whining noises when the teeth of one fastened into the flesh of another, or one's thumbs pressed against the other's eyes. The witch faces of the candles lengthened on the polished mahogany as the hot breath of the fighting men waved them back and forth.

There was one time when Badger lifted his antagonist to his shoulder and hurtled him over the table. Meadowsley dashed against the wall, his head burst-His fingers fastened on the brass fender before the dying fire. He tore it up and whirled it at his enemy. It swept

the golden candelabrum from the table and left the men in the light of a few sputtering coals over which waved tiny

blue gas spirals.

They bulked big in this blackness. Badger's rags gave him the shaggy, uncouth silhouette of a mountain bear; Meadowsley, slim and swaying, crouching and clawing, might have been a pant-

ing leopard.

Their breath regained, they closed again, cruelly calm. Meadowsley was as mad as any Malay running amuck to measure himself against one so infinitely his master. But the Meadowsley spirit had, for the first time in his life, leaped into being—the spirit of the early Meadowsleys, the Indian fighters who scalped as readily as their red foes. He now wanted to kill Badger.

Badger was cooler; he crushed Meadowsley to him with the hug of a grizzly, forced him to his knees, then to his back. With a knee on his chest, he took hold of the thin throat of the gentleman with

his knotted hands.

Meadowsley knew it was death. The

fingers fastened like iron bands.

"Oh, God! Oh, God!" he prayed wildly. "Oh, God, help me—God save me!"

Badger leaped back and upward as though shot. Something hammered at his brain.

"God—God—God?" he croaked hoarsely. "You said there was no God;

you said there was no God!"

He fell back against the black button of the electric switch. The light came through dimly colored globes. A disheveled torn figure knelt before him, hair in his eyes, hands clasped.

"You're praying," whined Badger like a child. "You're praying. And you told

me there was no God!"

He was watching Meadowsley; there was doubt in his eyes. He was being tricked. It was evident that he was about to advance again, when somebody knocked on the door.

Badger picked up his precious burden and ran for the window. Meadowsley, throwing a dressing gown over his torn clothes and whisking the hair from his eyes, went into the hall. He came back followed by a policeman.

The light was dim in the room. There was no sign of a conflict, but Badger was fumbling with the lock of the window. His hands dropped to his sides when the light glinted on the constable's brass.

"The gentleman in the flat below, 'e telephoned, sir, that there was trouble 'ere; that things were being knocked about something fearful. Is this 'ere person—"

"No," said Meadowsley. "He has been helping me move some things. We dropped some pictures. We've finished

now. You may go, Badger."

Badger's shoulders drooped as before, and he shuffled.

"Take your bag," said Meadowsley.

"Wot-wot, sir?"

"The things you wrapped up. Take them and go. Wait, officer, and have a drink and a cigar. Good night, Badger."

The Hungry Man could not move. Meadowsley lifted the precious loot, closed Badger's fingers over a knot in it and almost pushed him toward the door.

"I'm sorry," he said simply, and

slammed it after him.

The policeman watched the scene in

perplexity.

"I would have sworn, sir—begging your pardon—thank you, sir." (Meadowsley had found a half-sovereign in the dressing gown.) "I would have sworn that fellow 'ad sneaked something of yours, sir. Looks like stolen stuff, sir. Shall I go after him?"

Meadowsley shook his head as he poured out a drink for the policeman.

"He never stole anything from you,

sir?" the man persisted.

"Yes, officer," Meadowsley returned impatiently, "he did. But don't you bother. I stole something far more valuable from him."



# TWO AT THE RESTAURANT

### By Ella Wheeler Wilcox

AT neighboring tables in the brilliant restaurant, filled with flowers, perfume and beauty, sat two women, each with her escort.

One woman was young in years, but her sharp angles, her lusterless eye, her anemic skin and aggressive manner all marked her as one whose attenuated and colorless soul was incapable of youth. The other woman had reached her meridian, and turned her face toward

the afternoon of life.

She did not like the view; her eyes, faded yet still splendid, looked backward to the receding noon and morning hours; and always wherever she might be, there the gaze of the multitude was drawn. She was like a magnificent hothouse rose, which was beautiful such a little while ago; still exhaling fragrance, which no one can pass unmoved, even though its leaves are curled and its color gone.

The orchestra drowned the rattle of silver and china and the hum of voices in the surging billows of the Blue Danube waltz. The young woman with the colorless soul was unstirred. Her critical and unkind glance was fastened on the neighboring table. She smiled sarcastically and remarked to her companion: "Isn't it queer some women cannot realize they are no longer young? The woman at the next table, for instance."

The woman with the soul of a rose had flushed into sudden semblance of her lost youth with the first strains of the immortal waltz of Strauss. Her widely separated eyes had deepened in color; the blood had leaped from her heart into her cheek; the lines about the corners of her beautiful mouth, made by the cruel finger of time, disappeared in a half-smile full

of voluptuous reminiscences. She beat time to the music with one gloved hand, and unconsciously her graceful body swayed slightly from side to side. The eyes of her companion, a man younger than herself, rested tenderly upon her, but she was not thinking of him. Other scenes, other hours, other men had risen before her vision. "Isn't she absurd?" asked the thin, sharp voice of the young

woman with the colorless soul.

But the man to whom she spoke did not answer aloud. He was a man of temperament—of experience and knowledge of human nature. Mutely he was saying to his companion: "Poor little weed that you are, how could you be expected to understand a hothouse bloom? Never, though you exist for a century, will life bring to you one hour of such intense emotion as have made years of this woman's life. Never will those sneering lips know one such kiss as has fallen upon her mouth in showers. Never will your cold eyes look into the eyes of a man and read the answer to the riddle of the universe—great love given and received. Never will you know that wonderful hour of mutual conquest and subjugation. You are the arid sagebush on the desert of life; she is the opulent rosefaded, yet still breathing forth a delicious fragrance. Even after her leaves fall utterly, she will be the rare vase containing them, and subtle incense will steal forth as long as the vase lasts. And you, in youth or age, will ever be the arid sagebush on the desert."

But aloud the man spoke only to call the waiter and pay his check; and the two went out, leaving the woman with the soul of a rose still beating time to the rhythm of the Blue Danube waltz.

# UNTASTED WATERS

By Joseph I. C. Clarke

PON Hatim's hill from his sunset pray'r, Abdalla, withered and lame, Slow rising, turns on the Spahi there A face scarred red with flame.

"Nay, gallop not back with thy helm and blade To the battle's moil and shock, Where the brave fall first, and the knave afraid Can ever the brave dead mock."

"Once more," cries the youth, "our Sultan calls,
And again I'm riding free,
To spoil the Gabour in his golden halls,
And take his women in fee."

"His women, his gold!" says Abdalla low.
"Alas, youth may not resist
The glinting of gems on bosoms of snow
Ashine thro' the battle mist.

"From wells in the noonday glow I've quaffed, And of sherbets icy cold, But I thirsted once for a single draught— My shrunken limbs behold.

"Once swept down a fire from the forest crest;
Forerun by a scorching wind,
And I, onstumbling and breathless, pressed
To the vale nor looked behind.

"Down ferny slopes came the leaping blaze, With smothering smoke all round; And fainter I staggered through heat and haze, Wild eyes on the broken ground.

"'Can I last,' I gasped, 'till I reach the spring That wells by the forest brink, Where, fire or no fire, I may sudden fling My spent frame down and drink?'

"Praise Allah! At last, where the silent pool Gleamed red in the shudd'ring glare, I bent, as I raved, to the waters cool, Parched lips agape, but ere



"They could feel the touch of the spring below, Swift crossing the glade there came A tiger athirst, with his head held low, His eyes a dull red flame.

"Then up I sprang, and again I fled, Skirting the oncoming fire, The new fear striking the old fear dead, For life is the last desire.

"And here, where no terrors my soul should fret, Safe havened on Hatim's hill, The demon of flame seems hounding me yet, And the tiger haunts me still.

"But neither the flame breath that drove me on, Nor the tiger's burning eyes, Can stifle my longing till life has gone, While the spring untasted lies."

"Let saints long for water where tigers be,"
The Spahi laughs from his steed;
"The deep wells of houri eyes gleam for me;
So on to battle I speed."



### TABLE TALK

#### By Frank M. Bicknell

AT the Professor's:

"As regards the proposed dropping of Greek and Latin from the curriculum, that seems to me a question not to be decided in a moment."

At the College Commons:

"Gee, but the eats at this joint are getting to be something fierce!"

At the Millionaire's:

"Between ourselves, I heard he had gone to Europe alone, and that she was going out to that horrid Arizona town—or is it in Nevada?—where you can get 'em while you wait."

At the Select Boarding Establishment:

"Oh, Mr. Simperson, have you heard that dear Dr. Greggs lecture on pragmatism? Isn't he sweet?"

At the Cheap Boarding House:

"An' I says to him, I says, 'Aw, cut it out!' I says. 'You're too fresh for any use,' I says—just like that."

In the Tenement: "Gimme some o' that!"

# DISPOSING OF MARY

### By William Chester Estabrook

OC, when I'm gone I want you appointed guardian of my little girl," old Samuel Lyle had murmured when they eased him up a bit in bed. He was dead when they laid him on his pillows again, and Doctor Richel, his fingers on the stilled pulse, looked down at weeping Mary Lyle with something of misgiving in his eye.

The Doctor was duly appointed Mary's guardian after the funeral, and learned, when Lyle's debts were paid, that Mary was about all there was left to

guard. She was enough.

For three years she made her guardian's life a matter of concern to his family and a grim reproach to himself, although nobody would have taken greater enjoyment than he in the management of a lively, mischievous, daring, pretty girl, let her get into as many scrapes as she might. But Mary was not lively nor daring nor mischievous nor even pretty. She was purely and simply silly.

"If the little idiot would only elope with some nice fellow or do any other sensible thing!" the Doctor used to say —but never to anyone but himself. Outwardly he was all patience and excuses

for Mary.

During those three years of his guardianship he managed to keep her in school by dint of much patience and diplomacy. He had an old-fashioned idea that an education wasn't going to hurt anybody, but when she came back from Miss Rankin's school at Phillipsburg, where he had sent her on the remnant of Lyle's funds pieced out by his own, he was appalled to find her sillier than ever. And when the blue-stockinged principal wrote him for a recommendation of her institution he sent her the following letter:

My DEAR MISS RANKIN:

You may use this letter to inform anyone interested that my ward, Miss Mary Lyle, was a student at your school for three years. In that short time you tremendously developed her nat-ural capacity. Very truly yours, J. M. RICHEL.

Mary was a pudgy, smallish girl with bulbous, lobelia blue eyes, sallow skin, sandy hair, a mouth especially adapted to giggling, and an air which, generally speaking, made one want to walk right up to her and slap her in the face.

It is a tribute to Doctor Richel's sense of duty that he never felt that way toward her but once—the time she brought Professor Victor Essex home with her to share a portion of her vacation. Professor Essex was assistant teacher of pyrography, mandolin and other things almost as useful, and his name appeared third from the janitor's at the bottom of the last page of Miss Rankin's catalogue. He was a fragile young man, but richly endowed with frat spirit and Adam's apple. Three whole days he was a guest at Doctor Richel's, and for a week after his departure, the Doctor dosed himself with a tonic of wine and iron.

Young Essex hadn't ceased to be a source of much wonder to the old physician. He hoped the colleges weren't turning out many like him. He'd hate to see Mary marry such a fellow-Mary, who herself had so little to give.

It was inevitable that he should make comparisons between Essex and a young man in whose career he had been intensely interested, Doctor George Maitland, acknowledged one of the leading neurologists of the country. Ah, there

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was a man for you! Ten years older he was than Essex, a big, grave, handsome, successful fellow. Doctor Richel had picked him out of a grocery clerkship in Bakersfield, had induced him to study medicine and had seen him through the medical college, where he took all the honors and prizes in sight and wept for more. Every two or three years, when his enormous practice permitted, Maitland made a flying trip to Bakersfield to see his benefactor and to render proper thanks for a tremendously successful career. He had a mind like a flashlight, and a few days of his companionship was a veritable vacation for the older physician. What a big-brained tellow ne was! What a pity, the Doctor thought, that he had never stopped working long enough to fall in love! What a woman it would take to measure up to him! What a woman he would naturally demand!

A few months after Mary's graduation, when Doctor Richel's legal stewardship came to an end, he asked her, in his kind old way, concerning her future plans.

"I want to go back to Miss Rankin's for an extra year in art," was her enthusi-

astic reply.

Gently he explained to her what he had gently explained a dozen times before, that her small patrimony had long since been exhausted, and that she must at least help make her own way. She seemed to be impressed no more than she had formerly been. Her attitude

worried her guardian mightily.

He was worrying about her now, sitting there in his old green office chair and realizing that she had to have food and clothes like everybody else. He supposed it had been a mistake to send her to Miss Rankin's, but old Samuel Lyle had been so anxious that his daughter have the education which he himself lacked so sadly. It was the Doctor's habit to see a thing through to the end, and although his obligation to her was legally at an end, he didn't propose leaving her to flounder toward the shoals in her poor foolish way. Money must be raised for her, but how? His resources were limited; he had lived more

than seventy years and his hands had always been open.

He came up out of the green cushions and began to stalk about the office, his white hair tousled, his gray eyes perplexed. He stopped at last before the large safe in the corner whose top was a jungle of old account books. Those old records had solved more than one financial difficulty, revealing an account here that had been completely forgotten, another there that had once been worthless but was now collectable. He took down one of the old books and thumbed it reminiscently.

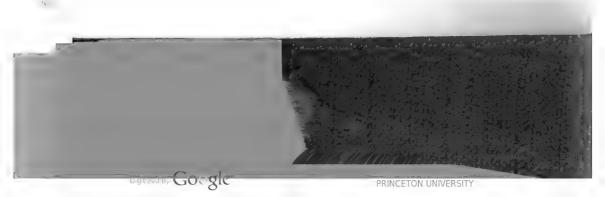
Surely no one kept books as did Doctor Richel; surely no other pages of account were so bespattered with curious notations and abbreviations and enterior

For instance, there was old Joe Cullen's account, pages long and carried forward from book to book because Joe had been bedridden for ten years and wasn't worth ten cents. Inveterate gossip though he was, he never whined; the Doctor liked him for that. Here are a few entries taken from his account:

Joe CullenDr.
May 18, to call
May 30, " " 3.00
June 5, to call & med 4.50
CR.  May 18, by six laughs\$3.00  May 30, julep recipe3.00  June 5, by how Jim Poole got even with old man Funkhouser, who did me up same way in spavined horse trade10.00

Slowly the Doctor turned the pages, but they were sterile of suggestion that morning, and he soon put the book aside and went out on the porch for the paper which the boy had just left.

A name at the top of a first page column caught his eye. Young Professor Essex, the well known instructor in music and pyrography in Miss Rankin's famous school at Phillipsburg, had unexpectedly inherited a fortune of two hundred thousand dollars in four per cent government bonds. Rumor had it that the fortunate young gentleman was betrothed to Miss Mary Lyle, the beautiful ward of Dr. J. M. Richel, of



Bakersfield, at whose home, only a few months ago, the fascinating young col-

legian had been a guest.

There was a great deal more of it. The Doctor carried the paper back to his office chair and read it a second time. He sat for a while staring down at the office floor. Then he got the long distance 'phone and called up Allison, an old attorney at Phillipsburg whom he had known for years, and asked him if he could corroborate the news. Allison corroborated. The Doctor sat down at his desk and wrote a letter. groaning at intervals. Then he hurried down town and mailed the letter. He stopped at the drugstore and bought an extra bottle of wine and iron.

When he got back home, Marna, his daughter-in-law, was waiting for him at the gate, a telegram in her hand.

It was from Maitland. "I'll be with you next Tuesday for a week. Wire if not convenient," it said.

"Thank the Lord!" the Doctor ejacu-

lated. "I'll need him!"

"Consultation?" Marna asked, won-

dering whose case it might be.

"Consultation nothing!" he muttered grimly. "I've invited Essex here for a few days—asked him to come down next week. Have you seen the paper yet? Well, he has inherited a pile of money and it's fixed so he can't touch anything but the interest. He's going to marry Mary or I'll know the reason why. I've studied the matter clear through to the end, and I've decided it's best for them both. He'll always have enough money to make her comfortable, and with that question out of the way there's no earthly reason why they shouldn't be inflicted on each other."

"They wouldn't marry in a thousand years, father!" Marna said, a glint of

amusement in her eyes.

"Won't marry! Why?" he demanded.

"Because they're too much alike."

"Nonsense!" he growled. "I'll have 'em married in less than a week."

Maitland's numerous friends, hearing of his contemplated visit, fairly swamped the Doctor with plans for his entertainment. There were to be stag dinners—

everybody knew his antipathy toward women—smokers, duck hunts and other strictly masculine diversions. "That's what I like about George," the Doctor declared: "he's such a man's man!"

Maitland came Tuesday, Essex the day following. The former brought a small valise and a duck gun; the latter brought two large suitcases and a mandolin. It struck the Doctor that their luggage pretty well indicated the differ-

ence between the two men.

Mary had only the most casual acquaintance with Maitland, having scarcely seen him in the years he had been in the East. She seemed somewhat impressed by him, leaving off her giggles and assuming an air of real maturity. Indeed, that first evening, she confided to Marna and the Doctor that she had a notion to renounce art and become a nurse. That was like George, the Doctor thought: he had a way of inciting a seriousness of purpose in everyone he met.

On the third day of his visit Maitland went duck hunting, and returned that evening thoroughly tired out. Anticipating this, the Doctor was looking forward to an uninterrupted talk with him, and had had the extra easy morris chair carried across to the office, where he had made a quantity of old Joe Cullen's julep and stocked up on cigars and tobacco. Yes, they'd have a restful talk, sitting there puffing smoke wreaths to the ceiling, while Essex and Mary were giggling contentedly away in the front parlor.

After dinner Mary suggested that the men come to the parlor for a portion of their smoke while she and the Professor played for them. Doctor Richel excused himself, and in the hall nudged Maitland, winking significantly toward Mary and Essex, who led the little pro-

cession.

"Don't let 'em bore you to death," he whispered. "Come over as soon as

you can."

He went across to the office, where he made a final inspection of the julep and pipes and turned down a page of the *Lancet* whereon was set forth a theory which he knew would invoke a biting

protest from his guest.

He lay back in his old green chair then and browsed through the evening paper. The room was cozily warm and the odor of julep was in the air. He nodded suddenly over the paper and brought himself up with a start. Almost an hour had slipped by. What was the matter with Maitland?

He rose and lifted the shade, looking across the narrow strip of lawn that lay between the office and his residence. The parlor blinds were up and the room was brilliantly lighted. Essex sat at the piano, his head bent over his mandolin, which he was strumming. On the couch in the corner were Maitland and Mary, deep in conversation.

"Umph!" the Doctor snorted, and pulled the curtain down with a snap.

At last, just as he began to think he'd have to go over and drag Maitland out, there was a noise on the office steps; he jumped up and opened to—Essex and his mandolin!

"A-er-hem, come in," he said.

"They ran me out over there, Mary and Dr. Maitland. Are you lonesome?" Essex queried cheerily.

"Sit down," said the Doctor eva-

sively.

The young man took a chair, turning his brilliantly decorated instrument till its every rib flashed in the light.

"Bought it first thing when I got my money. Peach, isn't it?" he asked.

giving it an extra whirl.

It interested the Doctor only in its fancied resemblance to a big potato bug. But he had a sense of humor, and it was funny the way his plan had miscarried. "Play something," he said, out of sheer politeness.

Essex played—just how long the Doctor didn't know, but at last, when he was sure consciousness was slipping from his grasp, Maitland's big voice filled the room and the Doctor came out of his chair blinking.

"I think I'll go find Mary," said

"Do," the Doctor answered feebly.
"Really, I didn't know it was so late,"

Maitland remarked, with an absent-

mindedness that was unusual with him. He was very indifferent toward the Doctor's tobaccos, taking the first that came to hand. That was unlike him, too; he was a dainty man where his pipe was concerned.

Not till he was settled into his chair and Cullen's julep had warmed his tongue did he attain his old self, throwing off the obsession which had possessed him from the beginning; and long before the two men bade each other good night, Doctor Richel was berating himself for an impatient old grouch. Certainly a little deference was due Mary, as part of his household, and Maitland was just the fine fellow to pay it though he be bored stiff in the act.

He had a call the next evening which took him far out into the country, and it was eleven o'clock when he got back. His son Allen and Marna were sitting sleepily before the grate with—

Essex!

"Where's George?" he asked in surprise.

"He and Mary are holding a seance," Allen said with a grin.

"I'll go in and stir 'em up," the Doc-

tor said crustily.

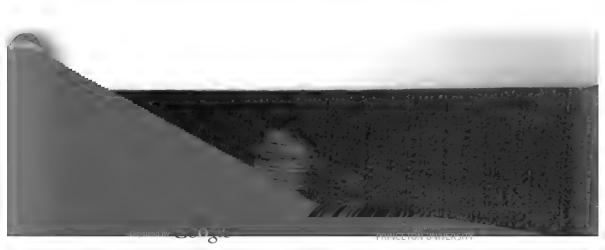
Certainly they didn't need it. The enthusiasm of a dozen clinics was in Maitland's gaze, which was but temporarily deflected by the Doctor's noisy entrance. An almost supernatural so-

briety had engulfed Mary.

They rose after a minute and followed the Doctor to the sitting room, he wondering what Maitland could have been discoursing about so eloquently. Only once before had he seen that look in his protegé's face—a few vacations ago when the young specialist was seeking to disprove a long established fallacy in neuriatry, the overthrow of which had given permanency to his reputation. It was the look of a man who is going after something and expects to get it.

The little party about the grate soon broke up, and when the Richels were alone Marna remarked that Essex had hinted darkly at cutting his visit short. "Business, he says, but you know that's all bosh!" she concluded, with a signifi-

cant glance at her father-in-law.



"What then?" the Doctor asked un-

easily.

"What then!" Marna echoed with a laugh. "Why, George, of course. There's no reason under heaven why Essex should stay on here merely to play the mandolin for you and horse with the children. That's about all he's had a chance to do. Can't you see for yourself what George is up to?"

"My lord!" groaned the Doctor.

"You can't mean-"

"I mean just that!" declared Marna. "And if we don't find some way to get our precious boy in out of the rain, Mary"! do it for the!"

Mary'll do it for us!"

The Doctor stood with his back to the fire, staring down at them. It was silly, preposterous! He didn't believe a word of it; and telling them so very emphatic-

ally, he stalked off to bed.

But he couldn't get what Marna had said off his mind; women were so confoundedly infallible in such things! He couldn't believe that a giant like George would— But then there was Keats—and a score of others, scientists as well as poets, and all giants, who immediately suggested themselves. Plainly the only thing to do, whether Marna were right or not, was to get Maitland away from Mary and keep a clutch on Essex at all hazards. In the light of the past few days the job didn't look easy.

After forty-eight hours of heartbreaking maneuvering, during which he was—to use his own words—"constantly dragging George out and pushing Essex in," affairs began to shape themselves a little more to his liking, although the critical time he knew was yet to come. Maitland had insisted that the last two days of his visit must not be cluttered with engagements; he wanted that much time with the Richels alone. There was still in his eye the look which the Doctor feared, but it made him all the more determined to save his guest from his silly infatuation.

The crisis came the last day of Maitland's visit. Only the Doctor's desperate efforts had prevented him from being

constantly with Mary. They were in the office now, where the older physician

had enticed him that Essex might have another chance. He had been troubled, too, by the fear that the Professor, now that he had all the money he wanted, was less inclined to hurry his love making.

The Doctor had succeeded in keeping Maitland almost an hour, when Essex suddenly appeared at the front gate with

an armload of florist's boxes.

"Well!" Maitland ejaculated. "I didn't know he'd left the house! I supposed he was still talking to Miss Lyle." He looked anxiously at his host. "There's something I want to find out from Miss Lyle before he sees her again," he said hurriedly. "Excuse me a minute; I'll be back directly."

The Doctor was desperate. Never had he been so bedeviled, so tormented. What he had planned for a week's enjoyment had turned out an age of miserable little checkerboarding. Now, to top it all off, the man whom he loved as his own son was about to perpetrate a

lifelong blunder!

He slammed the door shut, and catching Maitland by the shoulders, pushed

him into a chair.

"Man," he cried, "have you lost your senses? Don't you realize what it means to inflict yourself all the rest of your days with a woman like—her—her?

Can't you—"

He stopped then, staring down at Maitland's amazed face. For a half-minute they stared at each other, then Maitland began to laugh. It pealed forth uncontrollably; it exploded, it rippled, it did everything that a big, strong man's laugh can do, while the tears ran down his handsome face.

"You thought— You—" he sputtered out at last, but immediately suc-

cumbed again to his risibilities.

"A man'd have to be a fool to think anything else," the Doctor blurted.

"Well, well, well!" Maitland chuckled, wiping his eyes. "So you believed I was in love with Mary! Now I can understand it. I can see that it would strike you like that. And all the time I've been using the poor girl to prove my new theory of neurotic correlation. You see, I've never met anyone

who seemed so entirely uncorrelated, neurotically and mentally, as Miss Lyle. I've been intensely interested in her for that reason-not because good heavens!" He broke off, a paroxysm of laughter again seizing him.

The Doctor collapsed into his old

green office chair.

"I've subjected her to a million tests, more or less, since I've been here." Maitland went on. "She's a study, let me tell you, and this morning there was a final one I wanted to make before Essex got her all stirred up again—you see, my time is getting limited. There have been occasions when I could have murdered that kid for his interference."

The Doctor grinned sheepishly. The letting-down had been something terrific. "Darn your old correlation!" he muttered.

Marna came hurrying over to the office. She was very much excited. "It's all fixed," she said jubilantly. "He popped a while ago, and Mary snapped him up. It's to come off just

as soon as she can get ready."

"Thank the Lord!" groaned the Doctor. "Now that everything is safe, I don't see why I shouldn't push my investigation for the few hours I have left," "It'll be a Maitland said injuredly. long time before I find such rich material again. I was just on the verge of proving that her apperceiving function doesn't correlate-

"You begin it again with her," the Doctor interrupted grimly, "and I'll correlate your head!"



## THE MEASURE

By Aloysius Coll

BRING me the scarlet of berries And pearls from a sea in the south, O queen of the garden fairies, O nymph with the wings of shell; And you shall measure the crimson spell And the witchery of her mouth.

Bring me a star that is reigning Supreme in the cloudless skies, O sprite of a dusk that is staining The brow of a weary day; And you shall measure the fires that play In the azure of her eyes.

Bring me the dream of the thrushes, That stir in the dark to rejoice, O sylph of the woodland hushes, O sigh of the sleeping rose; And you shall measure the joy that grows In the music of her voice.

# PRINCESS O' DREAMS

#### By Helen Palmer

ES, mamma; yes, I am coming!" the Princess cried a little impatiently. "But just let me have one moment longer-it is so heavenly beautiful! The blue is gone—see, it is purple now; and across the bay Vesuvius shows a red glow beneath the

smoke."

"I know," the elder lady answered, trailing her rustling silks to the wide window where the girl leaned entranced. "The Bay of Naples is one of the sights of the world. It was a very good idea of the King's to bring the court down here for a week and let you see it. You must tell the Prince tonight how much you

admire your Italy."

"My Italy!" The Princess flung the words out with a twist of her mobile lips. "My Italy, because I am to be his Princess! I don't think I like my Italy very much, after all," she added, rising slowly to her slender height. "That fiery mountain is too red and threatening; it looks fierce—and rather brutal, like smoldering eyes under bent brows—like twisted, upturned black mustaches."

"'Brutal'! What words you use!" expostulated the mother. "Don't be absurd, dear child," she added more gently. "You are so full of your fancies. I sometimes think that Mrs. Grenville- Those Englishwomen are so sentimental."

"Beata?" the girl challenged hotly. "Beata is a saint. If all women were

like her!"

"Yes, yes," the Duchess hastened to say, "I know; she has been devotion itself-and didn't I choose her? But we must go down; they will be waiting dinner for us, and the King doesn't like

"All those tiresome people!" sighed

the girl, but she followed obediently, moving lightly over the polished floor with the spirited grace that had already won the beauty loving Italians.

The next morning the arrival of the King, the Crown Prince and the lovely princess who would some day be their queen—the event of the day to the loyal Neapolitans, had been swept almost out of mind: Vesuvius was in eruption.

It had been threatening for days, but the people who live with their fiery mountain year in and year out do not easily take alarm; and the dwellers in the little villages that have always crept back again to their niche on its ravaged slopes refused to leave their homes and vineyards, preferring to take their chance "con Dio."

Already a village had been overwhelmed by a burning flood of lava, and The streets of more were in danger. Naples swarmed with excited crowds pushing toward Portici. The sound of prayer and lamentation was heard in the churches, and every doorway was filled with panic-stricken women and children.

The Princess, early aroused, had climbed to a high terrace on the palace roof. "Isn't it wonderful, Beata!" she cried. "All that play of light through the shifting, rolling smoke! And terrifying, too," she added, laying a hand on her companion's arm, as a far-off report shook the air.

"Wonderful, indeed," that lady agreed. "You should be well satisfied with a country that can furnish such spectacles, even you, my Princess o' Dreams, who so love the picturesque side of life." The girl cast a suspicious glance at the serene eyes bent upon her, but the Englishwoman went on placidly: "I wonder what is being done to save the villagers? They say it is almost impossible to get them to leave their houses and their poor belongings, even when death is staring them in the face. Have you heard from the Prince this morning?" she added.

"Oh, there was the everlasting bunch of marguerites; nothing more. I suppose he has gone off to his shooting as usual. See how the wind catches that swirling

vapor!"

"I don't suppose anything of the kind," the lady answered, ignoring the view. "Really, Princess, you are not fair. The Prince has proved himself a courteous gentleman so far, has he not? What chance has he had to show any other side? What chance have you given him?"

"I am fair!" the girl blazed hotly. "You needn't think you Anglo-Saxons have the monopoly of that virtue! But I am so tired of the eternal type—call it 'courteous gentleman' if you like. Well mannered, well appointed, 'correct,' heels clicked together, a complacent smile, a compliment neatly turned." Springing to her feet, she sketched it with a lively gesture. "And they care for no one but themselves," she added, subsiding to the floor at her companion's feet. "How many suitors have I had, Beata? No, don't count them; they were all alike. This one doesn't compliment much—I'll say that for him. But he glowers at me, for a change. He does! Don't scold. I think he is a good deal like his old volcano."

A hasty step on the terrace interrupted; it was a message from the Crown Prince. He was about to start for the scene of the eruption; for greater speed he was driving himself in a light trap and had only room for one person. Would the Princess graciously overlook the informality and accompany him? Her presence would give courage to the people. He could promise the Duchess that the Princess should return in safety—in spite of the danger.

"Danger!" cried the Princess, the color flying to her cheeks. "I am going,

Beata; tell mamma!"

The Prince scarcely spoke after the

gratified acknowledgment of his fiancée's prompt appearance. He tucked her himself securely into the seat beside him, cast a glance behind to see that the groom was in his place and then turned his attention to the management of the spirited horses, which he sent forward at the top of their speed. The long road leading through grimy suburbs toward Portici was full of people, but a way was made somehow for the Prince, no matter how fast his horses came. Men scurried smiling to one side; hats came off and cries of pleasure and redewed hope filled the air. The Princess, smiling and bowing for her part, turned her radiant face to her companion, who had met the en-thusiasm with a brief military salute. "It is for you," he said, and he smiled so heartily with his "glowering" eyes that she dropped her own.

"Where are we going?" she ventured to ask at last as the pace slackened a little, though they had left the crowd far

behind.

"As near that little village you see there as I can get with the trap," he answered, turning off the road and taking a short cut across country toward a cluster of gay little houses, white and pink and yellow, pierced by a slender church tower that clung to the flank of the mountain in the very path of a gathering stream of lava, now plainly to be seen. A gray shower of ashes dropped before it like a veil from moment to moment, but the Prince kept straight on.

"Aren't they splendid!" he burst out once, nodding toward his straining horses. "They are trained in the army, you know, to climb among the mountains. There are no horses in the world for that like ours in Italy. If only our wheels hold out!" he muttered under his breath. "Catch hold of my arm—put both hands round it and hold fast!" he ended brusquely, as the trap swung on a

sudden turn.

The great column of black smoke rising above Vesuvius and spreading at the top like a vast brooding bird overshadowed them. A distant rumbling was broken now and then by a sharp report. Smoke enveloped them as they mounted; acrid, choking, yellow vapor came in

gusts. The Prince bent his head to meet them, and drawing the rug over his companion's head, sheltered her until the

gust was past.

At every moment the horses, maddened by the increasing tumult, seemed on the point of breaking away and dashing them to pieces. But the Princess sat quite still looking straight out with shining eyes. It seemed to her that she had never lived before. The danger thrilled her, and, still more, the calm strength that met it; she rejoiced in the iron firmness beneath her clinging fingers and the low, steady tones that controlled the frightened horses.

"Do you mind it very much?" he asked, turning a troubled glance upon her. "I think I should not have brought

you; it was a mad thing to do."

For answer she flashed a radiant smile and shook her head. He was pleased, she saw that. But her little glow of pride yielded to shame when she heard his fervent, "If only we get there in time!"

They were close upon the village now; the lifting smoke showed the streets already deep in drifting ashes. A torrent of steaming water had torn a passage across peaceful gardens and green vineyards. Beyond, pushing before it a huge, broken mass of hardened crust that hideously reared and crashed forward with the fitful impulse of the flood, a broad stream of lava crept surely on. And straight in its path, huddled on their knees in the square before the village church, men, women and children watched it come.

"Yes, it is worse than I thought," the Prince admitted, in response to the convulsive grip on his arm. "The poor, foolish creatures! Why didn't they go when the others went? But there is a chance for them yet. They could escape the way we came up. But they won't! They would have to cross the track of the lava—and that they won't do. That rocky point above the church," he muttered, "that may part the stream and leave a path between. If I can't make them follow me down this way, why, then—"

He checked the horses sharply and threw the reins to the groom. "Stop here, Tonio," he said in a low tone and in the Neapolitan dialect. "But if there is any danger of being cut off, if the lava comes faster, do not wait for me. Take the Principessa straight back to Naples. The horses can do it."

In a moment more he had reached the square. The girl leaned forward, watching eagerly. Surely the people would follow him, their Prince! They knew him, that was plain; they gathered round him with glad cries; they struggled to get near him; they caught at his hands to kiss them. But in answer to his urgent words and gestures they only huddled closer about the treasured household goods piled up at the church door, crying one moment to the Madonna to save them and the next that they were doomed and there was no help for them.

The stream of lava was nearing the rocky point above the church. Would it part there and leave a path of safety open from the square? If not, square

and people would be engulfed.

The parish priest stood awaiting the Prince at the door of the church where he had remained to minister to the flock he could not induce to seek safety in flight. Together they disappeared within the portal, and a moment later the Prince stood on the church steps bearing in his arms the image of the Virgin, the adored Madonna delle Grazie. He lifted the image and stood holding it high above the outstretched arms and eager, upturned faces praying for help. Then he made his way among them while they followed him with startled eyes.

It was plain now: he was going to face the terror that threatened them with death—he and their Madonna! Straight in the path of the advancing stream he planted himself, and stood there motionless as the statue in his uplifted arms.

A cry of horror went up, but the priest stilled it. Lifting his hands to heaven, he began to intone a prayer, and gradually the quavering voices joined in the chant, while every eye was fixed upon the figure of the Prince.

"He will save them!" exulted the Princess, watching from her station.

"The stream will part. They can come straight out; there will be time."

"Si, si, Principessal" echoed Tonio, crossing himself rapidly. "They will come. Already the curáto is beginning to

put them in line."

"Look!" cried the Princess. "There is an old woman at a window there; they do not hear her; she will be left behind. Run—run quickly; get her out, and do not leave her until she is safely down the mountain."

"But, Principessa, Eccellenza told me

to stay here. He told me."
"And I tell you to go!"

Left alone, the Princess gathered the reins into slender, capable hands, soothing the horses with her voice, and fixed her eyes again eagerly upon the man standing like a sentry at his post.

The dark, glassy flood crawled slowly on; inch by inch it neared the rocks. It had risen until it came on like a moving wall, but the Prince waited calmly, the blessed image still held high in his outstretched arms. The watchers held their breath. And then suddenly the stream wavered, trembled; there was a splintering crash as it struck the rocks. It began to part, but the thick tide swelled and slowly closed again. In the silence a girl's voice rang out in a cry of despair. Another crash! And another! The stream had parted, turning to left and right. The path to safety lay open.

A great shout went up: "A miracle! A miracle!" And the priest, putting himself at the head of his people and calling upon them to follow him in the name of the Madonna who had interceded to save them, led the way chanting down the mountain side. The swelling music of the "Gloria" rose above the roaring of

the hidden fires.

The Princess, rising to her feet, joined in the chant with all her heart. She was singing still, her face lifted to the sky, when the Prince came to find her.

"They are all out," he assured her, "and there will be time for them to reach the foot of the mountain before the stream can join again—if it does. That priest is a man!" he ended with unwonted emphasis, as he took the reins

and sprang to the seat by her side. "But why are you alone?" he added brusquely. "I told Tonio—" He broke off, frowning in sudden anger.

"I know," she interposed, "but I sent

him. I made him go."

The way down the mountain was difficult; they drove slowly perforce, but presently overtook some of the refugees. The Prince drew rein to tell them again where to apply for help in Naples and how to find him in case of need. Reaching from his seat, he lifted a baby from its sick mother's shoulder and laid it in the arms of the Princess. Two small, round-eyed children were tucked into the trap in front of him, and they drove on amid a shower of blessings.

The village at the foot of the mountain where the rescued children were received into welcoming arms had been reached and passed. "The strange day is almost over," thought the Princess,

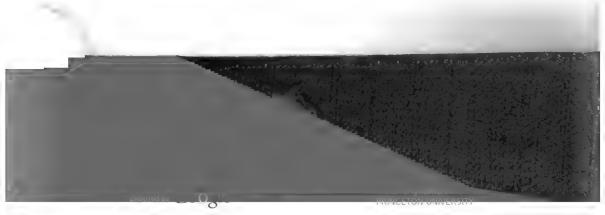
and a sigh stirred her lips.

They had not spoken for a long time, quite content to be silent. But now as he reached across to draw a wrap more closely about her, he sighed, and it seemed to her as if he, too, had said, "It is almost over." "No, no!" she whispered impulsively. "It has only begun!" And seizing his hand, she pressed it to her lips before he could draw it away and gather her to him.

She was a wonder to have been through so much! Danger, fire, heaven knows what! Really, the Prince—yet here she was looking fresher than a rose! So they all agreed when she was lifted from the

trap at the palace entrance.

But once in her own apartments and free to speak, she would have no more of condolences. "Oh, Beata, Beata!" she cried, lifting a radiant face to the anxious one bending above her. "Never mind what I have been through! Never mind anything! I have had a real day with a real man. Congratulate me! Congratulate your foolish Princess o' Dreams! I didn't know. I am not going to be just a poor, lonely queen like those others. I am going to be the proud lady of my true knight—and shall be as long as we both shall live!"



## LOS GATOS

#### By Maryland Allen

Bennett. He came from the East in a Pullman with a sack of money that he poured into a deep hole about timber line, unconscious that there was any other outlet. Followed a short interval, uneventful to the natives, but split with the lightning of an after-the-deal understanding for the man from the East. Then he went to the Supervisor of the Los Gatos national forest, with headquarters at Ronquillo, and modestly suggested that he might prove a valuable addition to the force.

Supervisor Barney Offutt came from New York State. He had seen life. When his mother died and left him four hundred thousand dollars, the rangers on Los Gatos began to match as to who would be chosen in his place. The Supervisor elected to remain. He had seen life, he reminded them, but not in the forest service. He held a stubby pencil poised between his fingers and looked Bennett over with cool, pale blue eyes.

"Er—" he drawled—"er—in what way do you think you qualify?" He knew all about the little game of money-in-the-hole. "Do you—er—know anything of the country?"

Bennett's quiet mouth twitched humorously. "Well," he said very drily, "I know the way to the Golden Era shaft and back."

The Supervisor's pale blue eyes began to twinkle. He, too, had come straight from the East to Ronquillo. But his face remained grave.

"I know how to ride," ventured the applicant when the silence became burdensome.

The Supervisor drew out the eligible list. Every man was employed—mutts

that they were, he thought contemptuously, and, in the main, easy marks for the lawbreakers within the forest boundaries. He looked again at the dark, strong face before him.

"You may go on as guard," he announced solemnly, "until"—the stranger caught his breath anxiously—"until

further notice."

That night Bennett wrote a letter directed to a little town in Pennsylvania, and sat up to slip it through the slit in the mail car when Number Two stopped at midnight. The little town was not his home—it was hers. In the letter he mentioned neither the Golden Era mine nor the Los Gatos national forest. He wrote of the glory of her hair, her blue eyes and her dimples. He wanted to take both her little hands in one of his, squeeze her tiny waist, and, when she looked down demurely, kiss her where her soft hair was parted on her forehead. He wondered if she visited the soda fountain that afternoon, if she walked alone or with other girls. On the fifteenth page he mentioned the little whitewashed, one-story adobes and the long strings of red peppers by the low doorways. The sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth pages were devoted to farewell and joyous anticipation of the "time when-"

But he was a good guard. The cattlemen spoke well of him and the sheepmen were not contemptuous. Even Jim Daulton, the great sheep magnate, considered his efforts worthy of praise. Barney Offutt spoke of this very casually when he wanted double duty done. Bennett's black eyes narrowed and he thrust out his lower lip.

"It's all right about the work," he

said. "You don't have to tell me we're shorthanded. You can cut out the rest. What Jim Daulton says or does isn't worth a red with me."

The Supervisor answered not at all and blinked hard. But he spoke about it when the Inspector came and added more. The latter reached for the Scotch.

"Go on, Tod," he grinned. "You're

always discovering wonders."

"Say—er—look here," drawled the Supervisor, "that fellow's all to the good. There's not a man on my force Daulton hasn't tried to buy. Some of them have fallen for it, by jingo, like rotten apples off a tree; and the ones that did refuse were like Caesar with the crown. It gave 'em such fits to pass up that much coin that they haven't been any good since."

He paused and knocked the ash off the long black cigar with the straw through it that the Austrian timber expert had left behind. "That fellow's here to stay, let me—er—tell you," he went on. "He's going to take the examination this fall to be a full-fledged ranger. He'll pass, too. If he don't get pushed right along, I'll raise him with my own money."

The Inspector set down his glass rather hastily. He had designs upon the Supervisor's money in relation to a large wheat acreage in Manitoba.

"Well, if you'll recommend him," he said politely but cautiously, "we'll do

what we can."

On the first of September the new guard took the examination. He messed training and experience but came out strong on most things that could be learned in the period since his employment. Then the papers went to Washington and Bennett returned to his camp on the Buena watershed.

According to the ways of the forest service most guards are furloughed for the winter months. Ogden Bennett worked through the flaring September days and hugged the fire on frosty nights with an anxious look in his black eyes. Such a thing as a furlough upset all of his careful calculations. It made him irritable and absent-minded, took away his appetite and broke his rest with

dreams. On the first day of October he dismounted before the office in Ronquillo. His lean face was leaner and the burden of that six months' lay-off made his shoulders stoop. He dispensed with preamble and went straight to the point.

"I don't want to be furloughed," he

announced.

The Supervisor blinked and shoved a prosperous cigar into his mouth; a sheepman had been there.

"Well-er-you'll have to be," he

drawled

The new guard played his lone ace. "You want some work done," he asserted.

The Supervisor blinked harder. "I do?" he drawled. "Er—what kind of work do you think I'd fancy?"

"You need a house built," said Ben-

nett, and he flushed darkly.

Only the night before he had written a long letter by his campfire. In twenty pages he built and furnished the house completely from the mirror in the bathroom door to the iron dog on the lawn. But he was in desperate earnest now, and he did not intend to be the subject of any man's sarcastic wit. He looked at the Supervisor very hard, thrust out his lower lip and the blood mounted to his tanned forehead.

Very slowly Barney Offutt shifted his cigar. His pale eyes were full of the most intense appreciation. "It's a er go," he said. "After er office hours I'll

show you where I want it built."

That night the letter covered thirty closely written pages. The dream house was entirely rebuilt. Of adobe, this time, with a roof of red tiles. Bennett had gone over the ground with the Supervisor carefully and confined himself to one remark.

"It's a hell of a distance from town."
"I bought this lot in the best residence district of Ronquillo," drawled the Supervisor—"er—by—er—mail."

So Ogden Bennett built a house while Ronquillo watched politely and asked no questions. At last the Supervisor looked it over and found that it was good.

"You're—er—a wonder," he drawled. Bennett blushed in his dark, slow way. "You paid me for it," he remarked. The Supervisor went over the house a second time. He finished before the great tiled fireplace in the living room.

"It's all right," he declared. "Now, if I was a—er—marrying man, this would

tempt me er some.'

Bennett's blush deepened and a queer look of alarm crept into his black eyes.

"But I've had one wife," drawled the Supervisor. He drew down one corner of his mouth with a bitter twitch.

"I pay her such big alimony," he ended drily, "that I'm not likely to—er—be caught again, even—er—by this."

When he had his foot in the stirrup he spoke again. "You are first on the eligible list," he remarked casually. "Haichbain has decided to resign sure enough. By the time you get that yard cleaned up and fenced you can go—er—back to work as—er—a real ranger."

That night the real ranger mapped out their whole future. Forty-five pages! He touched lightly upon the episode of the Golden Era. The money was safely invested, he wrote, though the returns might be slow. In the meantime he had taken up other work, and he gave a full length portrait of the Supervisor which would have made Barney blink.

The next Tuesday he went back to work. It was the day after he finished at the house. Late in the evening he shut the red gate with a short sigh. The key hung on a brass hook he had set in the adobe wall, and the windows looked out at him like bright, expectant eyes. When he loped by it the next morning he sighed again.

"That's a good house, if I do say it," he said aloud. "I wish it was mine."

Two months later Bennett rode into Mescal from his camp for mail and supplies. There was one letter that he read all night. At dawn he drove his outfit before him to Ronquillo, and it was noon when he sent a telegram which cost him ten dollars.

The Supervisor was writing a cheque for the June alimony and scowling at Brigidio, twelfth son of Don Clemente, who was making a sufficiently successful pretense of sweeping to secure the two big dollars that were awarded him each month for keeping the office clean. They were both surprised when Bennett walked in. It was nearly seven on the evening after his arrival in Ronquillo, and the answer to his telegram was crumpled in his hand.

"I want some leave," he announced. The Supervisor stopped writing, smoothed out his face and blinked rapidly.

"It's—er—queer you couldn't have taken that last winter," he replied.

Bennett's blush began to show above the collar of his uniform. "I didn't need it then," he explained.

"Oh, you need it now?" remarked the

Supervisor.

The blush continued to rise. Bennett took Brigidio by the ear and thrust him through the door.

"I want to get married," he said. "My—she starts this afternoon. She'll

be here in five days."

The Supervisor stared for a long time at the alimony cheque on his desk. He looked up, and his new ranger met his gaze very squarely. Then he pushed back his chair, went over to the filing case and drew out a drawer marked "private." There were some revolver cartridges in it, a bunch of gaudy troutflies, several sacks of Lone Jack and some little blue books of brown cigarette papers against the arrival of the District Forester.

The Supervisor dug deep among the loose papers. He rejected a collar, two or three photographs of robust, carelessly clothed beauties with menacing teeth, and returned to his chair with a legal-looking document held negligently in his hand.

"Make out your request for leave," he drawled. "You'll get it in—er—about five days." He looked down at his desk in a preoccupied way and extended his arm.

Bennett took the folded paper mechanically. "What's this?" he faltered.

"The deed to my swell lot in Ronquillo," said the Supervisor. "You'll find it all right up at the courthouse. You might as well have the house," he added doubtfully; "it may help some."

He expressed no further interest in the matter, though his doubts stayed with him—which might be reasonable considering his past experience. He was standing on the steps of the bank of Ronquillo when Bennett and his newly made bride came out of the Methodist parsonage. The Supervisor bowed deeply from his waist, but not to the fascinating mysteries of an automobile veil and a slim fawn-colored dustcoat. He saluted the pride and brave happiness in the clean, lean face of his prize ranger.

At the end of the fifteen days Bennett was back on the job. When Offutt saw him in Buena the last of September he asked to borrow some books on for-

estry.

"Er—oh!" drawled the Supervisor.
Bennett grinned. "Maybe I'm after
your job? Well, I don't intend to stay a
ranger always," said he. "But I might,
and still be smarter than a sheepman,"
he added heatedly, and then looked
away.

The Supervisor blinked at his profile and there was a long, uncomfortable pause. Then they talked about the

Tres Piñones timber sale.

The afternoon was waning when Offutt started for Ronguillo. He thought it best to get back that night. A stack of unanswered mail waited, and the day for the alimony cheque was near at hand. He promised the books as he loped away. Where the road forked and led up to his red-tiled wedding present he met Jim Daulton. It was past eleven and very dark. They rode the rest of the way to town together. The sheepman stopped at Spince's with a cordial invitation, but the Supervisor walked straight to the office and went through his mail. The oil was very low in the lamp when he took out his watch, yawned and tore September from the calendar on his desk. He drew out his chequebook and stared hard at the figures as he set them down.

"It's about all he earns in a year," he drawled aloud.

He put the cheque in an envelope, wrote the address and stuck on a stamp. Then he looked so long at the writing that it became a confused blur upon the white paper. He swore softly and locked the office door.

That year Bennett did not come very often to headquarters. The Supervisor sent the books and soon filed a brief note of thanks. On the week following his trip to Buena he met Daulton's black pacing slowly with flowing tail and loose rein. Close beside him Offutt recognized his prize ranger's pinto, and bowed and blinked blankly into the sheepman's smiling face.

The Austrian timber expert came to town that day. The Supervisor looked at him solemnly when he entered from the street where the alkali dust marched up and down like an invading army.

"He called her 'Dimple,'" said the Supervisor, and he seemed somewhat ex-

cited.

"What!" cried the Austrian expert.
"Nonsense! Conservation is the thing.
Haf a cig-gar!"

The Supervisor put the long, black cigar between his lips, drew a deep breath through the wheat straw and ex-

haled it in a loud sigh.

"He certainly called her 'Dimple," he repeated. "What? I should think you would be for conservation, old—er—boy, on the same principle that make the barbers push the hair tonic. What the devil account would a timber expert be without—er—trees?"

For a slow year and a half the work at Los Gatos moved without a hitch. The ranger's reports came in regularly; the politicians squabbled; the sheep and cattle men made their usual complaints. The Greasers and the goats went on their accustomed way of harassing trespass. Once there was a little flurry of fire along the Tres Piñones cutting, but it was subdued after a short fight and Bennett put in the briefest report.

One day the Supervisor looked at the calendar on his desk. It said September first. He sighed a mixture of emotions. The grazing season was almost over, but it was time to write another cheque. Then he raised his head and blinked palely into the glowing black eyes of his

prize ranger.

Bennett placed a square paperwrapped package upon the desk. "They're Manuel Garcias," said he.

. The Supervisor straightened up very

slowly. "Is it a-er-boy or a-er-

girl?" he drawled.

The lines of hard work and anxiety went out of the ranger's face and he laughed aloud.

"It's a girl!" he cried. "A girl with black eyes like my mother's. She's fat and good as gold."

The Supervisor shook hands solemnly. "Let's go over to Spince's," he sug-

gested.

But Bennett shook his head. time for that," said he. "It's back to the woods for me. sir. I've two to work for now."

The Supervisor looked at him hard "Everything all without blinking.

right?" he asked.

The ranger answered the look. "We'll be fine now," he said. "Of course, they get homesick, and it is a pretty good single-handed job. But the people here have been mighty kind. She hasn't been alone a moment since she-since she couldn't get about. But now everything will set-The baby's here safe and tle down. sound, and old Maria's a first class nurse and cook. Dimple's whole job will be to have fun with the kid." He laughed again with the same buoyant happiness.

"What do you do when your wife rides your pinto?" asked the Super-

visor suddenly.

Bennett blushed. "Oh, I have two ponies now," he replied. "I traded my watch for the other."

When he was gone the Supervisor lit one of the cigars and made out the ali-

mony cheque.

"Wonder if he'll call it 'Dimple,' too?" he mumbled. Then he went over to the filing case and put the box in the drawer marked "private."

The next morning he rode across the divide to settle the row over the Santa Ana water supply. It took him three months. When he reached Ronquillo he found the Inspector waiting.

"See here, Tod," he began, "d'you know what you're doing down here? You're getting yourself into devilish hot water over that prize ranger of yours."

"Who's raised a roar?" demanded the

Supervisor.

"Daulton," replied the Inspector

bluntly. "He writes he's been trying to get you to fix up that sale over on the Blue for more than two months, and you keep on declaring you haven't a man to send. Daulton says you're keeping your pet puttering around about fifteen miles out, right in his own backyard. That won't do."

The Supervisor looked "There's work there," he answered, and

dropped the subject.

The Inspector read the signs with an experienced eye. He talked of everything else until midnight, when Number One halted for a single breathless minute in her race to the coast.

"Let the fellow go over there, Tod," he ordered as he gave his bag to the porter. "We don't want to get an influential man like Daulton down on us: it's

bad medicine. Good-bye."

So Bennett kissed his wife and blackeyed baby and rode a hundred miles to cruise yellow pine. Every night he wrote a long letter. Every day the pinto and the flowing-tailed black paced by the window of the forest service office in Ronquillo. Twice the Supervisor met them walking on the street. Each time he bowed with blank face and averted eyes. So did the rest of Ronguillo, while Bennett cruised timber, wrote his letter every night and cursed bitterly because the days were so short.

Just before Christmas the Supervisor went to look at the job. He could not get Daulton to go. The sheepman seemed to have developed a sudden and implicit faith in the forest service.

The prize ranger greeted his chief with something of his old time heartiness. But he was very thin and his black eyes looked fearfully anxious. The Supervisor called himself sixteen different kinds of a coward, but it took him three days to decide to make it his business. On the morning of the fourth he caught up the pack pony.

"Er—home—er—for Christmas," he

drawled.

For some time they worked in silence, then Bennett paused with a blanket in his hand.

"Have you seen my wife?" he demanded abruptly.

The Supervisor wrestled unnecessarily with a perfectly obedient tent peg.

"I don't think she can be well," continued his prize ranger. "She hasn't

written me a word."

The Supervisor picked up the Dutch oven. "I saw Maria by the road when I passed," he drawled. "She said—er—the baby was—er—well. She did not mention Mrs—er—your wife."

"I came over here the middle of October," remarked Bennett, and the pack-

ing was speedily concluded.

Then they started for Ronquillo. The Supervisor set the pace until noon the next day, when the ranger turned in his saddle.

"Has your horse gone bad, Mr. Offutt?" he said. "Or don't you feel like riding?"

The Supervisor hunched his shoulders appreciatively. "Go ahead," he drawled.

"I'll try to keep you in sight."

So Ogden Bennett went ahead and the Supervisor followed. The choking white dust fell about him thick as rain. The sweat made dirty streaks down his face and dried on his stubbly chin. But he rode close to the ranger's motionless back and the little white pack pony trotted far in the rear.

The trail wound down through the barren foothills, red beneath the hard, blue sky. It dipped into an arroyo and climbed the steep side. The dust was not so deep here. When they reached the top the red-tiled roof of the Supervisor's wedding present shone like a message of joy across the hills, and Bennett raised a gauntleted hand and shook it high above his head. Then the trail dipped again.

Six times the house bobbed into view. At each glimpse the ranger spurred the harder, the Supervisor grunted and the little white pack pony trotted industri-

ously.

By dusk they were on the wagon road, riding knee to knee, the horses pitching forward in the same exhaustless lope. A cool breeze sprang up. It blew against their dusty faces in fresh, intermittent gusts. On the hills the red had faded, the canyons were filled to the brim with black shadows and the scrubby pines looked like mourners bowed to the bare

plain. Above the tinkle of bits and squeak of leather the trotting of the pack pony's feet rang out sharply. She loomed up in the growing darkness like a faithful ghost.

As they neared the fork in the road the wind blew fresher and the horses pricked their ears. The Supervisor

leaned forward.

"What's that noise?" he drawled. "Sound's like a—er—baby crying."

Bennett listened intently. The wind was blowing more steadily. The hoarse, feeble cry came to them with a pathetic, terrible distinctness. The Supervisor stared at his prize ranger and the fear was like a dark shadow in his cool, pale eyes. Together they leaned forward and their spurred heels struck into their horses' sweating sides. The sharp, staccato trot of the white pack pony broke into the swift sound of running.

Bennett went through the red gate first. But at the door he faltered. The baby was not crying now. The red-tiled adobe stood silent and the unlighted windows stared into the night with a vague significance in their blankness. The key hung primly on the little brass

hook let into the wall.

It was the Supervisor who took it down. The air felt stale and empty in his nostrils when he opened the door. He heard a sound like a kitten choking, and crossed the wide living room to a door on the right. In a little brass bed just beneath the window lay the baby. The tiny face was white and emaciated, and there were dark rings beneath the closed eyes. Offutt drew back to the doorway. His pale eyes looked strained and he muttered something. Then the baby began to choke, and he went back to the living room with the wisp of life close in his arms.

At two o'clock in the morning the Supervisor straddled at ease before a roaring fire. Bennett sat in a big leather chair rocking gently with the sleeping baby in his arms. Very reluctantly Offutt brought in the brass bed, stripped the mattress and sought fresh covers.

"Put her in," he said. "She's—er—all right now. There's nothing like a good constitution and canned milk."

The baby slept on unconscious of the transfer, and the Supervisor gave his prize ranger the letter he had unpinned from the coverlid.

Bennett's head went down as he read until his face almost touched the scented pink paper. At last he finished and sat a silent huddle in his chair. The Supervisor's pale blue eyes wandered to a calendar on the wall. It was torn off to January first. Mechanically he adjusted his fountain pen and felt for his chequebook. When he put it back he drew out a Manuel Garcia and smoked it down to the ashes.

At dawn the baby woke and cried. The Supervisor fed her clumsily and she slept again. He was adjusting the covers on the little bed when Bennett looked up.

"She's gone with Jim Daulton," he said. "She says—I never tried to make her happy. She says—I brought her here to have a baby; I—I—"

He stood up straight, then crumpled to his knees. Barney Offutt turned away his head. He heard his prize ranger weeping and he went outside. The day was come. The sun struck across the bare red hills full into his tired face.

"I do believe it's Christmas—ermorning," he drawled aloud. A look of surprise deepened the blue in his pale

The door of the house opened. "Can I write my report here?" asked Ogden Bennett.

The Supervisor blinked dazedly. "I—er—think so," he replied.

"I'll send it in day after tomorrow,"

continued the other.

"Then I'll go over into the Mesquite country to see about that surveying you spoke of. You can send my mail to Mesquite, if it's all right."

"It's all right," drawled the Supervisor. "That Mesquite business is in bad shape. The er—sooner you get over there the better."

He watched the pack pony lick the red gate. "Is there er anything er —I can do?"

"Nothing, thank you," Bennett replied.

The Supervisor rode into Ronquillo and found the town waiting. He had no

April, 1912-4

answer, so it waited longer. At last a man came over from Mesquite. He was a lumberman from the northwest, and disgusted because there was no rain. He got at the Manuel Garcias before the Supervisor could explain that it was still the middle of March.

"Of course the forest service isn't above advertising," he said; "we none of us are. This is a good cigar. But the way you go about it is what takes my eye. Now there's a ranger over in that Mesquite country that packs a baby as regularly as any other man would a gun. Seems to know about it, too. Anyway, the baby's fat and healthy, and it never cries. But I tell you right now, Offutt, I think it's a queer deal!"

The Supervisor blinked, looked suddenly away and cleared his throat very hard. "There's nothing in the book forbidding it," he drawled sententiously.

Then he added: "I consider that man one of the best on the force. Is he doing his work all right?"

With a wicked grin the lumberman shifted to a more comfortable position.

"Well," he replied, "I might as well own up that I made him an offer—a good one. The fellow's an A Number One cruiser and surveyor."

"Did he take you up?" hurried the Supervisor. He looked alarmed.

"Lord, no!" The lumberman's grin was tinged with appreciation that the joke was on himself. "Couldn't get anything out of him at all. He just said he wouldn't.

"And, say, look here"—he rolled his cigar over in his mouth—"somebody told me he brought a flitty, flaxen, soda fountain belle out here, and she locked the door with the baby inside and scooted with a sheepman. That so?"

"I think I have heard something,"

drawled the Supervisor.

"The person that told me said it was all on your ranger," pursued the lumberman. "Said he hadn't been out here so very long himself when she wrote him a hard luck letter—something about an aunt being peevish with her—and he wired her the money right away and told her to come along and he'd take care of her. Have you heard that?"

"'Fraid I can't help you much," said the Supervisor. "You see, everybody here on Los Gatos sticks pretty close to his own business."

The lumberman took his feet off the corner of the desk. "Oh, you Barney!" he chuckled. "But say, where's the soda fountain belle?"

"God knows," said Barney.

In the late spring the Inspector wrote alluringly of the wheat land in Manitoba, and the Supervisor decided to take a holiday. He summoned his prize ranger from the Mesquite country to lay down the law in his absence. So the baby came back to Ronquillo. Through the first long afternoon of her arrival she cooed and played on a gray and black Navajo blanket in one corner of the office. The Supervisor stood at a safe distance and regarded her for a long period in silence. At last he seated himself at his desk and paused with his pencil suspended.
"Er—Bennett," he drawled, "she's

a-er-damn sight more company than a bunch of-er-cancelled cheques." Bennett blushed in his dark, slow way

and said nothing.

When office hours were over he brought his pony from the corral and the Supervisor looked surprised.

"You're to stay at my place while I'm

gone," he announced.

The prize ranger blushed again. "I'm going out to the house tonight," he said gravely. "I want to see if it's all right. I'm not going to give it back to you. I want to keep it for my daughter."

He put the baby in a blanket sling across his chest and prepared to mount. The Supervisor seemed to remember

something.

"What do you call her?" he drawled.

"Di-er--"

"She is named Serena for my mother," broke in Bennett hastily. "I think it's

a good name."
"So do I," agreed the Supervisor heartily, "a mighty good name." After Bennett rode away he stared down the road for a long time, shaking his head at intervals.

In the course of the next morning half the population of the town walked by the forest service office. But none dared to enter or even knock. Serena cooed, tumbled, sang and slept. Offutt and his prize ranger attended strictly to business, entirely unaware of the excitement in Ronquillo. And when Jim Daulton entered, Bennett pushed his chair so that the baby was hidden. That was all.

The sheepman was somewhat taken aback. "Hello!" he exclaimed effusively.

"Hello," repeated the Supervisor, but the ranger kept on making figures.

The sheepman turned upon him squarely. "It's you," he said. "It's you I've come to see."

The ranger raised his head and Daulton took an involuntary step backward

to the closed door.

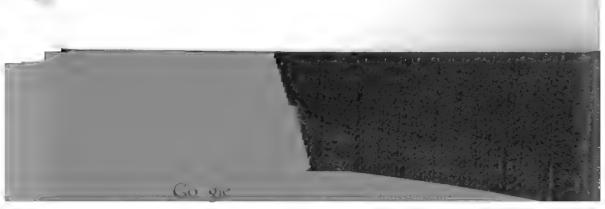
"See here," he burst out, "there's nothing for us to quarrel about now. When she went was the time for a row, if you wanted to raise one. The Lord knows I was willing enough, but I couldn't run off with her and start the shooting, too. Seemed to me it was up to you. But I'm just about sick of waiting for you to see it that way, and I'm here today to settle this business for good."

He paused encouragingly. When nothing was said he continued. "Well, she's getting a divorce now on the grounds of You can't kick about that, desertion. either. She's got a clear case. But you know the papers were served on you at

Mesquite.

The ranger nodded sternly, but the Supervisor looked amazed. The men on Los Gatos did mind their own business.

"And I'm going to marry her," went on Daulton sullenly, "just as regularly as a license, the church and a parson can do it. But that ain't why I'm here. It's because I don't feel right about that kid. Then you built that house and furnished it, besides paying her way out here. Now, I'm not a beat. I wouldn't ask anybody, not even God Almighty, for something for nothing. I took her. Well, you couldn't keep her. Any man's welcome to try for what another man can't I took her, I say, and I'm willing to pay the damage—all of it. They tell me it's some hard on a baby to lose its mother. I want you to set down the amount you invested in the deal and what you consider she was worth to you



in all, and I will be glad to meet the figures in solid coin. I can't say fairer than that." He appealed to the Supervisor, whose face remained blank.

Very slowly Bennett rose from his chair. With great deliberation he placed his pencil upon the desk, thrust one hand in his breeches pocket and began to

speak.

"You are right, Mr. Daulton," he said quietly, "right in all you say. There is no quarrel between you and me. It was up to me to— When I came back to the house on Christmas eve and found—well, I concluded what was up to me was neither chasing her nor shooting you." The sheepman winced and breathed hard beneath the contempt in the low tones.

"The divorce is perfectly correct," went on Offutt's prize ranger. "Though, if I had sued I might have got it for a different reason." He paused here, and Offutt felt that after all there were some phases of life he did not care to see.

"As for the baby and the money I've spent," Bennett added more hoarsely, and his dark face was pale with the passion he controlled, "that is none of your affair. The lady left behind the things she valued least: my baby, my house and myself. I consider that I am com-

petent to care for all three. Now then you ask me to put what she herself is worth to me on paper and you very kindly say that you will pay. I will not keep you waiting long. I throw her value here upon the floor. Match it, if it gives you any satisfaction!"

Two silver coins flew from his fiercely clenched fist. They spun a circle and rested in a round patch of sunlight near the center of the room. The half-dollar presented the noble profile of the goddess; the quarter showed the eagle worn

smooth by many eager palms.

Daulton's eyes followed the coins in their quick flight and burned upon them as they lay. His face went ghastly white; the sweat burst out across his forehead. The stillness in the room was deathly. In that terrible silence not one man drew a full breath. Then the baby cooed, clutched at the rung of the chair before her and fell back upon the blanket with a soft thud. Daulton's tense hand upon the door turned the knob.

"Good afternoon," drawled the Supervisor, and started at the sound of his

own voice.

Very softly the door shut. Barney Offutt blinked unbelievingly at the round pool of sunlight beside his desk, but Bennett stooped and snatched the baby to his arms.



"HY didn't Sprynter enter the half-mile race?"
"He doesn't believe in doing things by halves."



THE FATHER—Well, I guess it's a boy this time. NURSE—No, another miss.



A MAN can be fourteen kinds of a sinner and his wife will forgive him, but if he is one kind of a fool it is a case of life atonement.

# CUPID'S CAPERS

#### By Benjamin Arstein

BEFORE marriage a man is apt to tell the lady of his choice that she is the "only woman," only to learn afterward that she is "only a woman."

A faint heart usually makes a confirmed bachelor.

Love begins with holding hands, and is apt to end when the hand is "called."

A man is apt to fall in love by jumping at conclusions.

Seldom does a woman sleep on her rights when her suspicions are aroused.

Where love is not totally blind it is usually color blind, as the appearance of the green-eyed monster is apt to superinduce a case of "blues."



## MY DREAM OF YOU

By Blanche Shoemaker Wagstaff

AS perfect as an amber marigold
Agleam with sun upon a summer day,
As pure as a first star beam on the gray
Dusk-girdled waves; as beautiful as told
Heart secrets cherished in love's world of two
My dream of you!

As blithe and glad as bird songs on a sea Studded with jewels of eve, Holy as the sweet creed our souls believe, As an expired ecstasy; Happy the heart-held vision years renew—My dream of you!

Never a night of gold or dawn of blue, But I give thanks dear heaven has made come true My dream of you.

# TABLOID FICTION

#### By James L. Ford

# THE AMAZING CONTRETEMPS OF LADY AGATHA CRAPWORTHY.

The smart, sordid novel that deals with the innermost core of smart London society. Its characters are as wicked as smart, and delight in shocking the British middle classes by speaking lightly of bishops, and applying to members of the Peerage belitting nicknames, such as "Toby" or "Onions." The satire takes the form of marital coldness and infidelity, eked out by leaden-footed British epigram, aimed largely at rich Americans. This form of wit is pronounced by the vacant-minded "deuced clevah."

The ormolu clock on the mantel was chiming the hour of noon, when Parker, deft of hand and light of foot, drew aside the heavy damask curtains and raised the shades of rose-colored silk. Lady Agatha Crapworthy, roused from sleep by the sudden rush of sunlight, sat up in bed and rubbed her eyes—a vision of rare beauty in pink silk, topped with a tousled mop of bright red hair, crisp and curly. A heap of letters, not a few coroneted in heavy gold, and a Sèvres cup of fragrant chocolate stood on the gilt table within reach of her The ceaseless roar of the London streets—a subdued sound, as of far-off strife and battle-came to her ears through the open window and reminded her that another day with its duties and diversions, its pleasures and pains, its follies and its weaknesses had begun for her. And among the most arduous of these duties was that of lunching with Mrs. George Washington Gumshoe, the rich American widow,

and her daughter, Honoria.

"Parker," said Lady Crapworthy as she took up her letters, "see that the brougham is ready by half past one, and lay out my orange and scarlet frock."

"The orange and scarlet, m'lady!" cried Parker in astonishment. "Why, you've worn it three times already!"

you've worn it three times already!"
"Stupid!" said Lady Crapworthy
good-naturedly. "I may have worn
it half a dozen times, for all I care.
I'm only going to Mrs. Gumshoe's."

"Ah! The rich American lady," said Parker, with a look of relief blended with perfect understanding. "Very

good, m'lady."

"Bills, bills, bills!" cried Lady Crapworthy as she tore open and cast aside the appeals, reminders, requests and threats of a score or more of money lenders, dressmakers, milliners and tradespeople. "I often wonder," she continued with a deep sigh, "if Lord Crapworthy is ever coming home to attend to these annoying matters. By the way, Parker, have you had any wages lately?"

"Not for some years, m'lady, but with my perquisites and what Your Ladyship 'ands me now and then, and tips from Lord Graftleigh and the other gentlemen that's 'anging about and sending up letters and flowers and such to Your Ladyship, I manage to do quite well. But if I may make so bold, m'lady, I think if His Lordship would only show hisself once in a way, it would restore confidence a bit."

"It certainly would," replied Lady Crapworth absently, without raising her eyes from her letter; "it's so long since I've seen him that I've forgotten how he looks. Rather dark, is he not?"

how he looks. Rather dark, is he not?"
"No, m'lady," replied the maid thoughtfully. "His Lordship is a fair man with a fine 'ead of reddish 'air, quite tall and slender."

"I dare say you're quite right," said

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Lady Crapworthy indifferently, as she tore her pink note into a thousand pieces and threw them on the floor. "I never saw very much of him, especially since we were married, and I've had a good many faces and names to remember since then. Really, I don't think I've ever seen him since the day he took my emeralds out to be cleaned and forgot to come back."

And with these words Lady Crapworthy dismissed her husband from her mind and once more gave her attention to the problem of her life—how

to live well on nothing a year.

Later in the day the prudent Parker gathered up the fragments of the torn letter and put them together like a dissected man, thus revealing a gilt coronet and the signature, "Bud." The astute maid smiled as she put the torn scraps carefully away for future reference, for well she knew that that was the nickname by which Lord Algernon Graftleigh was known to his intimates in London society.

Mrs. George Washington Gumshoe of Peoria, United States, sat in the drawing-room of her great Park Lane house absorbed in the fashion column of the Morning Post. Her daughter, Honoria, whose education had been begun at the Government school for Indians in Saratoga and finished at Girton, sat before the fire playing with a diamond necklace four feet in length and listening to Lord Graftleigh, who was describing a prize fight he had witnessed the day before.

"Gosh hang it all!" exclaimed Mrs. Gumshoe. "Here's Mrs. Bacon of Australia giving a dinner for royalty, and she hasn't been in London half as long as I have nor spent a quarter of the money! Her old man is as poor as Job's turnips compared to mine, and yet people talk about him as if he were

a perfect Creosote."

"A dinner for royalty!" exclaimed Lord Graftleigh, as an expression of utter boredom swept across his *insouciant* features. "Do you really mean to tell me that there is anyone left in London who wishes to meet royalty?

If there are, they must be different to me. But ain't it near time for luncheon?"

"We're waiting for Lady Crap-

worthy," said Honoria.

"Crappy is always late," muttered the young peer crossly. "We ought to treat her like I was treated at Dovey Vasavour's last week. I was only an hour late, and when I got there the lunch was all gobbled up. I told Dovey she was a perfect rotter. But I say—here's Crappy now!" And Lady Agatha Crapworthy, brilliant in orange and scarlet and carrying a huge bunch of violets in her hands, came running into the room as joyously as if dunning tradesmen, missing emeralds and vanishing husbands were unknown quantities in her butterfly existence.

"Awfully sorry to be so early," she cried; "but the fact is I was so hungry that I really could not put off eating long enough to be fashionably late. Why, Bud, where in the world did you

come from?"

A moment later Crappy was her wonderful, brilliant self, convulsing the luncheon table with her quick fire of

brilliancy and epigram.

"I'm going to set up a school of deportment for the upper middle classes, and when that's established I shall add a class in advanced morality," she exclaimed between mouthfuls.

"May I join that last one?" asked

Bud.

"No," replied Crappy, shaking her roguish finger at him; "only bishops will be eligible to that class."

Lord Graftleigh threw back his head and indulged in one of those prolonged roars of laughter for which he was famous throughout London society.

"If you're going to have a class in morality for the bishops," he cried, wiping the tears of laughter from his eyes, "you'd better supplement it with a kindergarten for curates. They need it."

All the company joined in the laugh that followed this sally, for Bud's mots were famous in London's smartest set.

They were still laughing when the door burst open, and a young woman in a dark brown riding habit and with a crop in her hand stalked across the threshold and seated herself beside Crappy, whom she clapped on the shoulder with her right hand, while giving a general salute to the others with her left.

"Ginx Massingbird!" What in heaven's name are you doing here?" cried

Lady Crapworthy.

"Just dropped in a minute to see you, Crappy. Thanks, no, I won't have anything to eat. There's a man who's lately come into our set who's just dotty to meet you, and I've promised to bring you to the Liver and Bacons' ball tonight."

"And who are the Liver and Bacons?" demanded Crappy sweetly, as

she buttered a roll.

"Why, surely you've heard of that rich Australian, the owner of the Bacon mine! Your friend Buddy calls them Liver and Bacon, because bacon somehow suggests liver. Don't you think it's delicious and altogether worthy of him?"

"Simply divine!" said Crappy. "But can you get me a card to these Bacons? And who is this man who wants to meet me?"

"Cards! No one needs cards for the Liver and Bacons! You just go there, that's all. Baldy—that's the man you are to meet—eats most of his meals there, and says that their house is the greatest thing in London."

"And who is Baldy?" inquired Lady

Crapworthy.

"Another of Buddy's nicknames. He calls him that because he has very little hair on the top of his head. I nearly choked laughing the first time Bud got it off. Clever, isn't it? We don't know his real name. Well, I'll call for you at the Claverhouses' at a quarter to one. Ta, ta!"

And Ginx was off as quickly and as unceremoniously as she had come.

An almost endless chain of carriages stretched like a huge necklace from the lower end of Piccadilly to the door of Mrs. Bacon's house in Park Lane. Outside, all was moist and warm and sticky. Inside, the lights shone bril-

liantly on little groups, who still lingered in the huge drawing-rooms and broad, marble-paved halls, in pleasant, intimate conversation, ridiculing their hostess, criticising the food and drink that they had consumed and sneering at the high-priced artists who had played and sung for their entertainment. There was acute congestion about the cloakroom door, where men and women fought frantically for their wraps, and a veritable mob in front of the buffet in the great oak-paneled dining room, where priceless Romneys and Reynoldses looked placidly down upon democracy's upward struggle into the patrician world.

Out in the conservatory, where the lights burned dim in the richly scented air, a man paced nervously up and down, pausing now and then to glance at his watch or to peer through the wide doorway at the fast diminishing throng in the big drawing-rooms beyond. Tall, blond, heavily built, with small wrists, delicate ears and nostrils and high instep, he betrayed in every turn of his well poised head, in every movement of his body and in every gleam of his steel blue eyes that perfect aplomb that only centuries of high

English breeding can give.

"Ah, there he is!" whispered Ginx, as she led Lady Crapworthy into the conservatory, leaving Bud a deeply interested onlooker at the baccarat table. And Lady Crapworthy, hiding her face behind her gorgeous fan, gazed long and earnestly at the nervously

pacing figure.

"Baldy!" cried Ginx softly. "I've

brought her here to meet you."

"Awfully jolly of you to come. I was damn near going away," said Baldy, as he led the way into a dark recess, where a broad bench stood beneath the shade of an oleander. "I've been dotty over you ever since I heard your name was 'Crappy,'" he continued, as Ginx glided softly away. "That's an awfully familiar name to me. I knew a girl by that name once. We were—well, we were awfully good pals. But, I say, I hear you're a great wit! I'm awfully fond of wit and humor my-

self. I was just trying to think of a capital thing I heard the other day about a hen going across the street, but I can't for the life of me remember the point of it. I believe it's one of those

clever American wheezes."

"Do you know," said Crappy, placing her hand trustingly in Baldy's and gazing intently at him through the darkness, "I feel as if I had known you for years. I wonder if we have ever met before? You're married, of course?"

"Why, of course!" said Baldy. "However could one have any real fun in society unless one were married? There's precious little sport nowadays for unmarried people. They are always so afraid of being taken at their word."

"Wouldn't it be fun to take a run over to Paris for a few days?" cried Lady Crapworthy, with the eager, youthful enthusiasm that not even ten years of London society had sufficed

to kill.

"It's deuced awkward," said Baldy, "but the fact is that, while I would like to go immensely, and we would have all sorts of good times together—"

"Don't make any mistake, Mr. Baldy!" said Lady Crapworthy, lifting a warning forefinger. "My maid Parker goes along, too, and she's a very serious, dissenting person and has no idea of tolerating any impropriety."

"Oh, it's not the impropriety that bothers me," continued the other, "but the expense." And poor Baldy produced a few shillings from his pockets and gazed ruefully at them as he continued: "You see, I've been broke ever since I can remember. That's what made the trouble with my wife. was the best-natured person in the world, and could stand almost any sort of a man unless he was broke or she happened to be married to him. When it came to a husband who was not only married to her but chronically broke in the bargain, that was too much for her, and I haven't seen her for years. Don't you think you could squeeze a few quid out of your husband? Or maybe you've a few rubies or emeralds loose. You could always manage to get them back, you know."

A cold, hard look came into Lady Crapworthy's face, and she drew herself up to her full height and reached for her cigarette case with a hauteur that well became a daughter of the proud house of DeCourcy—she had been Lady Agatha DeCourcy in the days before she gave her hand to handsome Jack Crapworthy of the Household.

"Emeralds!" she exclaimed with a harsh, bitter laugh. "I had emeralds once and a husband, as well. Now I have neither. Let us go to the bac-

carat table.''

As she spoke she moved out from the shadow of the oleander and stood for a moment in the full blaze of the electric lights, a tempestuously beautiful figure.

"Good God!" cried Baldy, sinking into a chair. "Don't you know me?"

"Jack!" cried Lady Crapworthy tragically. "Where are those emeralds? And when are you coming back to pay all those bills? They've been accumulating ever since we started out, two foolish, trusting, loving, young people, to live without any means of support. "Oh, Jack!" And then, suddenly and incontinently, Lady Agatha Crapworthy fell sobbing into her husband's arms.

Save for a keenly interested group at the baccarat table, the Liver and Bacons' drawing-rooms were completely deserted an hour later when Lord and Lady Crapworthy passed out of the conservatory and stood for a moment in the hall.

"And how about Paris?" murmured

Baldy.

"Why, Jack," cried his wife, "what a preposterous idea! What would be the fun in two old married people going

to Paris together?"

"I believe you're right," replied the peer. "There wouldn't be any romance in it, at all. Isn't that Buddy over there? I'll just turn you over to him, then. You'll get compromised if you are seen at this hour talking to a man of my character! Ta, ta, dear!"



## WON AT LAST

#### By Walt Mason

ISE, Charles De Jones, rise, if you please; you don't look well upon your knees. You say that I must be your bride; in all the whole blamed countryside no other girl could fill your life with joy and sunshine, as your wife. can you offer-you who seek my hand? You draw ten bucks a week. Shall I your cheap john wigwam share, the daughter of a millionaire, who early learned in wealth to bask? Shall I get down to menial task? Go, chase yourself! My hand shall go to one who has a roll of dough!"

Thus spake Letitia Pinkham Brown, the fairest girl in all the town. Her lover, crushed beneath the weight of blows from an unkindly fate, rended his garments

and his hair and turned away in dumb despair.

OUR hero's feet, of course, were cold, and yet his heart was strong and bold. "It will not heal this wound of mine," he said, "to murmur and repine. Though sad my heart, I'll sing and smile, and try to earn a princely pile; and having got the bullion,

then I'll ask her for her hand again."

He quenched the yearnings of his heart and plunged into the clanging mart as agent for a handsome book instructing women how to cook. His volume sold to beat the band and wealth came in hand over hand; but ever, as he scoured the town, he thought of 'Titia Pinkham Brown, and scalding tears anon would rise and almost cook his steely eyes.

#### III

ONCE more a lover knelt before Letitia Pinkham Brown and swore to cherish her

while life endures. "Come out of it," she said; "I'm yours."

He rose, a man of stately frame; J. Roland Percival his name. He had a high, commanding mien, and seemed possessed of much long green; in costly fabrics he was dressed, and diamonds flashed upon his breast.

"And so you're mine!" J. Roland cried. "You'll be my own and only bride! Oh, joy and rapture! I am It! Excuse me while I throw a fit! Come to my arms, my precious dear! My darling love—but who comes here?"

DeJones stood in the arbor door, and deadly was the smile he wore.

J. ROLAND cried, in abject fear: "Great Scott! What are you doing here?"
"Well may you ask," said Charles De Jones, in bitter, caustic, scathing tones.
"You've dodged me for a dozen weeks, but now—'tis the avenger speaks—you'll

have to pay up what you owe, or to the county jug you'll go."

Then, turning to the maiden fair, DeJones went on: "That villain there! Four months ago I sold that man a cook book on th' installment plan. He gave his solemn pledge to pay, for seven years, two cents a day. He made two payments, then he flunked. I've hung around the place he bunked, I've chased him through the rain and sleet, I've boned him on the public street, I've shadowed him by night and day, but not a kopeck would he pay. I'm weary of these futile sprints; I'll



roast him in the public prints, and give him such a bum renown he'll be a byword in the town."

She viewed her lover in amaze, and cold and scornful was her gaze.

"And so the book you handed me, to plight our troth," with ire said she, "you bought from Charlie here on tick? Skidoo! A deadbeat makes me sick! I'll never marry any jay who can't dig up two cents a day!"

#### V

"I have a bundle in the bank," said Charles, as on his knee he sank, "and all

of it is yours to blow, so let us to the altar go."

"I've learned some things," said L. P. Brown, "and now I would not turn you down if you were busted flat, my dear; I've learned that love's the one thing here that's worth a continental dam\*; you ask for me—well, here I am!"

<sup>•</sup> Dam—A former copper coin.—Dictionary.



#### MY VIEW

#### By Deems Taylor

DEAR reader, if perchance you sat And from this window of my flat Looked down, what is the vista that Would greet your sight?

A dreary waste—the hinder walls
Of what, when viewed the other way,
Appear as "—onias," "—meres" and "—halls;"
A line of fences, painted gray,
That stand aslant;
Ten thousand windows, sightless, cold.
A cat or two that takes the air,
Some aged flower pots, that hold
Geraniums, a broken chair,
A rubber plant.

"And that," I think you'd say to me,
"Is ev'rything there is to see."
And, do you know, I think you'd be
Exactly right!



\*Hardly. He hasn't gotten beyond the rock-the-boat period yet."

## THE WELL OF REMEMBER

By Seumas MacManus

MIGHTY sight stranger things come to pass on American soil than on Irish, though the deaf world doesn't dream it—and this is one

o' the strangest ones.

When he'd swept the snakes out of Ireland, 'twas one of the seven blessin's Saint Patrick put on the holy island, that though he couldn't, as he wished, drive everything evil after the snakes, he promised there would never come an evil within the four seas but its remedy would tramp on its heels: that there would never be a kill in Ireland without its cure. And 'twas the same blessin', Heaven be thankit, that was the savin' of Maurice Perry—though he never saw more of Ireland than stuck to the brogues of the boys he seen landin' in Castle Garden. A brave, clean fellow was Maurice, surely. As fine and as strappin' as you'd see on a summer's day—and wealthy and well-to-do more-over—so it is many is the fine girl cocked her cap at him. And he could have the flower o' them all at his feet, by the waggin' of his finger.

It was sorely concerned for him was Mary McGragh, his old housekeeper, who used to be his nurse, and who was moreover my own mother's half-sisterwhich is the raison I know so well the ins and outs of this story I'm rehearsin' you. No mother could doat on a son as Mary doated upon Maurice, and it was high regard entirely he placed upon her

and her advice.

But where himself and Mary differed, for the first time in their lives, was concernin' the hold Mrs. Carruthers (a woman who was good for little else but dealin' with fortune tellers and spaemen and every kind of foolish witchcraft that goes under fancy names in America) and her bunch of daughters were gettin' on him. More by the same token, Peggy Kilbride, the County Leitrim woman, who had to leave Ireland because of her dealin's with diviltry of the same evil kind, was their trusted servant. God's grace couldn't be about the house

Peggy'd be livin' in, anyhow.

Mary knew, what the world knew, that Mrs. Carruthers was a woman who would stoop to hades and stop at nothin to get her end-and knew, too, that Lona Carruthers, the oldest and the boldest of this woman's daughters, for whom her mother meant Maurice, wasn't fit for to wash his feet—and Mary McGragh vowed that if the divil ordained this girl to make some poor mortal unhappy, it wouldn't be Maurice if she could help it.

And Mary, without puttin' bite or tooth in it, respectfully presented a morsel of her mind to Maurice one mornin' at breakfast when he was hurryin' to get the next train after the one he should have taken for town and his businessfor he'd been unreasonably late gettin' home from the Carruthers' the night before, after automobilin' the young ladies by moonlight round the world and back again through the grand country scenery where himself and themselves had their country homes. Maurice, he didn't know whether to be amused or vexed with Mary. But he laughed at her at length right heartily, and said: "Heaven help your wit, Mary! Lona Carruthers is a jolly good fellow—and the whole bunch o' them mean nothin' more nor less than good company to me."

"Good company!" says Mary. "The principles of that woman I'd be ashamed

to own in a desert. And the girls, to themselves be it told, are her daughters—I'm not blamin' them for their misfortune. But they aren't your sort. Even fitter for you, ten thousand times, 'ud be the little red-haired school mistress that passes your gate every mornin' to her country school." Which was true as Gospel; for Maurice was a babe in his heart, with all a babe's gentleness and innocence.

"Mary," says he, laughin', as he pictured to himself the contrast between the bold Carruthers girls and the modest little school mistress whom oft he had seen trudging past, "get over your blatherskitin'!" And catchin' up his hat and gloves, he dashed for the train.

And after that, himself and his automobile were every night later than the other; and Mary McGragh's heart was breakin', and Mrs. Carruthers' heart boundin', as she rubbed her hands for the glee of havin' such a prime goold-finch as good as sprigged. But when Mrs. Carruthers was gleein' for the catchin' of Maurice, Mary McGragh was prayin' to Saint Patrick and every angel in Heaven for his savin'—for she well knew that Maurice was no more in love with the Carruthers girl than he was with her old wrinkled self—only a great deal less so.

But it looked this time as if Mary had got on the deaf side of Patrick, for 'twas a day older and a day worse with the courtship; and 'twas the common country talk now that Mrs. Carruthers had Maurice firm and fast on her hook, and was just playin' him a little the

better to land him.

But behold ye! There came a mornin' when Maurice, late again for his train—no strange thing now—came whizzin' like mad with his automobile out of the gates, and by a miracle of miracles just missed takin' the life of the little redhaired school mistress, passin' to her school. But if he left her the life, he took her sight and her senses and her breath from her for five minutes—and half of her skirt besides—and he left her a badly hurt knee, that sent her from one faint to another for half an hour.

A mighty distressed man he was, and mortified beyond words. He brought her

in his automobile to the doctor, and then brought her home and covered her with apologies—and gardens full of flowers soon after. And he cursed late nightsand late mornin's little less-and overspeedin' likewise. And when the school mistress was able to resume teachin' her little school again, a week after, but not able to walk to it, he footed it to the station o' mornin's himself, and sent the automobile to take the girl to school and back again. He went less, and never stayed late with the Carruthers, and he regularly paid his respects to the little school mistress—because it was his bounden duty; and whatever faults Maurice Perry had, he never shirked his duty.

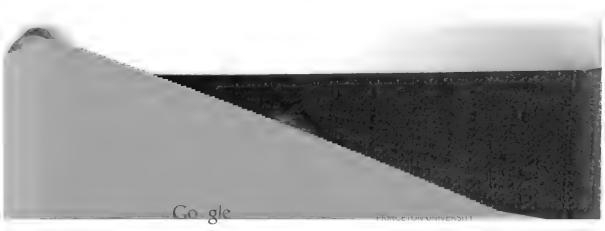
But bedad, he hadn't gone ten times, as a stern duty, till the gray eyes of that little school mistress begun to make him think and wonder and to draw him back to investigate them again, and find why it was that he couldn't shut out the picture of them, even when he was looking at the tally boards in the Stock Ex-

change.

And the oftener he went the more the mystery deepened, till at last one mornin' it dawned on him—what the countryside had seen a month ago—that in his collision with the little school mistress it was he who'd got the worst o' the crash.

Mrs. Carruthers had moved heaven and earth and the place under the earth to hold him, and her daughter well helped her. But little was the use—for he gradually gave up constant visits. And little red-haired Annie Cregan, with all her modest quietness, had a hundred times more power to hold him than Mrs. Carruthers and the divil had to draw him away. And he was a new man entirely, with new outlooks and ambitions, Mary McGragh—though she at first far from favored his new courtship—had to confess.

For all she couldn't spell her own name, Mary was the keenest judge of character this side of kingdom-come. And against her will soon she had to give admiration to the young school mistress; and at the heels of that affection—which she had never before given to any



soul else in the worl' save her young

"I'm thinkin' you approve of her, Mary," says Maurice one summer's mornin' after the red-haired little school mistress had gone home to Wisconsin for her vacation.

"From the bottom o' me heart," says

Mary.

"Then," says Maurice, "with your approval on top of my own, Mary, I'm thinkin' I'll ask Annie Cregan to be my wife as soon as she comes back."

And when Mary was on her knees at her rosary that night, she begged Saint Patrick's pardon for havin' one time

doubted him.

But Mrs. Carruthers was a woman with more plans in her head than an architect; and want of perseverance would never send her to the place on the wrong side of Purgatory. When she couldn't hold Maurice for her daughter in any other way, she searched high up and low down for a fortune teller's prescription to trap him.

"Meself 'll give you somethin'," says Peggy Kilbride, says she, "that'll drive out of his head all notion of the redhaired hussy, same as if she'd never

crossed his path."

"What's that?" says Mrs. Carruthers. Says Peggy: "When St. Colm one time was traveling in the County Tyrone, he, without knowin' it, drank of a famous well which was there for a thousand years, called the Well of Remember, and into the poor Saint's heart, that should be filled only with thoughts of Heaven, it brought back memories of things he thought he had forever buried. In torments of torture, he traveled Ireland for ten years, seeking relief from his memories—and findin' none till a queer little fellow that he met on a Connaught hill one day led him to a stream that come leapin' over the mountainside from the Lake of Loneliness and told him it was the Stream of Forget.

"And so in troth it was. For the minute the Saint drank of it, the memories that tortured him passed away as if they had never been. For as Saint Patrick had prophesied, every kill has its cure in Ireland. And it was now. And Colm blessed the stream again, that its wonderful property never should leave it,

and discovered it to the worl'.

"And," says Peggy Kilbride, "I have a friend on the water this minute, comin' from Ireland, who is bringin' me a bottle of the water. For when I seen this redhaired school mistress witch put her unlucky spells on Mr. Maurice, I knew

there'd be need for it."

The old lady laughed, for like the evil hunk of ignorance she was, she'd swear by every ridiculous fake that a fashionable fortune teller stuffed her with-but balked at genuine Irish charms. But she had enough superstition in her soul to try anything, all the same, whether she believed in it or not. And the first time Maurice come to pay a duty call, after the arrival of the bottle, doesn't the old lady manage to get him outside a glass of water! And bedad, instead of going off, hot foot, as he used to do, to keep tryst with the little school mistress, didn't he, even to the old lady's surprise, spend the whole evenin' there the first time in two months-skylarkin' with the girls, and with Lona in partic-

And to the worl's surprise, Maurice Perry gave up the little school mistress ten times faster than he'd taken her up. "'Twas one of the crazy notions," he explained to his friends, "that every man must take once in a lifetime, and I couldn't for the life of me know what it was come over me to make a lunatic of myself as I done. Not," he said, "but that the little school mistress is as good as gold, as fine a character as ever I've met, or will meet; and I'll respect and admire her to the worl's end. But I'm no more in love with her than I am with the Queen of the Cannibal Islands."

Movrone, movrone! And there was poor Annie Cregan left dumfounded, with a heart breakin'! In a manful way, for he was a manful fellow, Maurice, of course, came straight to her and told her that in his heart of hearts he was sorry, but he now discovered the love he was so certain sure he had felt for her was only some kind of delusion, that he couldn't himself understand.

"But I'm at your biddin'," says he

bravely; "whatsomever you like, that I'll do." And he waited for her word.

"Maurice," she said, when she was able to get a word up, "go away, and

never let me see you more."

And as he went out of the house, with low hung head, his heart was nigh breakin' with humiliation, as much as hers was with somethin' else. For five weeks after she was numb as a corpse, and no

more able to know joy or pain.

And Mary McGragh, the instant she had known what had happened, rose up in arms and gave Maurice Perry the best layin' out ever he got in his life, and wouldn't listen to a syllable from him, pro or con. She said: "Mrs. Carruthers and the divil have got hold of you sure enough, and though it breaks my heart to do it, you, that I have reared from the size of my fist to the size you are now, and have been more than a mother to, I must part with."

And away with her from the heart-broken Maurice she went, and hired a little house for herself (for Mary had money galore of her own in the bank) within a gunshot from the home of the little school mistress. And without any sign of doin' it a-purpose, she looked after and helped that little school mistress and cheered her so far as it was in human power to cheer one who was heart-stricken, and who never could do much

good in this worl' more.

Mary sent passage for a niece of hers at home in Connaught to fetch her out to live with her—the very day after she showed her heels to Maurice Perry. And now, three weeks later, a bit of gossip came to her ears that made her open her eyes in wonder. It was no smaller news than that Mrs. Carruthers and Peggy Kilbride had dosed Maurice Perry from the Well o' Forget.

"Why didn't I think of it?" she said. "Sure, nothin' else under heaven or on earth except that could have killed the man's soul in Maurice Perry. O, wurra wurra!" And she sat down instantly and wrote her outcomin' niece an urgent

letter.

Meanwhile things were going from bad to worse. Maurice Perry never spent an evenin' away from the Carruthers girls —though the worl' knew he wasn't in love with them. Annie Cregan, though she made a brave show at trying to make the worl' believe nothin' at all, at all, had happened to her, got downhearteder day by day, and, plain it was to be seen, couldn't stand the strain much longer. To Mary's grief and the worl's she at length gave notice she'd resign, sayin' she was goin' to move back home to Wisconsin where her father and mother, gettin' old, were sorely needin' her—God help the creature.

And 'twas Mary McGragh's turn to be heartbroken now. For she'd somehow come to love that little school mistress in distress as dearly as she ever loved, and still did love, Maurice Perry. But even Mary's entreaties couldn't hold the school mistress. She'd set the day for her goin', and Mary knew that it would be the last of her ever they'd see.

Ochon!

And of all days, the very eve of the black day Annie had set for her goin' was the evenin' Maurice Perry had at last made up his mind to ask Lona Carruthers for his wife—strangely and curiously, it seemed to him, made up his mind after many fights with himself and against the wish of some other part of himself entirely.

And dressed to kill, on his way he was to the Carruthers' that evenin', when he heard the news from one of the neighbors that the little school mistress was leavin' for good and all in the mornin'. He was vexed to the heart to learn it. "But what could I do?" he says. Though mean and miserable he felt over it, he had the bravery to turn aside and go to the house where the little school mistress stopped, to bid her manfully a good-bye, anyhow—though he'd sooner that minute have walked against all the bayonets in Boneyparte's army.

When Annie sent back a polite but firm refusal to see him, he was flabbergasted—and proceeded to the cottage of Mary McGragh, to tell his plight, and prove to Mary that he'd done his best. There he found things in a bit of an uproar, for Mary's Irish niece had arrived not three hours before. Mary's eyes danced in her head when she saw him.

With his head between his hands, he told his story, and said to Mary he was sufferin' sore for this poor girl's sake, who wouldn't be reasonable. And sufferin' sore he was without any manner o' doubt. Mary said: "Lucky's the hour you've come, for my niece here has just brought me something to relieve sufferin', that beats doctors' medicine all to smash. Here," says she, pourin' him out a glass of sparklin' water from a longnecked Irish bottle, "take this and see what you'll see."

"Is it Irish whiskey?" says he, like a

ghost tryin' to joke.

"Somethin' rarer and better," says

Mary. "But drink it over."

And the minute he did, lo and behold ye—it's true as you've a head on your shoulders—the strangest look ever was seen on man or mortal grew over his face, and the eyes of him begun to stare, and the hands of him went out clutchin' in the air and he tried to speak, but for a couple of minutes could only gasp, and then cried, "Annie Cregan! Annie Cregan!" and fell across the table, his face in his hands, and the body of him shakin' with sobs, like a shakin' bog.

The door darkened that minute, and who should enter but the little redhaired school mistress come to spend an hour of her last night with Mary Mc-Gragh, the best friend she had in this worl'. At sight of Maurice Perry there, the very little color left flew from her cheeks, and, only her limbs decaived her, she'd have dashed from the door. But when she seen that big man's body shaken by grief, all the strength ever she had seemed to come back into her body that instant, bringin' her to the table and puttin' her hand on the brown head of the man in tears, She just said one word— "Maurice!"

And the man that was cryin' stopped suddenly, and his body was as still as if 'twas a corpse—savin' that the head of him lifted two inches, and never turned, only listened hard.

And again she said, "Maurice!" And then he stood straight up, and, turnin' round, looked her in the face, and she looked him back fairly and squarely for a full minute.

"Annie Cregan, somethin's been over me for three months that I nor no other mortal can explain. But now that you are goin' out of my life forever, the heart is goin' out of me along with you."

Says Mary McGragh: "There's one mortal here can explain it—me with me bottle of water from the Well of Remember." And she told the story to the breathless two.

It widened the eyes in both of their heads as they listened, and when it was finished Maurice Perry said: "Annie Cregan, Annie Cregan, say that you aren't goin' to Wisconsin in the mornin'!" He was holdin' her hand and looking into her eyes.

She looked him back steadily as the rock of Gibraltar and said, "Yes, Maurice, I'm goin' to Wisconsin in the mornin'."

mornin.

And Maurice give a groan as he let

his head drop.

"But, Maurice," Annie said, "there's no law to prevent your goin' after me to Wisconsin." And her voice was so very soft that both Mary and her niece turned and begun rummagin' in the trunk from Ireland.

After he'd seen the little school mistress home, Maurice Perry came back to say to Mary McGragh—and his eyes had both a tear and a smile in them at the same time—"Mary, don't let your little niece go engagin' anywhere. After I come back from Wisconsin, I may be needin' two housekeepers."

And in troth his words came true.

A mighty sight stranger things come to pass on American soil than on Irish, though the deaf world doesn't dream it—and that I have told you is one of the strangest o' them all.



## THE NIGHT WATCHERS

#### By Henry Stuart Dudley

Where the caverned bergs sweep silently, ominous, chill and stark; We have heard the sibilant, sobbing crash when the seas at left and right Gnaw the ragged edge of the far flung floes in the long, long Arctic night, As the sealer shapes for the Pribiloffs, with the mast lights flaring high, With the steady whine of the standing lines to the snarl of the raging sky.

Where the mighty mountains gulp the stars in the awful frozen nights, And the distant valleys spew the bars of the ceaseless Northern Lights, Where the icy sweat of a savage land has shivered our bark canoes, We have played the game for sport or gain, with nothing but life to lose; Have watched our campfires flicker and flash, and then at the dawn sink low, The single sign of a living thing in a world of cold and snow.

Where the radiant islands nestle close to the heart of the Southern seas, And a call of sensuous, soft appeal is the kiss of the off-shore breeze, We have seen our wake stream into light as sword from out a sheath, Between the close hung winking stars above and underneath, Till dawn came up in a gorgeous flame from the utmost rim of the world, As pennons of violet, rose and gold shimmered and then unfurled.

In the shadowy, steaming jungle where the gray ape swings and turns, Where the pallid, shifting desert gasps and writhes and burns and burns—We have been there through the long, long night, underneath the somber sky, Till the sickly saffron dawning lets our fires pale and die; So we sing the song of the far flung trail, the chant of the Rolling Stone, With a health for those who watch at night, alone, alone, alone.



MRS. RIVERS—Do you know, I've made fifteen calls today, and you are the only one I've found at home.

MRS. BROOKS—Is it possible? I wish now I had gone calling myself.



THE little blind god Love gets around everywhere without the aid of a walking stick.

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## A "DEAD STORY"

### By Reginald Wright Kauffman

AULA MYLIN returned to the flat at sunset. Her motor coat was covered with dust, and as she unwound the veil from her large hat she showed, framed in tumbling yellow hair, cheeks aglow from an afternoon in the open. She sank luxuriously into the well worn sofa's tired embrace and uttered a little sigh of delighted weariness.

Miss Kleiser-Molly Kleiser, the dark-eyed woman of eight and twenty who was the "Phyllis Fillmore" that conducted the "Whimsy Woman's" department of the Morning Sentinelstopped her clatter at the typewriter.
"Did you have a good time?" she asked.
"Good time!" Paula's gray eyes were

wide in wonder at a question so unnecestime! Why, can't you see I'm nearly dead?"

With a last regretful glance at her work Molly rose and began to bustle about the crowded room.

"Then I'd better get you some tea," she said.

Paula, in the manner of one accustomed to such attentions, permitted her roommate to fetch water from their kitchenette, hang the copper kettle over the flame of an alcohol lamp on a littered table and measure two spoonfuls of tea from the Dresden caddy into the china teapot. Then she languidly straightened her slim body.

"I think Mr. Rand is splendid," she said. But Molly, her grave face intent on the kettle, did not answer, and Paula pressed the point: "Don't you?"

"I don't know." Molly lifted the kettle lid to observe progress. "One rarely thinks much about one's managing editor."

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"But he's your friend, too. You've been in his car oftener than I have, and nobody could see the wild way he drives and not think him splendid.'

The lamp's flame was broad; the water was boiling. Molly poured it, one finger on the copper lid, into the pot. "Of course," she said, "if he is a des-

perate driver he must be splendid." "He's not sarcastic, anyhow," said Paula. She reached a teacup without rising, blew into it to transfer to the rug any dust that had accumulated at its bottom, and held it while Molly poured the tea. "Two lumps, please." She seemed to be looking for something more in the bottom of the cup. "Yes," she repeated with a nod for emphasis, "I think he's splendid."

"You mean handsome?"
"Oh, handsome! He has such sharp gray eyes and such wonderfully regular features and such a strong, clean cut mouth. His figure's like a Greek god's."

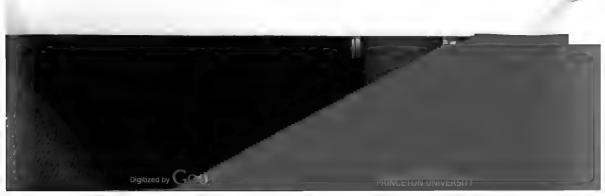
Molly smiled one of her dry, con-

strained smiles.

"I'm afraid I don't see much that's heavenly in any man's modernly draped figure," she submitted. "It may be true that God made man in His image, but it's undeniably certain that man devised his own clothes."

Paula, at last sufficiently stimulated for such action, put down her cup, stripped off her gloves and threw back her long coat. She looked, with a thoroughly satisfied glance, at her perfectly fitted skirt. She had an eye not only for the latest fashion, but also for that elusive element of the appropriate in the latest fashion peculiar to the happy few. "Well, he didn't devise woman's,"

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she declared; and then, taking up her replenished cup, she began searching it again. "He has a marvelous mind," she said. "I mean Mr. Rand."

"You do? I thought you meant the tailor. Your pronouns have a fine scorn of antecedents. Mr. Rand's mind so far as it ever impressed me appeared to be rather of the sort that swells maiorities."

"He has genius," asserted Paula, as if

she saw it reflected in her tea.

"Is it genius or liver? You never can be certain." Molly, seated opposite her roommate, drank slowly; she was still at her first allowance. "But I scarcely think it's genius with Mr. Rand," she "He'll succeed." went on.

"Why shouldn't he?"

"Why, indeed? Genius generally starves; the man that succeeds is the man that makes the most of small talents."

"I don't like you to talk that way," began Paula; and then she seemed to find the tea leaf for which she had been looking. She studied it intently, a little perpendicular furrow between her level brows. "He has just asked me to

be his wife."

Molly Kleiser deliberately finished her tea and deliberately restored its cup to the table. She was one of those dark types of the women of the farther Rhine provinces which still from time to time recur among the Pennsylvania Germans, and her five years in New York had done no more toward molding her into the physical pattern that Manhattan generally imposes than they had achieved in shaping to the curves of Broadway the straight line of her inherited Mennonite conscience. She still looked what she was and saw things as they were, and now, gazing at her roommate, she realized that Paula's face, from tumbled hair to dimpled chin, was a trap for a young man's heart.

"Have you told him?" she inquired. Paula's frown deepened. "Told him what? I've told him I would marry him. It seems to me you're rather slow with your good wishes, Molly."

"No; it's because I'm quick with them that I asked my question.

mean-have you told him about your-

The younger girl sat bolt upright. Her flush deepened and her voice grew "I have told him all he needs to know. What he doesn't know won't hurt him."

"Yes, it will." Molly's contradiction was slow but positive. "What hurts us most is generally something we don't know. You have got to tell him."

"I won't." Paula clenched her little "You're perfectly absurd, hands. Molly. You talk as if we were back in Americus again."

"I have been away from the little town longer than you have, Paula."

"Oh, I know. But three months ago, when I ran away from all the disgrace there, I thought I'd got rid of it forever -and you took me in with you; you helped me. You can't go back now on what you said then."

"I am not going back on it."

"Yes, you are-you are!" Paula's eyes were like the leaping blue flame from burning coals. "You were lovely then. You said you'd stand by me. You said you'd keep the thing quiet. You said you wouldn't tell—"

"Not that."

"You did. You know you did!" "I didn't mean that I would help you to deceive a man that loved you."

"You implied it, anyhow. What else could you mean? I know that as well," declared Paula, "as I know my own

name,"

The smile burst from her lips before she could consider its present import. Once uttered, she saw its significance; but her companion quietly took it up before the younger girl could capture the runaway.

"Mr. Rand," said Molly, "does not

know your name."

Paula endeavored a sturdy justifi-

"He knows two-thirds of it. Paula Mylin was my mother's name, and it's the first part of mine."

"Ah, but the rest!"

"You're horrid!" Paula was on her feet now, in that white anger which is

close to tears. "I never thought that

you would cast this up to me."

"My dear"—Molly's patient eyes filled, too, but with a tenderness that was no traitor to resolution—"I'm not upbraiding you with something that wasn't your fault. Your fault lay simply in the concealment, and when you dropped into New York with your idea of concealment, I merely respected your wishes as long as they hurt nobody but yourself. Now you have altered the entire situation; you have brought in somebody else."

"He hasn't asked anything about me. I think he think's I'm an orphan. He needn't know anything about me."

Molly shook her head. "We do our courting in twilight; but the church is full of uncompromising sunshine on the wedding day."

"Then why can't I wait till he finds

it out for himself?"

"Because he has the right to an immediate explanation—and because, if you waited, you might put it off until it was too late."

"Too late?" Paula's anger still mounted. "How could it ever be too late," she sufficiently inquired, "so long

as he loved me?"

Molly Kleiser knew that love is the most fragile of the emotions, but life that had taught her this had taught her also that love is the most vain. She could risk only generalities.

"My conscience-" she began.

"Oh, your conscience!" Paula scornfully interrupted. "Conscience begins at home but spends most of its time visiting the neighbors. The man I am ashamed of is as good as dead," she went on. "How can he come into my life again? The dead haven't any right to rise."

Molly smiled sadly. "You are as sentimental as a jury," she said; "and so you overlook all the facts. Don't you know that the minute the office learns of Mr. Rand's engagement, every man on the staff will be trying to find out something about the girl in the case? They'll soon find out enough to hurt; people are always ready to believe anything of you so long as it helps them to admire

you less. Think how this would affect Mr. Rand."

"He wouldn't hate me for that. Nobody loves a woman that can't hurt him. Besides, he wouldn't care what they thought; he wouldn't know it."

"Oh, yes, he would. Love isn't blind; it's only nearsighted; some kind friend would supply him with spectacles."

Paula walked the length of the room and looked out the little window.

"I can't tell him," she almost whispered.

"Try," said Molly.

"No, I could never make him see it as I do."

"That's all the more reason you should tell him." Something in the girl's weakness stung Molly's strength to irony. "All the more reason," she repeated. "Of course you can convince him. Try; nothing's more easy."

Paula wheeled so quickly that her skirt wound about her ankles and she

nearly fell.

"I'll never do it!" she vowed. "I'll

never do it!"

"Then," said Molly steadily, "I'll do it for you."

There was the brief pause of difficult

realization.

"What?" Paula's face was livid. "I hate you! I hate you! I believe you

are in love with him yourself!"

The word struck like a blow. It had long been over, Molly's brief admiration for the Sentinel's managing editor. Their intimacy had been at all times on the secure side of declaration; it had speedily settled into a merely pleasant acquaintanceship, and the woman's heart had now gone safely into the keeping of the young East Side doctor who was engaged in the hard task of working and waiting. But Paula had stumbled on something just near enough to the truth to make her companion doubt for a flashing instant her own disinterest-edness.

"We are simply friends," she stam-

mered.

She was wretchedly conscious that a slow flush betrayed her, and this flush Paula was quick to see. "A platonic friendship," she mocked.

"Yes," said Molly.

"What's that, I'd like to know?"

"It's thinking too highly of a man to marry him."

Paula sneered. A sneer is the only possible reply to a sentiment one does

not understand.

"It's making faces at a volcano, that's what it is!" she cried. "Oh, I dare say you mean well," she continued, with a darting memory of all that Molly had been to her; "but why is it that people who mean well always do so badly? You sha'n't have him—you sha'n't!"

"I don't want him," Molly mildly protested. She felt herself falling beneath the other's spell and clutched madly at sanity. "I don't blame you so much for what you are trying to do to him as for what you are doing to your own heart. The thing that's always dreadful isn't what you do to others; it's what you make of yourself."

"Well," said Paula, "you needn't worry about me. I am thoroughly able to take care of myself, so if that's all that bothers you, you may rest easy. My past's my own affair, and Mr. Rand is his affair and mine—not yours."

She had spoken with open anger, and when she finished she turned to her bedroom and banged its door behind her. Molly followed to that barrier and pleaded through the keyhole, but Paula was resolute. At first for a long time she would not answer at all. Later, after the elder girl had returned to her typewriter, and at last, despairing of work that would not permit itself to be done in the face of personal troubles, had once more sought the door, Paula made only monosyllabic replies to all entreaties: and finally, after the one had declared that she would not come forth for dinner because she did not want any and the other had vowed that she would not go to their restaurant without her companion, Miss Mylin's voice came through the panel with the frigid calm of unmistakable decision.

"It's no use for you to talk any more," she said. "I'm all undressed, and I'm going to bed and to sleep. Nothing you can say will make me change my mind. This is my own affair, and I'm going to manage it the

way I want to."

Molly, with a hopeless sigh, turned away. She had lighted the lamp and placed it where it would throw a convenient flame over her typewriter; but the keys, as she seated herself before them, still refused to tempt her as they usually tempted, and she looked despondently at the pile of ill written letters to which it was her duty to reply in the crowded columns of the Sentinel, giving serenely authoritative advice upon all manner of feminine difficulties.

"ABBIE J.," she endeavored to write:
"As you describe yourself, crimson would not prove an appropriate color for your evening gown. Red in the hair should not be supplemented by red in the dress. Better try black, and write to the Sentinel's Pattern Department for Pattern No. 79225-B. This

should do nicely.

"Nellie: It does indeed seem wrong that your present husband should be jealous of his predecessor, but are you sure that the situation is not a little of your own making? Haven't there been times when, during some trivial disagreement, you so far forgot yourself as invidiously to compare his present conduct with that in similar circumstances of the man whose name you formerly bore? We women are impulsive, and men are more sensitive than they like to appear. Perhaps—"

Her fingers paused on the keys. What nonsense it all was, what arid nonsense! Here was "Phyllis Fillmore" gushing inane counsels for others when Molly Kleiser could not decide a difficulty for

herself.

Again she tried to think it over, but again she could not escape the conclusion to which her conscience had led her at the very first. It was well enough to argue that, whatever duty she owed to Rand, the duty that she owed to Paula was paramount; but the two duties did not, in fact, clash. What was best for one would be painful to each, but it would also be best for both. The thing that Paula proposed to conceal was a thing certain of ultimate discov-

ery. If it were discovered after the engagement had progressed still farther, it might well effect the engagement's termination; if it were discovered after the romance of the wedding had faded into the reality of married life, it would almost certainly wreck Paula's happiness as well as Rand's. Molly, for the twentieth time, decided that the managing editor must be told.

But why by her? She loathed the task, and yet, Paula having so persistently and flatly refused it, there was no one else that could perform it in the friendly manner that alone, forestalling its inevitable revelation by some inimical force from without, would rob of its

venom this serpent past.

Paula had insisted that the affair was her own, but it was no longer her own because she had refused to deal with it. Molly had not received the knowledge of all that Paula proposed to conceal as any confidence from Paula. She had known of it long before Paula came for refuge to New York and to her; perhaps she had even been loose in her duty not sooner to have observed how matters stood between Rand and her young roommate, derelict not to have been earlier with her information. Yet, even if her previous silence had seemed to pledge her to a continuance of silence, she was now, when she saw what silence would mean to each of these lovers, in the position of Destiny, and it is, she knew, hard for men to forgive Destiny when Destiny, who could by a word prevent it, suffers them to walk into a gin.

These were Molly's arguments, and Molly's arguments finally won her. At ten o'clock she decided that she would next morning go to see Rand and tell him all she knew. At ten fifteen she remembered Paula's accusation that she was jealous, and felt herself too tender toward that fiction to face it in the eyes

of Rand.

What then was she to do? If she only were not conscientious, if she only were not a respectable person, she would in no way have cared. Not to be respectable was to be quit of complexities! But respectable she was, and so along about eleven she determined on a

letter. She would write Rand the whole truth; she would disguise nothing; but she would plead with him for Paula's sake, point out Paula's excellent qualities, and even ask him, now that he was forewarned and forearmed, to keep from Paula, while he went on loving her, the knowledge with which he had been entrusted. At one o'clock in the morning, after having written this letter a half-dozen times and in a half-dozen forms, she ran downstairs and mailed one version before she could again

change her mind about it.

Change her mind she of course did just as soon as the malign mouth of the letter box snapped its satisfied teeth above her missive. She felt criminal and she felt ashamed, and the fact that she could produce no reason for these sensations failed to lessen their poignancy. She passed a bad night, and when at ten the next morning she called Paula to the omelette that she had as usual prepared, she was on the point of confession. However, the fact that you have betrayed your friend's secret is no excuse for spoiling your friend's breakfast, and so she remained quiet until Paula, in the majestic silence of an offended woman, had eaten fourfifths of the omelette and finished her second cup of coffee. Then Molly felt that she must speak.

"Paula-" she quavered.

Paula raised eyes that were as impenetrable as if they had been made of turquoise.

"What is it?" she asked. "Paula, are you still—"

"I told you," interrupted the younger woman, "that I wouldn't change my mind, and I won't."

Then Molly gathered all her strength. "You needn't," she said; "Mr. Rand

knows already."

Paula's white hands clutched at the edge of the little wicker table at which she was sitting. "How do you know that?"

"At least," qualified Molly, with a glance at the gilt French clock on the mantel, "as he generally gets up at about ten thirty, he will know pretty soon."

"How," repeated Paula, "do you know that?"

"He reads his mail, I suppose, as soon

as he gets up. Most of us do."

Paula rose with a bound that nearly overturned the table. "You've written him!"

Molly bowed her head.

"Oh!" Dismay, anger, scorn were in that monosyllable. "I—I—I—" stammered Paula, and then, as if unable to find the phrase sufficient to bear her emotions, she ended with another "Oh!"—this time with a look on her own part at the clock and a note of purpose—and straightway rushed, as on the evening previous, into her room.

"Paula!" cried Molly. She had so much to say, so much to explain—but

Paula turned the key in the lock.

Only five minutes had passed before she reappeared, yet she reappeared flaunting, it was true, the white banner of determination, but carefully gowned for the street. A proper young lady should not be careless of her dress only because she feels that her heart is broken, and Paula, calmly buttoning a glove, was incredibly immaculate.

On the part of Molly, curiosity over-

came every other sensation.

"Where on earth," she gasped, "are you going?"

Paula set her pretty mouth into a hard

line.

"I am going to Mr. Rand's rooms to try to intercept that letter," she answered.

"To his rooms?" Molly's curiosity was transmuted by that flash of stupefied amazement. "Are you crazy?"

Paula, from the door to the hall,

launched at her.

"It's you that have been crazy," she answered. "And, partly because I love him, but mostly because I'm so fond of you, I'm going to try to save you from the effects of it. I'm giving you your chance. Don't you see that if he ever reads your letter he'll regard you as a mere meddling mischief maker, a low informer? If he hasn't read it by the time I get there, I'll get it away unopened—that much I'll do for you—but if he has read it, I'll tell him that you're—

I'll tell him that it's not true—I don't care whether he finds it all out later or not—and I'll tell him that you wrote it just because you're jealous—jealous—jealous!"

This time Molly did not try to stop her. She heard the door close; she heard Paula's steps as they ran down the first flight of stairs, but then, perhaps for thirty minutes, perhaps for an hour, everything was blotted out by the en-

velopment of shame.

He would think that; he would think her jealous. If Paula reached him in time, she would pour forth her foolish lie to the hurt of all three. Molly didn't doubt it. She saw now that she should at any cost have braved the personal interview; she saw that only by having such an interview could she at once have made her own position clear and put in a really effective plea for Paula; she saw that, even now, she must brave it.

Hurriedly she flung a cape over her shoulders and ran out to the nearest tel-

ephone.

Neither, however, a ring at the door of his apartments nor, as it happened, a ring at the bell of his telephone, that morning awakened Channing Rand. His office duties had the night before been light; he had come home comparatively early, had slept the rosy sleep of an accepted lover and had risen at what was, for the managing editor of the Sentinel, an early hour. He dressed with a leisurely hand and walked from his bedchamber through his sitting room into which the pure sunlight of a winter morning was pouring cheerfully and in the comfortable fireplace of which, he saw with satisfaction, the bed of coals were still glowing red. Rand replenished the grate and went to the hall door, where, through a slot into a small box, the janitor daily dropped the mail.

He was not a tall man, this Rand, but he had the breadth of shoulder, the glance of eye and the set of jaw that somehow give the effect of height better than does height's reality. His black hair was cropped short, his face shaven clean and his features, though regular, were not so regular as to rob his face of the convicting sense of strength. The pallor of night work, which paints the newspaper man the hue of the prisoner, had not spared his cheeks, but the long necessity of quick judgment and the continued habit of command had marked him for power.

He thrust his hand into the mail box and drew out three letters and a folded newspaper. Then, with these in his grasp and his arm suspended, he came to a sharp pause. He had heard a subdued rustle from the other side of the door.

Very quickly he turned the knob and flung the door wide. He was standing face to face with a veiled woman in a motor coat.

"Paula!" he gasped. The girl laughed uneasily.

"You frightened me," she said; "I was just going to ring, and you fright-ened me."

Rand was not the man to seem to make decisions; his decisions appeared always to make themselves.

"Come in," he said, and as she stepped submissively forward he snapped the door shut.

He did not speak again until he had led the way into the cheerful sitting room and had drawn a chair for her between the library table, filled with magazines and papers, and the now blazing He put the letters on the mantelpiece beside a loudly ticking clock, and leaving them, looked down at her.

"Now," he said, smiling gravely, "what's the matter?"

Paula pouted. "You don't seem very glad to see me," she said.

"I am a little surprised to see you."

"You must be; you've certainly forgotten something."

He bent quietly and kissed her. "Oh," she sighed, gauging the quality of his caress, "is that all you care?"

Rand resumed his place at the mantel. He did not regard her protest.

"Paula," he repeated, "what's the matter?"

"Nothing." Her eyes, as they met his serious gaze, were as round and innocent as any other child's.

"Then why are you here?" "Is it so very awful?"

"It is of course very pleasant."

"But I shouldn't have done it?"

"Well-it's not precisely usual, you

Paula's innocent eyes had shifted from his face and were resting on the mantel—on his hand—on his fingers. that were abstractedly tapping those three letters from the mail box.

"But I'm not a usual sort of person," she laughed. I thought you told me yesterday that was one of my charms."

"Then it is a charm you haven't lost over night."

"Perhaps." She shrugged her pretty shoulders. "Anyway, I'm here."
"Yes, you're here. Why?"

"Because-Oh, do I really have to have a reason? Because I was out for an early walk, and I was passing near here, and I was so curious to see what kind of den you really lived in, you great big lion, and I just couldn't resist taking one little look.

It was Rand's turn to shrug, and he did it as the man does that can wait the truth. He spread out his hands.

"Take it," he smiled, "and welcome."

He made a virtue of the situation and proceeded to show her about the placethe narwhale's tusk, which had come south with Peary; the framed three-line clipping that had been his first printed "story;" his dead mother's photograph beside Paula's own upon the table, and before them both, for a paper cutter, the knife—a gift from the District Attorney with which Amelia Moretti had killed her faithless lover. Yes, he told Paula in answer to her flow of inquiry, this was where he did what reading he had time for; by that telephone on the table the office would often call him in moments of stress, and through it, in moments of another sort, he would often talk to her; here was the chair he sat in for his last pipe after returning from the office, and there was the very spot at which he had composed his first note to her.

But Paula's butterfly dartings soon took her beyond him. She dipped from wall to table, from the window to the door, and yet, flutter where she would, her haphazard course brought her stead-

ily closer to the mantelpiece.

At last she descended there. It was as if she had just seen the white envelopes—as if all envelopes, indeed, were something of which she had read in romances, but which she had never before observed.

"Your letters?" she cried, her lips all

smiles, holding them up to him.

He was standing opposite her, across the table. He nodded.

"But you haven't even opened them!" "I had only just gone to the door for them when I opened it and found

you."

"Of course-I remember. I saw

them in your hand."

"Yes, you saw them in my hand."

"Very well, Mr. Lion-and now this is what you get for not being an earlier riser: I'm going to see how many of them are from women." She ran them over quickly. "This one has the name of an insurance company printed on the corner-"

"My February premium is over-

"This one is a bill; I know those horrid little glazed holes with your name shining through-"

"My tailor's."

"And this-" She had come to the third envelope. It was a square envelope with the address typewritten. There was on it no announcement of the sender's identity, but the ink was green, the type was clogged and the alignment broken. Paula recognized it instantly as the unmistakable work of Molly Kleiser's wounded writing machine. "Oh!" she cried—for she had been clumsy in her handling, and the envelope had tumbled into the grate.

Paula, perhaps because dismay shackled action, was slow to attempt a rescue, but Rand was unhampered. He was around the table with a single bound and had whisked the letter, uncharred, from the midst of the flames. When they both rose he was fronting her, gravely still, the letter held between his

thumb and forefinger.

She bent to him impulsively.

"Did you burn yourself?" she asked. He shook his head.

"Are you sure?"

"Ouite."

But she was insistent. She put out her hands.

"Let me see," she said.
"Not at all." Rand's voice was al-

most sharp. He drew back.

Paula's face flushed hot. It is a continually unanswered question whether we suffer more from our sins or from our stupidity. Paula, at all events, was suffering now; but the goad of necessity was stabbing her side.

"I'm glad you weren't hurt," she said, "and I'm dreadfully sorry that I was so awkward." Again she put out her hand. "Let me see the letter."

Rand, however, was a man that never questioned his own authority and always questioned the authority of everybody else. It appeared that now he savored something of dictation in her

"I think not," he said drily.

Paula's voice caught in her throat, but her flush deepened.

"Please."

"I think not."

"You mean-you don't mean you won't?"

"I mean that you are too careless to

trust. Paula."

"That's not the reason!" Her eyes shone dangerously. "You're afraid to let me see it. It's from a woman!"

"I don't know whom it's from."

"Yes, you do! Yes, you do! Yes, you do!" The words shot out of her. "It's a woman—it's a woman, and you're afraid to let me see it! Well," she said, "if I can't see it, you sha'n't!"

She made a sudden thrust. He drew farther away, but he was too slow for her: she had snatched the letter from him and thrown it—this time openly

thrown it-into the grate.

With an action that came like an echo upon her own, Rand's left hand pushed her from him while his right plunged into the flames. He was scorched now, but he did not care, for he was once more victorious. He drew out the letter, assured himself that it was only singed, shoved it quickly into the inner pocket of his coat and, looking calmly at Paula, dusted the ashes from his sleeve. "Paula," he asked, tapping his breast,

"what is in this letter?"

She had sunk into the chair that he had drawn for her beside the grate. Her hands, from which the long gloves had been slowly turned inside out, hid her face. From beneath the veil rolled up about her hat her yellow hair, disturbed by the struggle at the fireplace, cast out a few tangled strands that the cheerful sunlight of the winter morning touched with gold.

"Paula," he repeated.

But she would not answer, would not take down her hands, would do nothing but shake her head. Rand saw her shoulders twitch.

"Paula," he said for the third time, but more kindly now, "what is in this

letter?"

From behind her fingers came the thin ghost of her voice: "How do I know

what's in it?"

Rand bit his lip, but when he spoke again it was still gently—was as if indeed she had not answered him at

"If you had only told me," he said, "that you didn't want me to read it—do you think so ill of me as to suppose that then I shouldn't have burned it un-

opened without a word more from you? If you want me to, Paula, say so, and

I'll burn it unopened now."

Slowly her hands were withdrawn, and slowly she raised her eyes full to his. Her face was pale; it was contracted and almost old; the damp track of tears were on it, and the lids were swollen; but in the glance she gave him there was no trace of fear.

"Do you mean that?" she asked.

For answer he sought the pocket

where Molly's letter rested.

"No, no!" She sat upright and spoke quickly but without the note of hysteria. "I don't want you to destroy it now—or rather, it doesn't matter whether you destroy it or not—because I see that you would have destroyed it if I hadn't so undervalued your love, and because now, just to begin to make up for my lie, I'm going to tell you the truth."

Rand steadied himself against the

mantel.

"Are you sure," he asked, "that you want to do this?"

"I'm sure," she said with a crooked little smile—her speech had become slow, but was still calm—"I'm sure. I've been very wicked, which was wrong of me, and very foolish, which was worse, and now all I want to do is to tell you the truth and then—then go away, I suppose, and let you forget all about me."

Rand, with lips compressed, lowered

his head in silence.

"It isn't"— she had dried her eyes with her bit of handkerchief and was now squeezing the handkerchief between her two palms—"it isn't easy, and I don't know just where to begin. Molly Kleiser—no, that's not right.—I came to New York— Oh!"

They had both started. From the table beside them the telephone had interrupted with a sharp staccato peal. Rand waved a sudden hand that bade her disregard it; Paula puckered her

brows.

"Where was I?" she nearly moaned.
"Oh, yes! I came to New York to hide—
to hide something. I came here"—she
wet her lips, but kept her eyes firmly
upon his—"because I was ashamed of
something that had happened to me in
the town where both Molly Kleiser and
I were born—a little town it is, in Pennsylvania—"

The bell rang again insistently, and she stopped until its echoes died away.

"A little town," she resumed, "in Pennsylvania. It is called Americus."

This time she paused of her own accord and looked at him as if in the hope that the name of her native place would be sufficient to recall to him some terrible thing that had happened there—as if the word might save her from further details.

Rand gave her, however, no sign of

grace.

"There was a man there," she went on, "named Hertzler. He was the rich man of the town. He was a widower with only one child, and he—it's partly a tobacco raising country, you know and this man got the farmers into some sort of combination to fight the tobacco trust-something of that sort; I never did understand these things-and the man, this—this Hertzler—Oh, therethere it is again!"

The telephone bell filled the entire

room with its clangor.

"Go on," said Rand, as it lessened.
"Don't—don't you think you'd better answer it?" she protested. "It might be important."

"If it's important, it will give me one more chance; I'll answer it if it rings

again. Go on."

She waited, painfully collecting her

courage.

"I tell you I don't understand these things," she at last continued; "but somehow this Hertzler had almost all those farmers' money to manage-almost all the money of almost all the farmers in the State, it seemed-and the trust led him on—or he said it did and he both betrayed the farmers to the trust and lost all their money-oh, thousands and thousands of dollars-in the stock market. And then-" She hesitated; the corners of her mouth "Then he was sent to jail," deepened. she said. "And—" Paula stood up.
"He was my father," she quietly added.

Rand opened his lips to reply, but as he did so the telephone rang for the

fourth time.

"Paula!" he cried.

But Paula, keenly alive to this note of comedy crashing into their tragic prelude, thrust her fingers into her distracted ears.

"Answer it!" she nearly shouted, her nerves already stretched to breaking.
"Please—please answer that 'phone!"

The managing editor of a newspaper never wholly ceases to be his official self. Rand remembered a hundred possible reasons why he might be imperatively sought by wire. He leaned across the table and put the black receiver to his

"Mr. Rand?" It was a woman's agitated voice that barely whispered to

"At the 'phone," he answered. "Who's this?"

"Miss Kleiser."

"Ah, yes. Good morning."

"Mr. Rand"—the hesitating phrases were but a breath-"have you-has anyone called on you this morning?"

Rand cast a glance at Paula. Her back was toward him; she was resting her head upon her arms folded at the mantel's edge.

"Nobody," he said.

"And—and have you read your mail

"Why, really, Miss Kleiser—"
"Oh, I know, but it's important—it's really vital. Do pardon me and answer!"

"Well, no, I haven't read it. The fact

is, I haven't yet had time."

"Then don't. I mean—I mean don't read one of the letters. It's from me. It's in a square envelope. The address is typewritten in green ink. It's my letter, truly. Will you oblige me by—"

Rand interrupted.

"Wait a minute," he said. "There seems to be a bad connection. Hold the wire just a moment, please. I—"

"But, Mr. Rand-

He did not wait to hear the rest of her protest. He quietly rested the receiver on the table, leaned toward the grate, and drawing the singed letter from his pocket, tossed it into the flames. He waited till he saw it vanish in a puff of yellow light. Then he returned to the telephone.
"Now then," he resumed, "I think

we can talk better now. You were say-

ing something about a letter?"
"Yes, a letter I wrote you, a letter in a square envelope, the address typed in

green ink. I don't-"

"Oh, so that was your letter, Miss Kleiser? This is a relief! You know, I was bothered about that letter. I laid all my mail on the mantelpiece, and a moment ago a draft from the window blew down the bunch and that letter flew into the fire and was burned to a cinder."

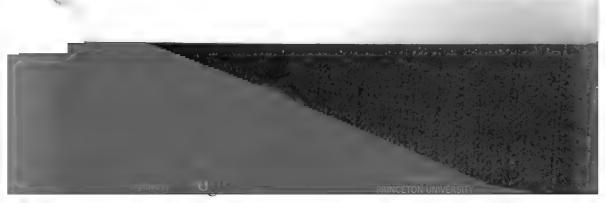
Across the thin strand of communication he could hear Molly Kleiser's gasp

of relief.

"It was quite destroyed?" she asked.

"Utterly.

"Well, it doesn't matter. It was something you've seen often enough



before, and I'd no sooner written it than I was sorry I'd sent it to your apartments when it was really office business. You see, it was only my regular application for a raise."

Rand smiled grimly.
"Was that all?" he asked. "In that case neither of us need have worried, Miss Kleiser, for I'd just made up my mind that your salary should be raised next pay day. Good-bye."

He hung up the receiver and turned to Paula. She, too, had turned, and her face was as grave as his had now once

more become."

"It was Molly?" she asked. Rand nodded. "Never mind her," he said. "Go on with your story,

But Paula's eyes went wide.

"Go on with it!" she repeated. "Why there's no more to tell. What more

could there be?"

"There's nothing more than that?" Rand's eyes snapped. "You mean that all this wasn't a preface to some confession about yourself?"
"Channing!"

"I mean—of course, I mean that you weren't personally concerned in this fraud?"

Paula's pretty chin went high in air.

"How can you think," she asked proudly, "that I would ever be concerned in a deception?"

A breath of wind fanned the grate and blew up the chimney the charred remnants of Molly Kleiser's letter. Rand glanced at it and then quickly away again.

"So," he said, with a smile, "there's nothing to confess about anybody but

your father?"

"Isn't that enough?" Her face was full of the horror of it. "Why, he was my father! That's the point. Think how disgraced I am! Think how disgraced anybody would be who-who

cared for me!"

"I do think," said Rand slowly. "I have thought a good deal, and I'm inclined only to forget the whole thing— the whole thing." He came a step nearer her and put out his open arms. "When I first found what you would mean to me I wired our correspondent at Americus, and he replied that there were no Mylins in the town, but that the wife of this man Hertzler had been a Paula Mylin, and that there was one daughter. Then I guessed the entire truth. You haven't what we call the 'news sense,' Paula. It's a 'dead story;' I knew it long ago."



## REASON FOR SILENCE

By Edward Fraser Carson

I CANNOT sing the old songs, I could not if I would; And judging by the ones I've heard, I would not if I could.



THE only thing some sports spend is their time.



TO realize that time is money, it is only necessary to travel in a taxi.

## THE TWO BROTHERS

By Tom P. Morgan

NCE upon a Time there were two Brothers. The First was as full of Ambition as a Woman is of Uncertainties. His Motto was "Upward and Onward!" and he was resolved to Scale the Heights, let the Chips fall where they happened to. While Others were content to pick Flowers by the Wayside, he pressed forward, regardless alike of the alluring Invitation of the glad-eyed Soubrette and the Oldest Inhabitant's rhythmical Warning about the Pine Tree's withered Branch and eke the awful Avalanche. Well, after a Spell, at Morn the Monks of St. Bernard found our Young Hero frozen hard, so deeply buried in the Snow that Naught was sticking out to show that Anyone was hidden there except the word, "Excelsior," which broke in two when they attempted to pick it up. And, having an unusually busy day of Monking ahead of them, they left him where he fell.

The Second Brother had no Ambition at all. He was too lazy to work for a Living, and rarely said Much, for the sufficient Reason that he didn't know Much. So in due Season he was elected Justice of the Peace, and was never heard of outside of his own Township afterward.

MORAL: From this we should Learn that it is of no particular Advantage to the Corpse to be buried by the Lodge in full Regalia.



MENDICANT—Sir, I have seen better days, and— Busy Man—I have no time to talk about the weather!



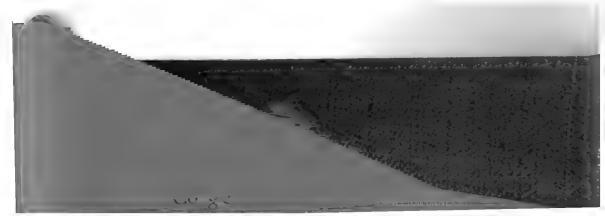
NINNYCUS—Carnackby is quite a bibliophile, isn't he?

CYNICUS—Yes. He has the finest collection of unread books in the country.



LOTS of men who claim to hold the key to the situation don't seem to be able to find the keyhole.





## GETTING IT OVER

#### By Michael White

VERY probably you have sat through a performance at the theater with which no fault could be found—none whatever. Quite likely a prodigious amount of forethought and care had been given to the play itself, the stage setting, costumes, selection of the cast and acting. Even the critics may have spoken kindly of that play—after their fashion. Yet, somehow, you have not the slightest desire to witness it again. Moreover, when someone asks you what you thought of it, you are compelled to indulge in a mental review of the performance to discover a single point of lasting impression. You finally deliver judgment that it was "all right" or "pretty good," and pass on to some other topic of conversa-

That play, as the actor folk say, did not get over the footlights. It just didn't sweep down upon the audience and carry it to one of those bursts of spontaneous applause which cannot be mistaken for the stimulating effort of the manage-ment. On the other hand, there is "The Pompadour," very properly condemned as deficient in the rules of the trade, perchance indifferently rehearsed, and with no scenery or costuming worth the mention. But you will notice in such critical tributes that, by way of saving grace, Mr. Booth Montgomery or Miss Elsie St. Clair made a distinct hit. Which possibly means that a single element in the play harmonized with Miss St. Clair's particular talent, and she brought the whole thing over the footlights. That is why you tell Jones the next morning that he must see "The Pompadour" because it's "immense" or great," and the old saying of vox pop-

uli vox Dei once more becomes the despair of those who live by strict rule of how things ought to be, but somehow will not. That Miss St. Clair was worthy of a better play is immaterial. It is the greater to her credit that, with such stuff as she had to command, she came

right over the footlights.

To this person it occurs that the term may be applied with singular aptitude to every profession, from the Presidency of these United States down to shovel labor. Here and there, out of the mass of fellow workers, comes one man or woman over the footlights, performing a certain job which attracts attention, in the last analysis, simply because of the way in which it was done. In it was an element of personality so individual, so distinct, that the human being thus possessing and exerting it is separated by a wide gulf from others of his calling. Alas, let there be no mistaken belief that this power can be cultivated where its seed of electrons was not originally sown. You may, with praiseworthy ambition, become a most admirable son, husband, parent and citizen. Quite a successful one, too, after a fashion. But you will know of another man, perhaps breaking every rule of society, and yet, somehow, he can put all your efforts into shadow by a touch of his hand. By this I do not mean to affirm that a lax way of living necessarily goes with that quality which some call original or temperamental genius, but you may take it for granted that the methods of its possessor are not according to set rule, or that such a one walks not by the light of conventional precept.

In mind is a chief engineer of one of the great traction companies. He neither



smokes tobacco, drinks of the goblet which fuddles nor behaves with any reproach to morality. But, oh, heavens, take a peep into his private office! He sits in a perfect riot of disorder, hopeless to any other but himself, oblivious as to whether he works at a rosewood desk or a deal bench, and caring not a button if there be a rag of carpet under his feet. Up to a certain point his career was mainly resignations—usually requested -because he either could or would not perform his task in any other way than his own. Besides, he had a reprehensible habit of finding something vastly interesting in the twisting of wires and such trifles, when he was paid to be otherwise Consequently his upward progress was decidedly slow, with intervening periods in which he had ample time to indulge in his wire twisting experiments. But in him was at last discovered a man to whom you could say: "Smith, we've got to get that bridge moved in twenty minutes between the Chicago Express and the Western Limited. Looks impossible." Granted his own way, Smith sets to work and moves the bridge in sixteen minutes and a fraction over. But you mustn't interfere with him, and above all things not disturb that awful confusion of stuff in his office. What seems rubbish to you is to him of vast importance.

Moreover, as a lingering habit of less prosperous days, he persists in lunching at a fifteen-cent beef liver and potato lyonnaise house, much to the confusion of railroad directors and such folk who recklessly accept his hospitality. He can't be made to understand why a railroad director should not enjoy himself thoroughly in a fifteen-cent beef liver and potato lyonnaise house entirely satisfactory to Smith. Otherwise, he has a taste for painting, and laments that he was not educated for an artist. It is probably fortunate both for himself and for art that he took naturally to wire twisting, which in his case seemed to have some vague connection with mov-ing bridges. To him very likely appeals the atmosphere of a working studio as apart from the "pink tea" variety.

As an uplift example for earnest young

men, it will easily be seen that Smith would lead to ruin, placing three-fourths of clerkdom permanently out of jobs. Smith came over the railroad footlights because he was an entirely original Smith.

Again, take this anecdote by way of further illustration:

By appointment up to Schenectady went two of the financial salt of the earth to talk over a matter involving millions of dollars with Mr. Steinmetz, who holds the rather important position of Chief Consulting Engineer of the General Electric Company, and otherwise is regarded as the greatest theoretical electrician at present inhabiting this planet. The two financiers, properly garbed in silk hats and frock coats, arrived in Schenectady, but Mr. Steinmetz was not waiting for them in his office. No, he was somewhere else, and the distinguished gentlemen from New York would please to read the newspapers over again until connection could be made with Mr. Steinmetz. Presently the surprising message was brought that Mr. Steinmetz would receive them in his bathing tank, it being summertime and Mr. Steinmetz undergoing the process of cooling off. Behold, then, this beautiful picture: on cane chairs by the edge of the tank seated the two gentlemen of finance in silk hats and frock coats; disporting in the tank Mr. Steinmetz in a red bathing suit. Down goes Mr. Steinmetz, to come up with a terrific mathematical calculation. shower of water as Mr. Steinmetz kicks up his heels, and the audience of two get another long string of figures. Also possibly some dampness. The whole thing is worked out by that master brain between splashes and gurgles. It was rather an unusual way of discussing important business, as the two visitors doubtless thought. But, you see, there is only one Steinmetz. That you will be told at the Institute of Electrical Engi-You may observe him there in a curious pose working off mathematical calculations to the end of human conception, meanwhile smoking a big black cigar. It is far from the usual "Ladiesand-gentlemen"-sip-of-ice-water method



of lecturing, but Mr. Steinmetz prefers that way, and it doesn't seem to loosen a conspicuous grip on his audience.

Previously I exclaimed. "Alas, that this quality of original genius cannot be cultivated!" but there remains the satisfaction that it takes root in all kinds of human soil. Given the widest meaning, it is the most democratic of seed. You are quite as likely to encounter its manifestation in a Bowery statesman as on the floor of the United States Senate. You will find it springing spontaneously both from the aristocracy and the proletariat. Mirabeau, he of the passionate love for women and flowers, held its magic power none the less securely in his great despairing soul for those of his kind who would not listen, than Danton of Mr. Hearst's common people. It was only the mentally blind in high places he could not move: with the masses he had no doubt about being able to come over the footlights.

Doubtless a great part of this desirable quality lies in knowing exactly the right thing to do or say at a given moment—the intuitive rising to a particular occasion. Naturally, one thinks immediately of Abraham Lincoln, but what word herewith is necessary to illuminate his fame or point the text? In coming to contemporary characters, of Edward VII it is held that his tactfulness swept him into universal popularity, and though it may be questioned whether Emperor William or Colonel Roosevelt arrived by that means, the Kaiser chatting affably with an apple woman outside his palace gate, and the Colonel as Chief Magistrate grasping the grimy hand of the engine driver of a Presidential special, are the kind of acts which come over the footlights and set a crowd to cheering. Hence, if we have misgivings about "mailed fist" talk and "big stick" flourishing, and feel very grateful to Mr. Carnegie for his libraries and peace conference institutions, the majority of us would leave Mr. Carnegie on the jump for a glimpse of either the Kaiser or the Colonel. But in this matter do not imagine the thing can be playacted. Therein lies the most ignominious defeat. It must be of and proceeding from the inner self—spontaneously, impulsively, unconsciously for the most part.

And the rule, where I have set out to demolish rules, would seem to hold good even with the dramatic stage, in the bondage of traditionary principles. It is said of Sarah Bernhardt that when it comes to the acting of a part, neither she nor anyone else knows exactly what she is going to do: that she never repeats herself in mathematical detail as applied to her art. The report is very likely true. for how could she sweep over the footlights with such compelling magnetic power if mindful that a certain line must be spoken within a few inches of a precise spot? She probably forgets her own identity, the audience and, it is sadly related, her supporting cast. But, again, there is only one Sarah Bernhardt. It is not for nothing she is called "divine." The majority of us, I fear, must go by the tiresome rule of the stage manager, for all the hard work, talent and virtue we doubtless reckon in our individual estimation.

Similarly, we may write in as much criticism as we please about the barriers of wealth or birth raised by exclusive society, but none know better than they who are in that the doors are wide open to the man or woman, coming from heaven knows where, who can throw into a cotillion or dinner party that element of personality which makes the ordinary event a brilliant success. you think it is only people of high sounding titles who rejoice in the society of kings, read the Court Circular, and you will be surprised at a very fair sprinkof nobody-in-particular names. Whether such talent is directed to a worthy end is not the province of this writing, but I certainly hold that the man or woman who knows how to add gaiety or avert disaster in those regions is worth a seat at the banquet, and that of old times the court jester must have come over the footlights as somewhat of an original genius.

In this connection undoubtedly a word should be said about love. How often have we not marveled that an extremely attractive and delightful girl should ac-

cept, for example, that fellow Jones in preference to our admirable selves! he good-looking? Pshaw—there is no -there is nothing of the Greek god type in him. Bright? We scorn the suggestion. Yet the fact remains that Jones has a way with him of getting over the footlights in the company of women, which makes them rattle on by the hour about what he says or does, to our dumb amazement that they don't see a more worthy substitute. They declare he is "such a dear man." Well, if we disclosed what we knew—they would retort that they didn't believe a word of it; what is more, that we were absurdly jealous and particularly objectionable characters. the end of the chapter, I presume, that is a man's chief puzzle in a womanways excepting, of course, that con-

founded fellow Jones.

To conclude this thesis, it may not be inappropriate to serve up a final example which came to personal notice. you have traveled between Manhattan and Staten Island, you will know the kind of crowd of all nations, trades and purposes packing the ferries on a hot summer night. You will recall the babel of tongues almost submerging the squeak of fiddles with thrum-thrum harp accompaniment which serves by way of orchestral music. Even thus it was on a certain occasion. Presently my attention was attracted to something unusual going on in the fore part of the upper deck cabin. In that place the chatter had ceased, and all eyes were fastened in one direction. Curiosity prompting, the object of interest proved to be a little girl, five or six years of age, pirouetting, tossing up her feet, swaying her body and arms in dramatic poses and bubbling over with childish mirth. Was she dancing to the tune of that squeak fiddle music? On my oath, nothing so commonplace. But presumably something of it had touched in her a rare sense of humor, and she was performing, for her own huge enjoyment in the first place and our entertainment quite secondly, an utterly delightful and bewitching pantomime.

Perhaps it is expected that a personal

sketch of her will be drawn, with golden curls, deep violet or hazel eyes and a mouth of Cupid's bow prettiness. She was not of that child type at all, not created for a mere physical model. In fact, except that she seemed endowed with sound health and was well cared for otherwise, the lasting impression made was of her unusual vivacity, the dexterity of her movements, her overflowing gaiety and the charm with which she held us all from one surprising impulse to another. Presently she was thus impelled to possess a hat—her father's it may have been—and then with exquisite gravity imitate the squeaking fiddle man in his tour for pennies. I use the expression "imitate," but in reality it is a misnomer as applied to her action. For the moment she was an entirely original squeaking fiddler soliciting contributions. Never before had I set eyes upon such a droll, captivating little figure. As the saying is, that brought down the house. Someone began to clap, and spontaneously all were applauding her arrival across the footlights. Its effect on the child was unexpected. She started as if surprised into another consciousness, looked in wonder, almost dismay, on the admiring faces grouped round, and fled to the protecting arm of the man who was presumably her father. Not again could she be tempted forth to delight her audience. She was in another mood, with her interest centered in constructing a flying thing out of a Sunday newspaper.

But immediately two or three other children strove to be her imitators. They may have been more attractive physically, noisier and more insistent, but they lacked by ten thousand years of reincarnations the charm, the vivacity, the temperamental genius of that particular child. From them the onlookers turned away with indifference. Who she was, I have no idea. She passed on with a throng through the gates into the great world beyond, but with a gift in her youthful body which bade fair to make fame or fortune stand and deliver at the uplifting of her little

finger.



## THE JADE HEART

By H. L. Stuart

COME years ago, while I was reading at the archives in Paris, a man whom I ran across very frequently in the little circle of obscure conteurs, painters just out of their apprenticeship, journalists and arrivistes of every description into which I gravitated, was an American called Tolliver.

I say an American, rather upon the strength of some external testimony, the source of which I have forgotten, than from any impression of Occidentalism that I personally gained from his character or conversation; indeed, although he had lived many years in Paris, I still conceive that there must have been some old strain of French origin in his blood to account satisfactorily for Tolliver's complete denationalization.

He was a man neither young nor old; of the age, probably, when middle life is beginning to press upon the heel of nonsuccess like a hound upon a hare; tall, thin, pale and always rather exquisitely dressed, with deprecatory manners, bad teeth and an air of detachment that changed too quickly to courteous attention when anyone spoke to him to have

been altogether voulu.

I used to speak to Tolliver a good deal, even after I became aware that my preference was regarded in the light of benevolence and might entail inconvenience upon me if so awkward a reputation were to spread. From Tolliver, I hasten to add, it would have been an impertinence to have anticipated any; such incursions as I attempted into his confidence were quite barren of result, nor do I think this was because it had been previously ravaged. From sources that are always at one's disposal I gathered that he had attacked the arts from various quarters and with unvarying result: painted, but never sold; composed strange symphonies whose magic somehow evaporated in the scoring, and had written a play: "Le Secret Qu'on Garde," which ran for a week to empty houses at the St. Martin. It is surprising how much persistent inquiry was necessary before I gathered even this scanty information. What Tolliver had done belonged, it was plain, to the things that are as not. His career had ceased to interest those who are watching for the new men.

You are vieux jeu, mon ami," Gaultier told him once boisterously-Gaultier the big portrait painter, who had played three-quarter for the Bordelaise, "For your writing I do not know, but the world grows weary of your wan women, in haloes luminous as a mackerel that has been all day in the sun. Such pourriture has had its season. Today," slapping his great chest, "we are all naturalistes—primitifs, if you will, glad to be alive, anyhow, and tant soit peu sportmen."

And Tolliver with his deprecatory smile, would take his leave—to sit alone in his studio, I imagined, and play a noc-

turne in the friendly moonlight.

Genius, however, has more than one way of coming to its own, and for Tolliver, doubtless as a crowning perversity, fate once a year reserved a day, or, to speak precisely, a night, wherein he tasted to the full the réclame which his efforts in so many fields of art failed to bring him.

So extensively is what is termed the "light side" of Paris exploited and written up today that probably everyone has heard of the great Art Students' Ball

Original from

April, 1912-6

which is given once a year in June at the Nouveau Cirque, and there is the less need to spend words on what has already been abundantly described. It is sufficient to say that it exhibits a great deal that is beautiful, a little that is "shocking," and, being French and in Paris, at least one costume that can be described as sensational. This sensation, for three or four years in succession, it had fallen to Tolliver to provide. did not seem to matter much what subject he chose. It might be terrible like "The Plague;" slightly unseemly—for instance,"The Puritan Imagination"or merely grotesque, a new rendering of an old legend, as "The Man in the Moon." From the first entry the effect The thing was instant, electrical, final. had passed into a proverb. Men spoke of an "entrée de Tolliver."

By what seems a coincidence now, the day on which I first heard the expression was the day on which I, together with many others, first saw the now famous portrait of Elaine Largesse. Elaine, at this particular point in her vertiginous career, rather affected the studios upon the Rive Gauche. Recent events had rendered a new portrait opportune, and, with the gaminerie and willfulness that sometimes work justice in women of her world, she had chosen to sit to Gaultier, whose reputation, so great today, had certainly not then passed the bounds of the coteries which appreciate to more purpose than they buy. It is not necessary to detail the events referred to. In that "Chronique scandaleuse" which interlines, chapter by chapter, the staid pages of history, it is a commonplace that two months previously young Prince Leopold of Dacia had shot himself at her knees; and it was a natural if morbid curiosity to see how the woman looked whose jupes had been spattered with imperial brains rather than any desire to secure "copy" which made me angle for Gaultier's rather chilly invitation to be present on the afternoon when the completed picture would be shown to a few of his friends.

It is not easy to describe the painting; words seem inadequate: and yet I have

great faith in the power of words. woman dressed entirely in black and wearing sables lined with ermine sits in a deep chintz-covered armchair. In her long eyes, limpid and yet somehow hard, in the sheen of her blonde silky hair, the texture and bloom of the skin, the poise and contour of the shoulders. from which her furs—a marvelous piece of painting—are slipping, life, abundant, insistent is not only delineated but even envisaged. She is leaning forward and a little to the center of the canvas; the forefinger of her right hand is at her lips. At her left the drapery of a bed is a little more than suggested, and from the cold, blue shadows of the linen curtains, a hand, wasted, seamed with pale veins and "clubbed" at the nails, projects stiffly and lies lightly in her own fingers. To me the most miraculous thing in the whole picture is just the drawing of that one hand of hers. The natural invincible repulsion of living flesh for dead is conveyed there absolutely, and conveyed by line alone. I never have been able to understand how there could be any question, any "enigma." The key is in the living hand, not in the dead. As for the woman, there is no horror in her face. Her every sense is strained to some sound which she hears beyond the threshold of her dead lover's room. At the voice, the footstep which she recognizes well, whatever impulse, born of tenderness or old memory, has made her weigh the marble hand in her own, is already over. As one gazes it drops from her fingers-her lips parther eyes melt; the little flat green heart which gives the picture its title rises tumultuously upon her breast. "Caur de jade," \* indeed!

We were silent for a full minute after the little silk blind had been drawn to one side of the frame—I mean a real minute, by the watch; one in which the normal pulse will beat forty times. And then—someone found the right word—someone always does in Paris under these circumstances.

"Mon ami," said Jaquet the little

"Jade," in French as in English, is both the name of a stone and a popular word for a worthless woman. pressman quietly, "cela vous vaudra une entrée de Tolliver."

It was nearly a year before I was in Paris again. My first visit had led to no correspondence, and even if it had, there was trouble enough nearer home to blunt the edge of curiosity. It was easy, however, to find Jaquet, whose business partly it is to be trouvable.

I discovered him taking refuge from a March shower under the awning of the café where Lieutenant Bonaparte of the artillery once played chess. I asked

about Tolliver.

"Is he also among the arrived?"

Jaquet stared at me. "Arrived? Oh, yes! And departed, too. Have you heard nothing?"

"He isn't dead?"

Jaquet shook his head, and with the sententiousness of the Frenchman who has a story to impart, pulled me down to a seat by his side on the *terrasse*.

"Where shall I begin? The picture which we saw together—you have heard

of that, surely?"

I nodded my head. Even to the little Breton fishing village where I had hidden myself, news of Gaultier's fame had penetrated.

"Ah! There was a success!" said Jaquet ecstatically. "Such things happen but once in a lifetime. Nothing was wanting—the crowds elbowing one another to be near it, the little rail of iron, leading articles, poetry even. With us nothing is remembered long; well, I assure you at the Jour de l'An they were selling little hearts of green glass on the boulevards. So far had it reached."

"But—Tolliver?"

"Be patient. Many, as you may imagine, returned again and again for no other reason than to stand gazing, waiting for the miracle to be completed—for those wonderful green eyes to turn and regard them. But among them all one, more constant than any, soon aroused comment. It was a young man, very thin, very pale, very elegant—"Tolliver?" I hazarded.

"Tolliver?" I hazarded. Jaquet stamped his foot.

"Enfin!" he snapped. "I see you are determined to spoil my story. I say a

young man, faultlessly dressed, would sit for hours on the settee behind the crowd. his cane between his knees, his head lowered as though to avoid recognition. When did he come? Very early, it appears, for none saw him arrive. When did he leave? When the galleries were cleared, not before. It was a mystification. To start a rumor in Paris one needs less than this. A story of the most circumstantial soon was current. It was true. The Neustrian embassy had protested, in vain, against the exhibit. Young Count Destequer, the fireeating attaché, bosom friend of the dead prince, had hinted that there were means, unofficial but effective, by which disapproval—and other things—might be marked. The worshiper was no worshiper, but a detective. Et patatil Et patata! And, with all, a greater concourse than before.

"There are times, as you know, when the great galleries are nearly empty of the world. The hour of dejeuner, for example. I had been writing a third article for one of my journals of the South on the lesser known pictures. Paint, paint—I was hungry; I had the migraine; yet I thought before going to lunch I might as well take another look at Gaultier's picture. After so much wasted effort, so much misdirected talent, that would be refreshing, you un-

derstand.

"The small gallery where it hung was empty now but for a young man, bareheaded, motionless, who leaned on the rail, staring intently. I waited a good two minutes, but he did not move nor turn his head; it was plain he was rapt. As I approached gently, scenting copy as a dog scents a rabbit, my foot touched his cane, which was leaning against a chair. It fell-he turned his head. Tolliver—you may say it now. Tolliver -in love-and with a picture! Quelle antique farce! I promise you, it was not for long I kept my secret. The story did not lose in the telling; it was found droll and made droller still. They carried it to Elaine, who was yawning a Women are little over her veuvage. strange. She did not laugh. This young man, so obscure, so humble in his adoration, so constant—it was plain he piqued her curiosity. Voyons 1

And then—one night! You, who are a writer, can you not imagine it? The close, dark staircase, echoing hollower at every tread; the blank door, behind which all your heartaches, your disillusionments, await you; the sigh, as you think of the gaunt studio, whose rancid odor of paint is like ambition gone sour. And, as the door opens, light, fragrance, lamplight on the walls, that indefinable perfume of the femme du monde which pierces the brain and drives the blood from the heart; and within, seated between the picture you cannot sell and the picture you cannot paint, a woman whose very presentment you have worshiped despairingly for two months!

"I hear you love a portrait, monsieur, and am come to give it a rival. En es-tu

content?"

"When a man is engaged heart and soul in some folly, particularly if it be one of those grandes folies that dazzle while they dismay, the disinterestedness of the world appears. Friends seem to start from the ground. On all hands Tolliver was warned as to the character, the history of the woman in whose hands he had placed his honor, and upon whom he proceeded to squander his inheritance en gerbe. He received the warnings without resentment but without heed. Perhaps he had read his fate once and for all in those unstable eyes in the Salon. And, indeed, all the history is there. There was no idyll. They never were alone amid the hills, the trees, the vast spaces which a great passion craves. Wherever they were seen, whether at Chantilly, at Longchamps, in the foyer at the Opéra, in the promenades and hotels of Aix or Deauville, it was always as the center of a crowd of viveurs, sportsmen, barons of the Bourse, flatterers, old lovers, who looked at Tolliver strangely and in whose conversation he made no attempt to join. If Elaine spoke to him at all it was to address him some command, impose upon him some errand that often took him from her side for hours at a time. At the end of such a day I am told she

would turn to him as though she suddenly remembered, and, stifling a yawn, say: 'Allons, my friend, take me home. Your face is as long as a day without bread.' And as Tolliver would follow her silently to their carriage, her cloak over his arm, it is too much to believe that the jests and hardly suppressed laughter of the company he had been entertaining did not sometimes reach his ears.

"The end, you perceive, was at hand, when a catastrophe precipitated it. It was at dinner at Marigny during the Chantilly week. Elaine had won heavily on the great race, and around the table at which they were dining a host of the gay world pressed to congratulate and to touch glasses. She was en veine; one shuddered to hear her. Her sarcasms spared none-from double mots to audacities, from audacities to names. It is only a woman who will repeat names in a restaurant. At one of them a young man who had been sitting at a table nearby with his back turned to them, pulling at his fair mustache and letting his dinner go untasted, sprang suddenly to his feet as though no longer able to contain his anger, and elbowing his way furiously into the crowd, his napkin still in his hand, addressed a few phrases, curt and incisive, to the laughing woman. It was Count Destequer, the friend of the dead prince. Elaine was about to answer him, in what sort those who know her best can best imagine, when Tolliver jumped up, pushed her down in her seat and distinctly, but without heat, gave the young Count the Destequer looked him up and down for a brief moment and then, curling his lip, flicked him lightly with his napkin on the chest. Not a blow, you see, yet, according to our inexorable code, enough to give the artist his choice of conditions in what must inevitably fol-

"And the conditions were shocking. Revolvers—at forty paces; the first shot simultaneously, the others at one's own time—and advancing! It was said at the time that this was the fashion of America, of the States, of the South, of Virginia. Surely it is not so. There

was talk of interference—of arrest; but what can keep two men apart, deter-mined to kill? The police were tricked; they met at Colombes. It is said Tolliver received his wound at the first discharge, but he gave no sign, advanced on his enemy and riddled him with bullets. The Count died as they carried him from the field; it seemed only a question of a few hours before Tolliver should follow

"They carried him to his mistress's apartment. The bullet had entered the neck, carrying with it a piece of the starched high collar, and then had gone astray. For two weeks they fought death for him. Consultations dailyoxygen, the laryngoscope, the X raytout le tremblement. It was science that won at last. He is alive—thinner if possible; his head hangs a little to one side. He has resumed his habits. It should not be hard to meet him."

"But-Elaine?"

Jaquet shrugged his shoulders.
"Has resumed hers. You see, it was the story of the fatal picture over again. While there was doubt, she nursed him. The widest, whitest cornichon could do no better. She slept by snatches on a couch drawn across the foot of his bed. By day or night, he never awoke and fumbled for her hand but it was there. She would hold it close, as one holds a child's, until he slept again. But thenbut then! Convalescence is a dreary af-It is the happy hunting ground of the devil. Beyond the drawn blinds I suppose the sun was shining, the clouds traveling afield. Carriages rolled, motor horns grunted, life called imperiously. One afternoon he awoke and asked for her, but it was a stranger, a nurse in a blue print dress and white cap, who answered. By the bedside was a letter which madame had left; a little packet also. They would explain all. For the letter, voilà! She wrote:

"My Friend:

"Bear her no ill-will who nursed you back to life. All she had to give she gave you; all she has to leave she leaves you. It is a heart. Taches y inscrire ton nom."

Jaquet rapped with a five-franc piece upon the marble table.

"There is no more?"

"My friend," said he, rising and pulling down his overcoat, "you ask too much of life. She will begin our stories for us. To finish them—that is another matter. That is our affair, yours and mine."

I am not sure what made me go to the carnival ball at the Opéra three days afterward. I was lonely; I had been working hard, and my tired brain ached for a fresh stimulus. I would not seek it-yet-where other men-better men -had sought it before me; the great mid-Lent folly with its brou-ha-ha of light heads and heels, its medley of passions, vanities, whims and spites, all whipped to one frothy madness by the wind of violins and trumpets, marshaled by beat of drum, offered itself as a possible alternative. There would be glare, riot, intemperate motion, all things out of which, perversely enough, the phrase is I had tried the specific before, and thought, diffidently, that it had answered. I would be very much alone, and the skeleton at the feast, recognizing a brother, might whisper a secret or two in my ear.

By midnight I was seated in a closed fiacre, one of scores that crawled slowly along the boulevard, marshaled by sergents de ville brandishing their white wands of office excitedly and pelted with flowers of argot by the blackguardry of Paris who thronged the wet pavements six deep. I had hired the first carnival dress that suggested itself: a green satin mask, a long Venetian cloak of black silk drawn to the chin, and the three-cornered hat of the comedies of Goldoni. was not ambitious, you perceive, of an

entrée de Tolliver.

Where I was going midnight is mid-The crush and tangle was wellnigh inextricable and the heat stifling. The boarded parterre was packed with a joyous come-to-judgment of all times and nations, with a free pardon and act of oblivion just passed. Sardanapalus shook hands with the Borgias across thirty centuries; the ruff and farthingale of the Medicis chafed Cleopatra's pearlsewn nakedness. Marat, apart, eyed



the slim necks and powdered curls of the Parc-aux-cerfs longingly, and fools and clowns, whose fashion is of all times and all races, capered and postured with joyous assurance. From time to time a string of art students and models, hand in hand, whooping and yelling, would make a wide circuit of the hall, thrusting all who were in their path to left and right. On the stage at the end of the theater amid palms and flowers an immense orchestra in red coats sawed their arms in unison and a conductor beat the air, apparently to no end or purpose. A few couples were bostoning backward and forward across a space that had been cleared near them, and which was being encroached upon every moment as more revelers poured in from the street. From the boxes a snow of colored and silvered confetti fell without ceasing into the golden mist of the arena, and long paper spirals, blown upward by the hot draught, quivered sensitively across the troubled air.

With infinite patience, and by taking advantage of every vacancy as friend claimed friend or lover lover and was dragged away on some headlong errand of pleasure, I succeeded in reaching the middle of the opera house, and in finding a dark corner near the staircase to the first tier of boxes. Here the music could be heard and a good view obtained of what Jaquet would not fail to describe on the morrow as a "rassemblement corybantique" in one or more of his journals of the South.

How long I stood there and watched the fever of the dance burn itself out, I cannot remember. Two-three hours? Possibly more. Who was to count the time? Not I, you may be sure, with the spell upon which I had counted at work -with the pulse of the music, the rhythm of the footfalls, lifting a week's inchoate imaginings into ordered thought and expression quickly and surely as a windlass picks up a chain. Precious but perilous moments! I had brought notebook and pencil, and was groping for them in the deep pocket of my domino, eagerly, though with a sinking of the heart that I will not stop to explain, and looking round for some place where I should have light to write by and yet be at peace, when I became vaguely aware that—to use the loose but comprehensive phrase—"something was up." People were running past, calling to each other. From the far end of the house, near the doors, a sort of confused mass was moving slowly up the floor, amid cries and counter cries—applause and equally strong sounds of disapproval. There were shouts of "A la portel"—a great deal the significance of which missed me; at last an exclamation that conveyed something to me:

"Tolliver! Tolliver! Bravo, Tolliver!"
The cry was taken up all over the

Opéra.

I ran up the narrow staircase that leads to the first tier and at a venture pushed open one of the numbered baize doors. The box was full of people, all hanging over the ledge. As I entered, a woman who had been looking through her lorgnettes cried, in the accent of Connecticut:

"My God! What has the man done to his face?"

They made room for me, even told me where to look. It was all very puzzling. Nothing to account for such turmoil, surely, in the tall lanky figure which apparently was its center. Some dark foreign uniform tightly buttoned, a sort of shako of polished leather, a long sword that clanked as the man walked, slowly, and, it seemed to me, painfully. Yet wherever it passed people looked and recoiled, exclaimed, protested. It needed all the efforts of the confederates or partisans who surrounded it to clear a way.

In the big "omnibus box" on the right of the stage, a woman, whom I had noticed without curiosity when I came in, was still sitting. She wore a magnificent Boyar dress crusted with gold, that showed her bare white arms from the shoulder, and a kind of mitre of silver tissue, from under which two great plaits of blonde hair fell, one on each side of her head, to below the knees. There had been a great va et vient round her the whole evening. Her loge was heaped with flowers.

Amid all the confusion that ensued it

was not easy to see exactly what happened. As the little phalanx of men who had shouldered their way along neared the Russian lady's box, the opposition to their progress seemed to redouble and to become organized. It was only by locking their arms together that they were able to reach it. From within, too, somebody seemed to be trying to hold the woman back. The man in the dark uniform straightened himself and looked at her. The music stopped; no one was dancing. Policemen were jumping the barriers and running across the floor. The woman raised her arms.

"Leo! Leo!"

Everybody heard the cry, and the shrieks that followed—first louder and louder, then growing fainter as the woman swooned or was carried away.

A man in a short cloak came to the front of the box and signed furiously for the band to go on playing.

Tolliver had turned, and was walking as deliberately down the opera house as he had walked up. The crowd that fell back from his face pressed upon his heels, but, by turning round, he always seemed able to keep a little space clear around him. A sergent de ville had just reached across and touched him on the shoulder, when he put his hand quickly to his mouth. The band was playing, loudly and disjointedly, but there was no mistaking the significance of the movement nor the sudden collapse of all the sprawling limbs at once that followed.

So Jaquet was wrong, after all. Life does sometimes finish her own stories without asking our help.



### FORGOTTEN?

### By Cyril Morton Horne

WHITE hands that I thought were soft and dear,
Did you hold my love so light?
Do you ever remember yesteryear?
To me it is yesternight.

Dark hair that I loved, on your raven sheen Does the hand of a new love stray? To you is it only a long dead dream? To me it is yesterday.

Red lips, did you steal my soul for this, That our ways should meet and part? To you was it only a lovelight kiss? To me it was all my heart.



"IMMY COURTNEY used always to declare that he would never marry until he found a girl that was just so and so."

"And did he find one of that sort?

"Hardly. He married one that was just so-so."

## A COUNSEL OF PERFECTION

#### By W. A. MacKenzie

OVE died, and Love was duly buried. And the Woman Came, strewing meagre flowerage of regret, Sprinkled with dust, with few tears scantly wet, And sighed, and laughed as one that would forget That once the hour had shone when she was weak and human.

Love died, and Love was duly buried. And the Man Rifled and raped his matchless garden close, And wove wan wreaths of livest lily and rose, And dyed them with his heart. No wind that blows But heard this royallest grief since time and tears began.

Love died, and Love was duly buried. And the Devil Limped by the place, sniffed mildewed immortelles, Heard groan and laughter, shook his cap and bells, And straight devised a very hell of hells With star outtopping walls wisdom nor will might level.

He took their hands, and joined them warmly in the dark—And in the so lit flame of sense their eyes,
Amazed, saw Love from out his grave uprise—Dear Lazarus, that brake the cereclothes' ties,
And smiled, a pallid conqueror, sublime and stark.

The Woman and the Man went down an eastward slope, And Love clutched hard a hand of each. They sang A song of resurrection that outrang
The lark's triumphant silver, when, as sprang
The day, he blew his empty egoist call of hope.

Then looked the Woman on the Man—and loved him not;
And he on her—with blank indifferent stare;
And both on Love—and lo, Love was not there.
But still their hands were held as in a snare,
For ghosts, like lies, are strong though flesh, like truth, may rot.

Love dies. Let Love be duly buried! Scatter never Red flowers nor white upon his bed, nor let The Devil catch you toying with regret—Else are you taken as in a fowler's net,
Where Love, turned larva locust, gnaws your heart forever.

# WHO'S WHO IN WAGNER

By John Kendrick Bangs

OTAN—Captain and first base of the Wagnerian nine of Valhalla. Known variously as Odin, Walse and other aliases adopted for convenience sake in Gladsheim. A peripatetic god of the first class, ranking with Jupiter and Zeus of the Latin and Greek mythologies. Leader of the G.O.P. at the time of its fall, and regarded by his loyal followers as the general manager of the universe. Husband of Fricka, and father of many of her stepchildren, notably the Valkyries and the Norns, by Fricka's chief understudy Erda. Son of Bor and his wife, the daughter of the giant Moun-Went into politics early in taingate. life and rose rapidly to position of chief magistrate, largely through his qualities as a first class mixer, having according to the latest returns a fully equipped establishment in every election district in the land, in all of which he endeared himself to the populace as a quiet, unassuming family man of strong domestic inclinations. Lost his heart and one eve to Fricka, whom he officially married, conferring upon her the title of First Lady of the Land, to the exclusion of all other claimants. Strong in all matters of foreign policy, but rather vacillating in domestic affairs. Not inclined to remain at his capital for any number of consecutive days, preferring junkets about his domain, on the ground that only in this way could be become acquainted with the real needs of his subjects. Staunch advocate of tariff for revenue only, and earliest known supporter of matrimonial free trade as a sure cure for the evils of race suicide. Affectionately known to the lower classes as the Heavenly Hobo. Original ancestor of all the reputable characters connected with the latter

days of the Ring. First admitted to Valhalla society as a hero of the Carnegie medal class, for his valor in helping to destroy the giant Ymir, president of the Glacial Ice Trust. Believed by his early followers to have created the stars, and therefore supposed to have had some interest in the original theatrical syndicate. Never let his right hand know what matrimonial affairs were engaging his left, and while true to many women, was noticeably so only to Erda, familiarly known as wife Number Seventeen, series J. Built the Valhalla Home for Active and Indigent Heroes, contracting with the firm of Fafner and Fasolt for the castle completely furnished, the consideration being his sister-in-law, Freia, there being no mother-in-law of negotiable value available for the purpose. On the maturity of the obligation the consideration defaulted, and in lieu thereof the Treasury Department was ordered to discharge the national debt with the Rhinegold, including the Magic Ring and the Tarnheim tile as a bonus, which was accepted by the contractors, the senior partner coming into full possession of the principal sum owing to the sudden death of the junior partner, superinduced by a violent attack of appendicitis, he having tried to swallow his partner's sword from the outside. Finding his party majority falling away and his power threatened, Wotan now instituted a policy of reënforcement of the G. O. P. vote by a system of repopulation, whereby he became the grandfather of Siegfried, whose career see later. Domestic troubles in his officially recognized family now occupied his attention to the neglect of affairs of state. as a natural result of which the old machine, under the direction of Boss Hagen, Son of Alberich the original promoter of the Ring, gained control, and Wotan's term was brought to an untimely end. Retired to private life, and has since earned a comfortable competence with his voice, a rich basso-profundo that reaches from the roof to the cellar of the loftiest opera houses in the world. Recreations, matrimony, traveling incog and Marathon strolls. Address, care of Mr. Scatti-Pazazza, Milan, New York, Cincinnati and Detroit.

Freïa—Goddess of plenty and love, to distinguish her from her sister, Mrs. Wotan, who was only goddess of marriage. Fourth cousin several times removed of Madame Venus, of Rome, Italy. Leading blonde and light soprano of the Valhalla Meistersingers. Started in chorus and worked her way up to semi-stellar honors by the careful manipulation of her eyes, over which in writing her autograph she invariably placed two dots, thereby winning the pet name of "Little Oomlaut." Because sister-inlaw to Wotan by his marriage with Fricka, thus assuming the responsible position of step-maiden-aunt to the Valkyries, the Norns and the Walsungs, who comprised the variegated posterityapparent of Wotan in his progressive matrimonial matches. Because of her beauty and general amiability of character was much sought after by such swains as the limited male society of the period provided, but her legal tender value was so great that Wotan preferred to keep her single as a part of the bank reserve. Was for many years the principal part of the building fund of Valhalla, and was regarded as the most giltedged collateral security in the market. Used in the contract for the National Home for Heroes in lieu of an issue of bonds, the contractors, Fafner and Fasolt, in view of her acknowledged vocal powers, regarding her as the equivalent of a satisfactory series of first class notes. Varied her financial duties with the management of beauty parlors for the benefit of ladies of Valhalla who, after celebrating their ten thousandth birthday, began to show signs of age, and established also a golden apple

stand, dispensing eighteen-karat pippins at reasonable rates to all comers, each apple guaranteed to knock a thousand years off the age of anybody at the second bite. Freia's apple butter, one of the original fifty-seven varieties, was a favorite dish at the tables of the gods, and it was believed that it was his constant devotion to his sister-in-law's special brew of Golden A cider that kept Wotan from ever reaching the years of discretion, one bottle taken either before or after meals being sufficient to turn an octogenarian into a howling babe, and a sesquipedalian into an eighty-horsepower Don Juan, and all without the use of alcohol. Defaulted in her interest on the completion of Valhalla, and nearly involved the treasury in bankruptcy by her unwillingness to meet outstanding notes of Wotan in payment for the Old Soldiers' Home, held by Fafner and Fasolt, the administration being forced to compromise by redeeming its protested paper with all the real money in the treasury together with some of its jewelry and the most valuable hat in the Valhalla collection of notable tiles. On the downfall of the Wotan administration, retired to private life, becoming ex-officio goddess of manicures and patent medicine inventors. Recreations, pomology, amateur gardening and negotiation of short term notes. Address, Freia Pomade and Cider Company, Youngstown, Valhalla-by-the-High-Sea.

FASOLT—An undesirable citizen of the Valhalla realm, only tolerated for his expert play at second base. A giant by birth and a builder by trade. Son of George W. Brobdingnag, of Gogville. Weighed eight hundred and fifty pounds when two weeks old, and brought up by hydraulic power, having of necessity been rocked in the cradle of the deep and reared in the lap of nature. Brother to Fafner, and junior partner in the contracting firm of Fafner and Fasolt, general grafters. Chiefly notable for his participation in the erection of the Palace of the Gods, an originator of "steal construction," the inner and invisible framework of the finished product being of such a jerry nature that at the climax

of the fortunes of the gods it required less than three stagehands to push it over. One of the leading manipulators of the dark motifs of the Wagnerian quadrology, sometimes called the tetralogy, in contradistinction to the leit motifs of the other members of the Valhalla quadruple sextette. A heavy villain by descent and from choice, and a person to be avoided even by the gods at lonely spots on dark nights. One of the holders of the government's first mortgage on the goddess Freia, pledged as security for the payments on the Valhalla Hall of Fame. Imported from Scandinavia by Wagner as a recognized expert in underground work, and was at the last saved from hanging by the prompt action of his brother Fafner in removing his vermiform appendix by a successful operation to which he succumbed, whereby the moral character of the personnel of the Ring was visibly improved before the expiration of the prologue. Not a person to name children after, although a most excellent singer. Recreations, quarreling, jerry building and using Lower G as a vocal punching bag. Address, The Bottomless Pit.

FAFNER - A "malefactor of great wealth" belonging to the "predatory class." Another son of George W. Brobdingnag, of Gogville. A giant for six days of the week, and a dragon on Sundays. A distinguished basso-profundo, and sinisterly known to those familiar with his past as the Black Bass of the Rhine. A fishy character of the first water. Senior partner of the firm of Fafner and Fasolt, and receiver of that concern on the dissolution of the partnership. Profited largely by the nefarious projects of the Ring, and retired with the proceeds to the quiet of his forest cave immediately after the probating of his brother's will, where he gained some fame among impresarios and the operagoing public as the only vocal lizard on record. Introduced certain innovations in faunal life by becoming himself the first electric-lighted, steam-heated dragon in history, his interior department having been fitted up with all the conveniences of modern life, including a

music room and a talking machine. Proved himself capable of rendering some of the most difficult musical numbers of the Wizard of Bayreuth lying flat on his stomach, while hissing like an 1898 model automobile through both nostrils at once. Carried red and blue lights forward, not as danger signals but for their assumed hypnotic powers. Utterly regardless of all speed or other laws of the forest, and succeeded in concealing his number for many years from the Conservation League's woods rang-Met deserved fate somewhat too late in life at hands of Siegfried, grandson of Wotan, who got his number from a human canary occupying an adjacent flat in the forest, and after a deadly combat in which the dragon endeavored to asphyxiate the young warrior with great blasts of natural gas direct from his own storage batteries, the latter served him en brochette with his famous sword, Nothung—whence the expression "nothung doing." His last words were devoted to several well considered bits of advice to his youthful assassin, delivered in stentorian, not to say megaphonic, tones, which seemed to indicate that the talking machine within had been automatically supplied with new records, and was wound up to go for some moments after the electric wires had crossed and the steam heat had been turned off. Will be known to history as the only self-hissing villain in the annals of the stage. Recreations, exceeding the speed limit, forestry and grafting. Address, Valhalla Zoo, Reptile House.

Froh—Sometimes known in Scandinavian society as Frei. Brother of Freia, and son of Niond, god of the winds, from whom he inherited a zephyrlike tenor voice suitable for mild parlor tricks, and an occasional top note of first rate Chantecler quality. God of joy, and general utility boy in the Wotan administration. Presiding deity over all the pink teas of Valhalla, and master of ceremonies at such important court functions as Queen Fricka's annual garden party, His Majesty's private poker tournaments, and the occasional charades enacted by the Norns. Editor of the Valhalla Social Register, and keeper

of the family receipt book. Head of the Weather Bureau, having complete charge of the rising and falling of the barometer, and in full control of the rain. Relied upon chiefly during the progress of the Trilogy to provide fair weather for the out-of-door performances of his fellow singers. Figure and presence suitable for decoration of a small Christmas tree. Hero of the original observation of his stepniece Brünnhilde that "the world is made up of persons of three sexes-men, women and tenors." Kept himself successfully out of danger zone during the troubles of the administration, disappearing entirely from public view long before twilight. Was an adept in the construction of rainbow bridges, which he could throw across any kind of an obstruction from a mud puddle to a chasm with all the light and airy grace of a spider spinning its web. Beloved by all as the most ladylike god in the royal family. Recreations, knitting, toing and frohing, and blowing rainbows in soap bubbles. Address, Valhalla Dancing Academy, Gladsheim.

Loge—A Scandinavian tenor in charge of the fire department of Valhalla, and known as the god of flame. Of a crafty nature, preferring to supply hot air through subterranean flues rather than stand directly in front of the footlights and face the music. Believed from what is known of his character to have been none other than the infamous leader of the Scandinavian Black Hand, Loki by name, who was the reputed father of Hela, the malignant goddess of the infernal regions, whence the term "heeler" in modern politics. Emigrated to Valhalla, where he was admitted to the hero class for his courage in being seen alone with himself. Joined the fire brigade. rising by virtue of his crafty methods to position of head furnace man in the new palace, built by Fafner and Fasolt, from whom he sublet the contract for heating and plumbing. His genius for keeping the inmates of Valhalla constantly in hot water attracted the attention of Wotan, who conferred upon him the royal order of Knight of the Flues, whence in the jubilee distribution of favors he was elevated to the House of Gods as a member of the secondary class. Later on was made grand archon of the Asgard Chapter of the Sons of Ananias, a still flourishing organization of world wide membership, his capacity for the dissemination of mischievous misinformation rising to almost mercurial heights. Was able to tell a lie at ten thousand yards with his eyes shut, and because of his extraordinary talents in unmitigated mendacity became the most astute member of the diplomatic service of the time. Acted as go-between between the administration and Fafner and Fasolt in the troubles over the payment for the Palace of the Gods, and was believed to have secretly received a large share of the graft finally acquired by the contractors, for having no other means of support than a tenor voice of a not very commanding quality, he retired to private life at the close of the prologue, and devoted the remainder of his career to Insurgent politics, from the outside, hoping by means of an alliance with the malcontents of Nibelheim and other powers of darkness to become himself a candidate for the highest honors of the realm on the downfall of Wotan. Is believed to have been the inventor of the gas meter. Author of a 16mo Saga entitled, "Lying as a Fine Art, or Mendacity Made Easy," "Ad Astra Per Ash Heap, an Autobiography," and a large number of immoral maxims for the guidance of youthful malefactors. Recreations, smoking, kindling and conflagrating. Address, The Flues, Brimstone Park, Fire Island.

MIME—Brother to and general factotum of Alberich. Leading blacksmith of Nibelheim, being an expert at forgery and other opaque arts. Possessed of a violent tenor voice much in demand for the interpretation of serio-comic irritation. Of a sweet and genial nature well calculated to frighten women and children into fits and to send the hale and hearty into flight. Could be trusted anywhere with objects of no value, but not qualified to act as trustee for estates involving the handling of portable property or of an estimated cash value of over seven cents. Junior member of the firm of Dark, Deeds and Co., general undertakers, of which his brother Alberich was the founder and chief promoter, and president of the Nibelheim National Academy of Black Art. Manufacturer of prestidigitators' supplies and magic notions for the use of his subterranean neighbors. Made the Tarhelm tile under the direction of Alberich, but lacked intelligence to put it on before delivery and thereby become master of the situation. Took his share of the profits of Dark, Deeds and Co. in a daily licking at the hands of the senior member of that firm, who generously declined to make any deductions from his share for scamp work. After firm had been forced into hands of receiver by Wotan, retired to the forest and opened an independent forge, with a foundling asylum attached, in the latter of which he received and brought to maturity the infant Siegfried, upon whom he lavished all the deep-seated affection of a stepuncle, in the hope of reward when the youth reached a suitable size for blackmailing purposes. Attempted to reforge the broken sword Nothung, left to Siegfried by his avuncular father Sigismund, ostensibly as a toy for the incipient warrior, but really to wrest from Fafner his controlling interest in the Rhinegold Mining Company, but was unable to make it nursery proof. as second and sponge holder to Siegfried in his contest with Fafner, but treacherously endeavored himself to secure the fruits thereof by offering the victor a poisoned draft-not a forged draft, as some commentators seem to think more likely—but a cup of deadly nightshade, with a corrosive-sublimated cherry in it, whereupon Siegfried placed him in a position to speak his last words and retire from the scene, with suitable obituary notes by the birds ringing in his ears. Recreations, forgery, rocking the baby and general plotting. Address, Vitriol Vat, Nibelheim, Tartary.

ERDA—Goddess of the earth and of wisdom, with occasional lapses into folly. Matrimonial understudy to Fricka, being the chief unofficial consort of Wotan. Full of wise saws but rather fond of the game of hearts, especially when under

the influence of Wotan's Pink Potions for Green Goddesses. Mother of Wotan's daughters, comprising according to latest returns not less than nine Valkyries, who constituted the original Suffragette League of Valhalla, and three Norns, all ladies of eminent respectability. Having a past of her own not entirely suited for publication in a Sunday school library, devoted her whole attention to the future, becoming a successful clairvoyant and prophetess, and conducting a palm garden and fortune telling establishment on the heights near Valhalla which was much patronized by Wotan when he desired exclusive information concerning the affairs of the middle of next week. Regarded as the most reliable prognosticator in the vicinity. Could foresee a cold snap three centuries off and describe it with a thrilling and vivid intensity worthy of a six-best-seller in modern literature. Could foresee, however, only when asleep, and when asked questions concerning the future while awake was compelled to refer all comers to the Norn Information Bureau further along the boardwalk. Was possessor of fine contralto voice kept for the most part in cold storage, but used with great effect when occasion required, showing no signs of the effects of dampness, and untouched by hoarseness as the result of sleeping on or under the wet grass. In public always affected a green spotlight giving her complexion some of the charming quality of Mexican onyx. Recreations, fortune telling, camping in the woods and solitaire. Address, The Crypt, Pine Ledge, Mt. Gladsheim.

SIEGMUND—First fruit of the antirace-suicide policy of Wotan for the protection of Valhalla traveling incog under the alias of Wālse—not to be confounded with such other waltzes as the Boston Dip or the twostep, though somewhat resembling the latter in the rapidity of its action and irresponsibility of direction. A tenor of leading quality, and prominent member of the Wālsung Musical Union. A forest ranger between opera seasons, and always ready to defend himself, before attacked, from onslaughts by the denizens of the woods. Took after his father Wotan, alias Walse, in his devotion to peripatetics. Afflicted with an invincible hoodoo, carrying large quantities of misfortune in his suitcase, which he distributed lavishly along his way and without disdiscrimination to friend and foe alike. First guest to register at the Hunding House, the only summer boarding house in the Walsung country, consisting of a smoking room ingeniously constructed around an ash tree, with rooms for single gentlemen in the upper branches. Twin brother to Mrs. Hunding, otherwise known as Sieglinde, a victim to a hasty marriage against her will. Was discovered asleep in the Hunding House exchange by Sieglinde upon her return from market; and unaware of previous relationship to the lady, paid his score to

the landlord by eloping with his wife, taking with him at the same time as a souvenir of his visit, there being no souvenir spoons available at the time of his departure, the famous sword Nothung, a magic weapon of invincible quality, and as useful as a modern jackknife with forty blades running all the way from a pair of nail clippers to a corkscrew. Pursued by Hunding and ultimately slain by him, owing to untimely interference of Wotan, who breaks his sword Nothung in two at the critical moment of the duel. Became posthumous father of Siegfried, by his sister Sieglinde, for whose career see later. Author of "Hard Luck Tales of a Semi-Demigod." Recreations, tramping and dispensing trouble. Last known address, Tenors' Union, Walseville.



#### LIFE

By Constance Skinner

AFTER the day the night, And sleep; After the fleeting joy To weep.

After the heart's white hour
Its pain;
After despair—to hope
Again.

After the vain desire,
To slake
Spirit and sense in dreams—
And wake.



IT would be much easier to convince the average man that honesty is the best policy if the dividends were larger.

# A SURGICAL ENTANGLEMENT

#### By Charles Francis Read

AM sorry, Moran, but I can't possibly accommodate you. This laboratory, along with the establishment I keep up here for my mother and sister, takes every cent I make." As Dr. Brodie spoke, his incisive utterance belied even the formal regret of his words.

Dr. Moran, his assistant, snapped on his gloves and shoved his hands far down into his overcoat pockets. His eyes burned and his thin cheeks glowed dully in sharp contrast to the pallor of his tightly pressed lips. As he shifted his scrutiny now from the floor to the other man's face, the color heightened and the line of the bitten lips narrowed sardonic-

ally

"I am sorry, too," he said slowly with bitter emphasis. "I happen to know that Ryerson paid you in cash this afternoon—and doubled your fee because he was so pleased with what you had done for him. Have you happened to tell Ryerson yet that his executors would have been the ones to pay you if I had not found the obstruction when you had given it up? And now you refuse to lend me five hundred of the thousand I earned for you!" He drew his hands from his pockets tightly clenched, then as quickly dropped them to his side again and turned to the door.

For a moment the older man stared, then he smiled thinly. "You forget," he returned sarcastically, "that you would never have seen Ryerson if you

had not been my assistant."

"Wild oats and the devil to pay," he commented to himself drily as the door closed behind Moran. "What skill—and what heredity!"

At the door leading from the experi-

mental laboratory into the house he paused, his eyes lingering caressingly upon every detail of its shining equipment—the glistening sterilizers, the incubators of dull copper, the white enamel operating table, the immaculate floor of tile with its carefully rounded corners. Here, in this room and its more humble forbears, working patiently over the lower animals, he had laboriously laid the foundation of a surgical technique that was lifting him at last slowly and steadily above the throng of his fellows.

He was a short thickset man of past forty, with hair fast turning gray, and the look in his eyes of one who has long made a daily companion of suffering. The heavy mustache only partially revealed the firm line of the lips, but the chin below jutted out aggressively, and over all lay an indefinable expression of courage and self-reliance, the ineffaceable record of hard won victories and

bitterly contested defeats.

As he gazed about him the heavy brows knit themselves into a frown, that slowly deepened until with a muttered word he turned sharply about, switched off the lights and passed on down the hall into his study, carefully closing the door behind him, although at this hour the lower floor of the house was deserted and silent. As he sat down he glanced at his watch. It was already very late, but on the desk in front of him lay a formidable pile of medical journals, too long neglected. He must at least skim through them before going to bed.

In a short time, however, he was out of his chair again and stormily pacing the room. "How long, good Lord, how long!" he gritted as he halted by the desk to glance again at a particularly futile diagram illustrating an article upon intestinal anastomosis. "And the man actually calls *that* a contribution to

surgery!"

For months now his own monograph upon a new device for uniting the severed intestine, though original in conception and daring in its ingenuity, had perforce remained in the embryonic state of a bulky set of notes upon some brilliant experiments carried out upon dogs. In all his wide practice no case suitable for a trial of the device in human surgery had as yet presented itself, though he had perfected it in midsummer and it was now December. Gradually the thing had taken possession of him, gripped him body and soul. By day he carried it in his pocket, and by night he dreamed of using it in the pit of vast amphitheaters that shook with applause or quivered in tense silence, as he snapped it into place. The feverish suspense of interminable waiting resolved itself into an acute torture that set him to tramping the room again in an agony of wrath and indignation, when suddenly the study door swung open.

A man stepped quietly into the room—a man with his chin and mouth muffled in a coarse scarf and eyes peering out through holes roughly cut in a hand-kerchief tied about his head beneath the low pulled brim of a shabby felt hat. As the intruder carefully closed the door behind him with one hand he raised the other far enough to cover the surgeon

with a revolver. "Hands up!"

The surgeon obeyed the low spoken summons with dazed promptitude and without remonstrance; but with the recovery of his mental equilibrium he raged inwardly at his own foolhardiness in carrying about with him Ryerson's fee. What had possessed the man to pay in currency? In a moment the bill-book was in the thief's hand and he was cautiously backing toward the door again when there came a rattling crash at the window across the room—an old trick of a nearby tree in a high wind. Brodie himself paid no heed to the interruption. The other man, however, started per-

ceptibly, and as his glance shifted the watchful surgeon had him by the wrists.

"Now your hands up, you rascal!" he grunted, jerking the revolver from the fellow's startled grasp and holding it to his breast. "Sit down," and he pointed to a couch across the room.

Dropping into his desk chair, he warily eyed his guest until he felt his heart resume its normal rhythm. "Your hands are too fine for this sort of work," he remarked at last. "I always notice a man's hands. You ought to do better at forgery—or surgery. What have you to say for yourself?" There was no response, and again he put the question, but to no purpose.

The fellow's silence was irritating, and still there was something about it Brodie could not but respect. Once he started to order him to take off the foolish trappings of his disguise, and then desisted,

he scarcely knew why.

"Well," he ejaculated at last, "we can't sit here all night. Can't you say something? Are you dumb?" Still there was no response from the motionless figure sitting bolt upright across the room. "Very well, have it your own way, but I must get to bed; I've six operations ahead of me tomorrow morning." He drew the telephone to the sliding leaf at his side, but instead of calling he quickly rose to his feet. Across the room the man had shifted his position slightly and was leaning forward.

"Another move like that and I'll shoot," Brodie snapped, enraged. "You and your kind richly deserve it. I would only be doing humanity a service by putting a bullet through you." And then quite suddenly he sat down, much as if the words had ricochetted and struck him to his chair. The revolver he still held steadied upon a knee, while his glance bored through the holes in the handkerchief into the eyes of the man behind it. Then slowly a thin smile wreathed his lips and he straightened purposefully.

"I am, as you must know," he began again, this time almost genially, "a surgeon of some repute. For many years now the desire to alleviate suffering and to ward off death—coupled, I must

admit, with no small degree of personal ambition—has been the controlling interest of my life. During the past ten months I have been carrying on a most interesting series of experiments upon dogs, relative to the treatment of certain abdominal wounds. As you are a layman, I will not go into the matter further than to say that I have finally succeeded in perfecting a mechanical device that, when used with even a moderate degree of skill, will, I firmly believe, cut the present terrific death rate from these wounds fairly in half. But"-his face grew quickly stern and his voice sank abruptly-"as luck will have it, I have had as yet absolutely no opportunity to test the thing in regular practice. The lower animals are serviceable enough for purposes of experimentation, but for the vindication of my work and its acceptance by my profession—yes, for the sake of humanity at large"—his voice, which had risen in a passionate crescendo, now sank again to a bare whisper-"I must have a human subject. I have waited six months now, and I will wait no longer. Men are dying right here in this city every day—men that might be saved if my clamp were in use."

He stopped abruptly and drew breath, but no sign from the other man broke the questioning silence that followed, and he proceeded quietly: "I hardly think I need carry this explanation further. You are a man of intelligence, I judge, and I assure you I am an excellent shot. I honestly believe that you will stand at least six chances out of ten of coming through all right—and surely that is no greater risk than you run whenever you go into an affair like tonight's." He took out his watch and glanced at it. "We will take five minutes to consider the matter. If you accept my terms there will of course be no prosecution."

The figure cleared its throat slightly as if about to speak, but nothing came of it, and only the monotonous ticking of the watch disturbed the succeeding silence. Two minutes passed and no sign—three, and still none—five, and Brodie returned the watch to his pocket.

"Well," he asked gravely, "is it the hospital for a few weeks or State's prison for—" The sentence went unfinished. With one quick tigerish leap the man was half across the room. There was a sharp report, and as the ball caught him square in the abdomen he fell sprawling at the surgeon's feet. As Brodie sprang to him and turned him over, he muttered weakly, "You've done for me," and fainted.

"Moran!" the surgeon cried as he tore away the handkerchief from the face of the stricken man. "You—Moran!" Half dazed, he staggered to his feet and made for the door, but before he reached it he steadied, and when he opened it he merely listened intently. With a sigh of relief he returned to the prostrate form of his assistant and lifted it carefully to the couch.

When he had hastily applied a temporary dressing and the slowing pulse evidenced the fact that there was no grave internal hemorrhage, he stole quickly out of the room and down the hall. A gust of snow-laden wind lashed his face as he opened the front door, and looked up and down the deserted street. Between his house and the one next to it lay a spot of dense shadow, and it took but a moment to leave the signs of a scuffle there in the soft snow beside the walk, where there were some tracks not yet obliterated by the rising storm. Returning to the house, he closed the door roughly and passed heavily down the hall, dropping snow here and there and even upon Moran, now half conscious, as he stooped over him to utter a few words of direction.

When he had reassured the household, wakened at last by the noise in the hall, he notified the police of the attack upon Moran in front of the house. After this he called up two neighboring surgeons, sent for a favorite nurse and sat down by Moran to wait in silence.

The police, when they came, took the depositions of the surgeon and the wounded man, whom they carried into the laboratory at Brodie's suggestion. A cursory examination of the scene of the attack completed their investigation and they were quickly gone. The two men left alone brightened visibly when the nurse and the other doctors

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entered the room. Margaret Edwards was slight and dark, with the poise of competency and the face of an unspoiled girl, though at thirty she was already Dr. Brodie's favorite surgical nurse and a skilled anesthetist as well. At Moran's own request she began giving him the ether after aiding in the preparations

for the operation.

Brodie's heart warmed as he chatted with the assistants while they all laboriously scrubbed their hands in a far corner of the room. His dreams were coming true. At last he had the case he had worked and waited for so long, and he could scarcely resist a freakish impulse to step over to Moran and slap him on the shoulder as he had done many times when things were going particularly well in the Too bad Moran could not laboratory. stand on the other side of the table tonight, he caught himself thinking. His deft fingers were always where they were most needed and never in the way.

Suddenly, however, the patient began to mutter thickly beneath the mask, and with the sound Brodie's newborn satisfaction chilled quickly into dread. He had not taken into account the possibility of an anesthesial delirium and what it might reveal. Momentarily the muttering grew more insistent. All at once he cried out. "Shoot, then! Damn you, shoot!" he shouted, struggling in the grasp of the other men who stepped up hurriedly to the nurse's assistance.

Brodie turned about with set face to wait for what must come next, and to explain it if he could. "A little more ether, Miss Edwards," he cautioned, eying her keenly as she dropped it evenly and steadily. Moran's next words, however, were unintelligible, and in a few minutes more he slept quietly. Brodie went on preparing his hands in thoughtful silence. Only once did he glance at Miss Edwards, and then her eyes were bent upon her charge with the impassive interest of a well trained nurse.

A few minutes after the field of operation had been surgically cleansed, a perforation was brought to light which was readily closed with some simple sutures. Next a ragged tear presented itself, and a grim smile barely touched the sur-

geon's lips as he muttered: "We shall have to cut part of this away and reunite the ends. I shall use my new clamp."

When he turned to the instrument table a few minutes later, he glanced up at Miss Edwards. Her eyes were fixed upon him in troubled questioning, but lowered at once as they met his own. For an instant his hand trembled as he picked up a pair of brightly nickeled circles of steel from among the other instruments. Then he turned back to his work, and a half-hour later Moran lay quietly sleeping in Brodie's own bed.

All had gone exceptionally well, and yet, when the surgeon was at last alone in the laboratory, he sank down wearily on a stool. Nothing now could deprive him of the case he had so mightily desired. But the awful cost of it! In the reaction Moran's amazing performance cut him to the quick. With the completion of the operation the fever of the night had burned itself out, and in its place a host of miserable doubts assailed him. Certainly he had shot in selfdefense—at the last. But before this he had tortured the man. Would he have shot him down in cold blood? Again and again he put the question to himself and each time evaded it. And the clamp, what if it should prove a miserable failure, after all? With painstaking minuteness he went over each step of the operation, chilling in panic dread as each fresh possibility of fatal error presented itself.

And with all this, what had Moran babbled as he took the anesthetic, before he cried out loud? How much might this have to do with Miss Edwards's strange failure to express tonight that eager appreciation of his work he had come un-

consciously to depend upon?

By the sick man's bed a few hours later he thanked the girl for her share in the night's work. The gray of early morning struggled with the light in the room, and the faces of the surgeon and nurse were scarcely less haggard than that of the man asleep in the bed before them.

"And I congratulate you, Dr. Brodie," she answered evenly. "Your clamp will doubtless be a success. But wasn't it a bit strange to use it first of all on Dr.

Moran? I know they say it's an ill wind that blows no one any good—but—but—" Suddenly she laughed hysterically, then choked upon a sob and sank down by the bedside crying bitterly.

Brodie looked down on the trembling shoulders in perplexed silence. Then, as his gaze shifted abstractedly to Moran's pallid, clean cut face, his lips slowly parted in a twisted smile. He had never thought of his assistant as other than a skillful, willing apprentice. Evidently the girl had come to see him with other Impulsively he bent over to comfort her, while his hand brushed lightly over the dark hair—only to be instantly withdrawn as he turned hastily away. The fingers he now held tightly interlaced behind him burned, for the first time, with the touch of a woman's hair: and as he softly left the room, an odd sensation of mingled bitterness and joy suddenly swallowed up the weariness and torture of the night.

Four days more there were of fear and fighting before Moran's convalescence became established—days when Brodie scarcely left the sickroom—days when scalpel and needle aroused a loathing in him that was like a physical pain. Daily he grew grimmer and more taciturn, while with hope and peaceful days the invalid's depression gradually lessened under Miss Edwards's untiring ministra-

tion.

When Moran at length could totter across the room without support he insisted upon leaving the house. Leaning on the back of a chair, he haltingly thanked the girl. More than this trembled upon his lips, but the words remained unspoken. His eyes, however, would not be controlled, and she turned quickly away from what she saw in them. In another moment, though, she was at his side again.

"Dr. Moran," she began abruptly, "why aren't you and Dr. Brodie friends any more? When you were going under the ether you kept muttering his name. And then you cried out, 'Shoot—shoot!' What does it all mean? Tell me, was there any hold-up at all—or did you let him shoot you for the sake of completing a scientific experiment?"

She paused, with so pitiful an air of forced composure that Moran, aghast, strove to smile reassuringly while he groped for an answer. Then all at once her studied calm deserted her, and she caught at his arm as if to tear the answer from him by main force, exclaiming convulsively: "You must tell me! You must!"

There was a tense silence for a moment, and then Moran looked away as he answered slowly and carefully: "I can't tell you more than you already know, Miss Edwards. As for what I may have said, you ought to know how much faith to place in the wanderings of

an anesthesial delirium."

The girl had released her grasp on his arm as he spoke and regained something of her former composure; now she moved slowly away, but at the door she paused. "Dr. Moran," she murmured, so low that the words barely reached him, "I think I understand. I honor you for protecting him. Good-bye—and take good care of yourself, won't you?" The last words came in the soft mother tones a woman uses with a sick child, and the man's face softened and lighted in response as he turned and started toward her. Before he could cross the room the door had closed gently behind her and he was alone.

The following month Dr. Brodie's article, "A New Device for Intestinal Anastomosis; with Report of a Case," appeared in the *Medical Journal* and was widely copied and six times translated. The romantic interest of the case was instantly seized upon by the lay press and adorned with numberless fanciful details; but despite this, the "Brodie Clamp" in a short time took to itself an honored place on the shelves of the instrument makers at home and abroad.

The surgeon gave full credit to his former assistant for many helpful suggestions, a courtesy that materially aided him in his start upon practice in an obscure quarter of the city. Here, late one evening in May, an emergency call from St. Luke's found Moran ready for instant response. At the hospital entrance an interne met him with word that Dr. Brodie was waiting for him on

the fourth floor with an emergency case. Without comment he entered the elevator, and as he stepped out at the operating rooms Brodie met him. For an instant Moran eyed him and then glanced away. Wonder, rage and chagrin alternately had made an inferno of the moment's trip, and now he could not, for pity, look at the change in a man he had come to think of as without emotion.

"I can't get Camp or Sanderson," Brodie was saying brokenly. "It's awful, Moran—the femoral artery! Automobile accident—a broken windshield did it. Oh, my God, the poor child!" He babbled on incoherently.

"But, Doctor, tell me—who is it? What can I do for you?" Moran interrupted, speaking slowly as if to a child.

Brodie pulled himself together with an effort, the cost of which was painfully apparent. "It's Margaret Edwards," he explained more calmly—"brought in fifteen minutes ago. She must have attention at once—and I can't do it."

With pitiful frankness he extended the supple fingers whose exquisite deftness had won fame for the brain that coordinated their movements. They trembled now like so many aspen leaves. For an instant, however, Moran failed to see them. The terror that skulks beneath the operating table wrapped him in an icy veil, clutched at his knees and held his heart fast. And Brodie loved her, too! Then he set his teeth, clenched his fingers until the ache cleared his brain and held them carefully out before him.

"You'll do," Brodie muttered as he looked. "I know what it means to you, too, but you are young. You haven't seen so many—" He choked and turned away. "I'll have them start the anesthetic at once. Wiley and Sturgis will help you; they are good men. I'll not go in. I have no wisdom. I'm only—I'm only—"

Suddenly Moran had him by the arm in a grasp that made him flinch. "Stop it, man," he jerked out. "It's going to be all right. It's got to be." And he thrust him gently away as he turned to his washing.

When he emerged from the operating

room an hour later, Brodie turned in his restless stride to meet him. The younger man was now the paler of the two, and his face was haggard and drawn, but his eyes were bright. "Reunited the femoral," he replied briefly to the unspoken question. "It was that or amputation at the hip. She is in good condition;" and he passed on to the washroom.

An interne followed. "There's pulsation at the knee, Dr. Brodie," he offered; and meeting encouragement in the childlike eagerness of the surgeon, he gave a detailed account of the operation. "I never saw anything like it before," he concluded enthusiastically. "Why, he's a wonder!" Then he suddenly broke off short. He was not quite sure just why Brodie himself had not operated.

The surgeon was silent for a moment; then he muttered as he moved to meet the cart as it appeared with its limp burden: "If God will only spare us infection!" Then the interne, though very

young, understood.

A few days later, when Moran entered his patient's room, he sent the nurse away on an errand that he knew would require some time for its execution. After glancing at a chart most satisfactory in its record of normal temperature, no pain and "pulsation in the arteries of the foot," he sat down by the bedside and eyed his patient with a slight frown. She lay before him, lovely in the pallor of weakness, but listless in the droop of her head to one side and the aimless poise of her waxen fingers on the coverlid. Instead of the cheerful convalescent he had a right to expect, he saw an apathetic woman who apparently did not care whether she got well or not. Each day as the success of the operation became more assured he had looked for a change that did not come.

A few questions she answered indifferently but offered nothing spontaneously, and after a moment's silence he remarked very quietly: "I think, Miss Edwards, you need a change of doctors. I shall ask Dr. Brodie to take the case tomorrow." She did not reply at once, but as he scrutinized her a soft flush crept into the pale cheeks and she turned

her head further away from him. "There is a ministration, you know," he continued slowly, "that I fancy possibly—" He paused as the startled glance of appeal she threw him forced him to look away from what he saw suddenly revealed there, panting in helpless dismay.

After a moment's silence she said quite simply, though with the words now and again she bit her lips unmercifully: "You know, Dr. Moran, what I must think of a man who can do what Dr. Brodie did. I wish you to continue with the case." A little hand crept slowly over to his, where it was instantly buried in a manner that brought forth a faint gasp.

"Don't think I misunderstand, little girl," he hurried to explain. "I've realized for a long time that there never was any chance for me. I've given that all up now, and only wish you both the happiness you so richly deserve. Dr. Brodie shot me that night in self-defense."

The bald, ugly statement leaped from his lips with brutal directness. He had recognized this moment as inevitable as soon as it became plainly apparent that Brodie intended to keep his own counsel, even at the cost of his happiness. had not thought, however, to make just this beginning, and his lips twisted in bitterness as she pulled her hand away and shrank upon the pillow with scared face and deep breathing. He had thought at one time to make a much better effort of it; but in the last few months, and especially in the last few days, the entire affair had shrivelled up into a foolish thing, the flimsy trappings of which he now ruthlessly tore away in a few disjointed sentences, sparing himself little in the recital. Brodie's proposal previous to the shooting he entirely failed to mention.

Margaret listened with averted face until he had finished. When she looked up at length, he was standing erect, waiting for her judgment with set lips, but with a strange new light in his eyes—the look of a man who has come through weakness and suffering into his own. Suddenly then she saw him for the man he had become—cool, skillful, resourceful, a veritable master of death; and with a little crythat was half laugh, half sob, she thrust her hand into his again. A faint flush painted her cheeks and her eyes sparkled. "You are going to be a great man, Dr. Moran," she exclaimed,—"a master surgeon."

He smiled down at her whimsically. "Now I know that miracles do happen," he said gently; "I've just seen one."

The next morning Moran found Dr. Brodie by the bedside of a radiant patient. "Miss Edwards does me the honor to marry me as soon as you discharge her," Brodie said bluntly, as he rose and seized Moran's hand. "I've just confessed my various sins to her," he continued evenly but with a glance that answered the question in Moran's eyes, "and she managed to forgive me, though it was a tight squeeze."

"And now I want to know," he concluded, with a tightening of his grip as he raised his other hand to Moran's shoulder, "will you stand up with me at the wedding?"



THE best way to get a girl to marry you is not to try to.



A FOOL and his money are soon parted—but "parting is such sweet sorrow."

### **PEOPLE**

#### By James P. Richardson

THERE are some people so sensitive that they consider every stone in the road a personal insult.

Men solve riddles; women guess them.

"No" means no. "No, no, no," means perhaps.

Nothing is quite so ridiculous as the pride of a fool when he meets a bigger fool than himself.

The man in love with himself seldom has a rival.



#### THE RIVER

#### By Elsa Barker

A LONG the woods and meadows of my days
The thought of thee majestically flows,
Like some great river that in gladness goes
Down to the ocean. All thy fertile ways
Are blossom-bordered, for in love's warm rays
Each kiss of thine becomes a crimson rose
And every tear a lily, pure as those
White blooms that won the Galilean's praise.

Thou art the Nile and I the land of Kem, River of joy, making my arid years A garden of sweet fragrance and of song! Enriched by thee, my fields have made arrears Of all neglected harvests, and a throng Of laborers in due time shall garner them.



SINCE woman is conceded to be a divine creation, mere man should not despair if he fails to divine her.

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### THE TRUNK IN THE ATTIC

### A Department for the Revival of the Art of Letter Writing

#### Conducted by Louise Closser Hale

[In the November number we made announcement of this department and what we proposed to do. Our offer was to pay \$150—fifty dollars each, respectively—for the three best love, friendship or human interest letters. See the November issue for details.]

HIS department has set so many people climbing attic stairs in search of real letters that my study begins to seem like a confessional. They are absorbing reading, these letters with the unmistakable stamp of reality, but I find myself wishing that there were fewer unhappy lovers. I want to be sympathetic—I can be in any normal situation; but it is growing very difficult to spread my natural sweetness over so vast an army of the lovelorn. Perhaps this is why I find the sturdiness of a certain masculine letter so refreshing. It hardly needs the sender's assurance that it belongs in the "really truly" category.

From a man to a girl whom he has jilted.

I did not think your letters needed an answer. I never pay any attention to threats—I only prepare for action. Upon receiving your wires, I decided to write to you. Since then my absence from the city has prevented. This letter is not for the purpose of discussion, nor shall it lead to any on my part.

As you mentioned having legal advice, I supposed you to be dominated by some attorney who desired the advertisement of cheap notoriety, even at the expense of his client, as no reputable one could have given you the advice indicated. I was, however, inclined to think that they were the result of temporary mental aberration, and that as you thought things over, your better judgment would

prevail; and I was willing to leave it at that. If, however, you have decided to pursue the plan indicated in your letter, I have only to say that it is entirely with you, but, naturally, I shall defend my interests to the best of my ability.

I do not decide upon any plan of action without mature deliberation, but when I have once definitely decided, nothing will ever change or shake that determination. The threat of publicity, no more than the threat of sudden death, would change my plans one iota. Personal opinions of friends I may care for; for the opinion of the hoi polloi, not the snap of my finger. Personal danger I have faced too often for any danger of any kind to attract more than a passing You should know how little threats of any kind are apt to worry me. I have had them as a steady diet for over a quarter of a century. There is one thing I do possess, an indomitable will. "Kismet"—it is written in the book of fate that thus it will ever be, and those who attack me are usually very glad to come to heel. Publicity of this kind is a two-edged sword. It would only crush you, while doing me good.

Personally I do not care what steps you take in this matter, but for your own sake I hope you will give it grave and mature consideration before casting yourself under the wheels of a relentless destiny. I had hoped we could remain friends. If it is not to be so, I am

sorry.



You have a great genius for painting, and should now expand and accomplish something worth while. You should take advantage of the offer of Mrs. — to give you two years of study in Paris, and I am sure then the fame you have always said you longed for would be yours. Existing conditions would have ruined you in time and strangulated your natural capacity. You will not believe or understand this now; you will later. You have been drifting in a cloud of illusionary dreams; a shock will wake you up, and pain should prove a spur to higher endeavor, which before would have been impossible. The bottom hasn't dropped out of the world; just a clod of the earth earthy has dropped out of your life. Be brave, be a sport, but above all, be true to yourself. Soon you will be happier than you have been in a long time. Now there will be no more uncertainty. Definiteness is the greatest surcease to mental suffering. It is the knife to the cancer—it hurts but it

Good-bye—this is the last line I shall ever write you on this subject. If we are to be friends, write me a line to the St. Charles, New Orleans, by the seventh of September. After that my address will be indefinite for ten days, as a mining proposition calls me down to the border of Mexico, and I shall not be back in St. Louis for at least a month. If we are not to be friends, then this letter needs no answer.

J. S. B.

She had evidently threatened him with a breach of promise suit, foolish woman! What, I wonder, would have been the outcome had she written him as another woman wrote another man?

From a woman to a man who has jilted her.

DEAR PAST LOVE OF MINE:

It would have been the same if you had taken my heart in your two hands and torn it fiber from fiber, and delicately extricating yourself from the bleeding mass clinging to your fastidious fingers, had carelessly placed it upon coals of fire and walked away; for in reality that is what you accomplished as you stood there before me that night,

looking down into my eyes, speaking fatal words, with a smile curving your sardonic lips that even if I live through ages to come I shall never forget. I trembled and quivered and sobbed inside; but I, too, smiled, and my eyes were calm to meet your cruelty.

We parted, much as usual, I believe, and as usual I watched you go out of the gate and turn, following the beaten track home. I remember no more; the

rest will always remain vague.

In the silent watches of the night and on into the small hours of the morning, a girl crouched in the darkness and wept and shook and shuddered, smothering her piteous wails between her tearsoaked fingers, buried in her pillow. There is an agony which strangely satisfies, and one that mercifully destroys. I shall never know when it passed. I only feel my "freedom," and wonder at it. I am like a bird uncaged—I stand before the closed door, dazed. It is not so long ago, but it might have been an incident in the Stone Age, so remote it seems.

I do not hate you; I'm not indifferent; I do not love you; neither do I pine for you. I cannot place it; it is as though I do not feel at all. I am numb, dead. I am incapable of emotion and yet I find myself longing with a queer feeling, it seems to me, to have someone's arms about me, some rough kind cheek to which I can press mine in sympathy. cannot define it except as a yearningfor love. I do not understand the power that rules me. I think perhaps it's a vague suppressed hope, taking shape, that some day my crumpled heart will be unfolded by a gentle hand and cared for. Still, every moment of those sweet tortured times will be a memory branded by a burning heart on an unresisting brain. Solemnly,

MIGNON.

So much for the unmarried. Let me now contrast two passionate outcries from unhappy benedicts. The first of them reached the Trunk in the Attic because of a woman's hope that it might help some other woman to solve her problem.

From a man to his wife who wishes a divorce.

Nome, Alaska, June 15, 1900.

DEAR ANNE HARROW:

From my window overlooking Bering Sea more than sixty vessels are in sight. When I arrived here not two years ago nothing but an Esquimo canoe was in the bay, and scarcely a sign of human life on the beach, which now resembles a city wharf. One of those many steamers now at anchor brought me your letter.

I am not surprised at your admission that you "have not been quite frank" with me. Perhaps I did not deserve that you should be frank sooner. Woman's "natural nature" is open and confiding as a child's. Her acquired nature is different. She was too long a slave, a chattel, a toy, not to become suspicious, evasive, "diplomatic," for nature's basic effort is at self-preservation. Better conditions have not prevailed long enough for her to regain the physical, the mental, the spiritual or the ethical normal.

How much I retarded you I do not know, only that it was too much. At sixteen you were still a child in body, with a woman's intellect and a white soul receptive and expressive of all that is true and beautiful. I felt it almost a defilement to touch your hand; yet I caressed you, fondled you, kissed you—doing all a virile man of the world could do to put the angel to sleep and arouse the animal in you. Thank God, I failed!

But for years that failure irritated me, at times enraged me, made me surly, harsh, unjust, unmanly—till you shuddered to hear my coming footsteps. I have felt you cringe when I was yards away. Yet I went on—to my lasting shame and remorse. "She is mine; why not?" The horror of it! Fear does not necessarily kill physical passion, but it does destroy that love which is based on mutual trust and honor.

At last I knew I was loved no longer, and realized that I did not deserve to be loved. I knew also then that I never had loved you as you believed, or as I had honestly thought I loved you. Face to face with myself, I knew that I had loved myself only. I had deceived both you and myself when I turned to you from that faithless one and found such sympathy, such comfort, such comradeship. I know now that we cannot hold what is not our own. In one sense our own does come to us, but it may consist largely in punishment, or at least in pain for trying to take what is rightly another's.

I never intended to ask you to release me. I know you must have reached the great climax before you would take fate in your own hands and write that letter requesting me to release you. I am willing to set you free from bonds that only separate us, but, for your own sake, not in the way you ask. Your unwillingness to return to me is not desertion; it is only self-protection. I am the aggressor. I trampled the flower garden that was so rich in beauty and sweetness. You would not ask your freedom, would not bring upon us both the ban of the church, would not ignore the divine warning, "whom God hath joined let not man put asunder," unless you had passed under the rod, and knew there was no other way.

The detailed instructions will make it easy, speedy and certain, with the minimum of publicity, on the statutory ground of incompatibility allowed in the State where you reside. The two attorneys will arrange everything legally. What property there is has been assigned to you. I will remain in Alaska, or go farther and begin life anew. When the clouds have rolled away, you will soon again be your own cheerful, love radiating self, loved by everyone who knows you, man or woman, and by children most of all. Pardon me if I say I think I understand. It may distress you now, but you will soon be glad I do know, so there will be nothing to keep back, nothing to be concealed. You will be well cared for by him who should have married you first, before the hawk swooped down and carried off the dove. But "God moves in a mysterious way." Perhaps you and he will be the happier for the sorrows both have known. wish you to feel that I shall never try to

see you or our child again. It will be hard. But I know it will be best.

Do not answer this last letter, except by a telepath. Good-bye. You know its inner meaning, also that of our old parting blessing, "aloha."

Your friend, JOHN HARROW.

I would give a pair of gloves, elbow length, to read her answer. I say "read," for I am sure that it was not merely a "telepath." A wonder working spot, Alaska! I commend its chastening rigors to Paul, whose confession follows.

From a married man to a married woman. VIVIEN:

It is a shock to a man of my years, a man who has been married for so long a time that he has children grown almost to manhood and womanhood, a man who has accepted as inevitable the part which he had to play in life and had become resigned to it as the strange decree of immutable fate, suddenly to confront the fact that the inmost recesses of his being are stirred and thrilled through by the sight, the touch, the most intangible remembrance of another woman.

Is the feeling of unrest and of vague longing when we are apart, the sense of rest and peace when we are together, that which we have never before known. Vivien, the real love of man and woman for each other, the mating of kindred souls, the meeting of hearts which, destined to be united, somehow lost the true road but found unhappily temporary and uncongenial shelter in some byway, emerging later on the great highway of life to know and to understand? How then, Vivien, shall I look the mother of my children in the eye without disclosing to her woman's intuition, not the fact that I do not love her, but the fact that I do love another? Already the power given to woman, that miraculous sort of sixth sense, is reaching. out, but as yet groping blindly, for the cause of the indefinable change which she views in me with alarm. Ah, my Vivien, tenderest of women! You who are all woman, think, think for us both! Out of the chaos of our lives can we not

find a way to happiness! Is it too

When the irresistible madness of that wonderful and unforgettable night overwhelmed us and in a moment laid bare the secrets of our hearts, before so carefully guarded and concealed; when my lips were upon your hair, your eyes, your lips, and from the depths of my starved soul was wrung the cry, "I love you!"in that moment the veil was torn asunder and we knew that never again for us would life be the same.

You tell me it is madness, this love of ours, madness for us both; and I know you speak truth, for is it not written, "whom the gods would destroy they

first make mad"?

I do not delude myself with vain hope. Your children—mine—great God! Before us stretches the future, either hateful for its enforced hypocrisy and unavoidable perfidy or for long heart-

breaking years of separation.

The wind that whispers to the leaf, telling its grief, the brooks whose laughter cries "Rejoice"-like these your voice. I hear it in the busy mart and in the wilderness apart. I dream the stars set in the skies are your dear eyes; I lift my lips to kiss them—wake and moan— I am alone! I dream you are a lily fair, slender and tall and white, that in a moonlit garden grows, and your dark hair is the black shadow of the night. My arms outstretched to clasp you close on emptiness; I wake; dear God, I groan! I am alone.

PAUL.

But let us have done with love. Friendship plays no small part in this world of ours, and though the novelists neglect it, friendship of man for man is one of the great themes of the human drama.

#### From a man to a man.

DEAR WARREN:

I am impelled to write you by the belief that you will meet me somewhere near halfway so that we may be friends again.

I have seen you but three times in as many years, but that last meeting, with

your perfunctory salutation and the look you gave me, comes to my mind too frequently for me to continue to satisfy myself with the thought that you would realize in the future that you had little if any justification for your unfriendly treatment, and would frankly say so. So I write you. The fact that I rise from my bed at two o'clock in the morning to do this merely shows a desire on my part to get my letter down on paper. I may never send it. But life seems such a brief span—the years fly so quickly; and as many of our friends are passing to the Great Beyond, the sense of loss is at times so great that I feel like reaching out across the continent to say: "Shake, old man; you must think I have done something unfriendly; forgive me." And then perhaps I would again get the friendly handclasp as of old—the kindly look in the eye—the joyous smile of other days.

And we were such good friends! There was a time when you needed me—what I could do meant so much to you and yours. And I was faithful to the trust; my accomplishments helped you to win. I received my reward and I was satisfied, for we became friends, and you gave many evidences that you were fond of

As I look back into the past, I think of a time when I was suffering terrible pain, and you gave me comfort and went with me to that grand old surgeon who pointed the way. And I think of the days we fished, the golf we played, the kites and balloons we sent up, the dinners, the talks, the motor rides.

I look around me as I write and a group of beautiful children greet my eyes; I must needs think of you—you have been so fortunate. I pick up a book, read it with pleasure, and I want to send it to you, for the author spent the day and evening with us—on the edge of the forest—and I know you would enjoy reading it. And I recall the time when ill health came to you—and God was good when he saved you. But why go on? Down in my heart I have that same old feeling of friendship for you—while you are nursing an alleged wrong from me. And it is all a mistake. It must be!

What have I done? Tell me, or forget it. You said once that you had got even with everyone who had "done you dirt" except one man—and you didn't know who he was, and you decided that what he did amounted to nothing, after all.

Come now, old man, don't you think you are even with me for all I have ever—or never—done? Shake, will you?

Sincerely,
Adam.

But friendship has its lighter tests. There is the acknowledgment of Christmas gifts, for instance. How few of us take the pains to give of ourselves!

From a friend to a friend.

BLUEBERRY INN, NEW VISTAS, CONN. December 27th, 1911.

FRIEND OF MINE:

Your Christmas greeting was received with delight, because it reached the dimensions of a letter, and came not expressed in a few words from somebody else's brain, on the ubiquitous postcard! This sentiment savors of disloyalty, proceeding as it does from one who often, oh, how often, has found that very article with its printed words and appropriate illustration a friend in need. Our best publishers of the like now issue them in a style that is truly decorative—to use a much abused word. An acquaintance here at the inn, wishing to convey her impression of a handsome Englishman residing in these parts, to whom a friend of mine always alludes as Edward VII, though he has more inches to his stature than had that lamented monarch, said that he was so decorative, when in all probability she believes him picturesque an example of how ill chosen are often one's words.

But now to hark back to your letter and its contents. You say your invitations for the day were so numerous that you would have divided your ego cheerfully into as many portions, could you by this means have accepted all. Could you have distributed yourself in sections among your friends, I trust that the particular part of your anatomy allotted to this unworthy mortal would have

been the tongue. Your gifts, you say, were, as usual, too numerous to mention. It would seem that in the near future, for self-preservation, you may feel compelled to endow a museum with the many "things" that now occupy every inch and cranny of your home. I have long felt convinced that you take them in at the front door and pass them out through a back one, unless indeed your house is "extensible," as a friend of mine would say.

But tell me, my dear, are you in league with a wineseller, or was Santa Claus quite tipsy when he unloaded twelve bottles of the ruby red at your stocking? I shall anticipate, I assure you, with longing and a dry tongue, the portion which you, with your usual generous spirit, have promised to reserve for me.

The day here was so full of sunshine and warmth that nature alone was up-It must have been in such a temperature that the shepherds received the good tidings on that starlit night so long ago. One must go back at least once in a year to the poetry and promise of that first Christmas to feel assured that he still has a soul, however benumbed it may be by the rush and materialism of the twentieth century. We dined with the Allisons—it was a midday dinner—in their beautiful home, which is so commandingly placed on the highest terrace of their many acres. It was a joy to turn one's back to the village and go a mile upward, while traveling the way of pine trees and brooks, the latter gurgling Christmas carols over their rocky beds. The brown earth was bare, but gave forth a sweetness altogether of the springtime.

I wish you were here that we might enjoy a chat over our new books. I have read in a daily column of Marconi's accidental discovery that he may dispense with masts as aids in transmitting messages if he can but lay his wires upon sand and point them in the direction whither he would wish his words to travel. It sounds so hopeful that I am tempted to believe that you and I may yet enjoy a knee-to-knee confabulation simply by laying a hairpin in a saucer of

sand.

But to the books. You will remember how we hugged "Queed" last summer under the acacias; and now I would fain take that dear Peter Harding, M. D. from the corner of Harley Street straight to my bosom, so sane and comfortable and satisfying is he to one's mind and spirit. I should like to tie up to him (not matrimonially, be it said) for a not too brief while, and feel that things were safe and stable in my environment, be the world speeding by ever so swiftly.

Shall I wish you a Happy New Year? Not lightly, but soberly, as from one who has gone far enough on life's way to dread, rather than to anticipate with joyfulness, its latent possibilities. Hope belongs to the young and the inexperienced, to them who have the courage of

ignorance. Is it not so?

Adieu, my dear; and with the love of all our years of unclouded friendship, I am ever,

ANNETTE.

When I read that I said to myself that, whatever the state of the country in general, there was at least a village in Connecticut where the art of graceful letter writing is still cultivated. Then my eye fell upon an equally engaging note from Illinois.

To a friend who asked a reference for a former servant of the writer.

DEAR PHEBE:

And so Selma has applied to you for a place in your kitchen, and to me, through you, for a place in my regard! Queer, isn't it, how these domestic lights that illumine for a time our culinary apartments flicker and go out. To recall them is like trying to recall all the candles you have burned. You can remember only that some burned with a steady flame while others seemed to burn without giving any light. Selma was not a steady flame, though the fact that she went out altogether was due to her own choice, not to mine. Or rather was it due to her cousin's constitution, which was delicate. I would advise you to inquire about the cousin—unless she has gone the way of the flesh, it would be useless to employ Selma; her devotion to that relative amounted to a passion, and she was always willing to sacrifice her duty to this love. It was while attending her cousin that she learned how to give massage treatment. She is an excellent masseuse-at least, she says she is. I remember with what pride she told of her proficiency in this line the morning after she came when I had been expressing my disappointment over her "You just have to find out muffins. where the veins lay," declared Selma, and your success as a masseuse is assured. But perhaps you would rather have good massage than good muffins; or perhaps Selma has discovered ere this where "lay" the veins of success in muffin making.

When I say that Selma was an unsteady flame I don't refer to her character, which is beyond reproach, only character seems sometimes to be thrown away in a kitchen; I merely referred to her culinary ways. She was too fond of the spice of variety, and so never made things twice alike. Sometimes you could walk on her frosting, and again you could swim in it. Often her cereals were soups, and then again her soups would be solids. Her jellies would sometimes stand alone, and another time no companionship could prop them up, and of most of her compositions it might be said that there were no two alike.

One thing about Selma met with my unqualified approval: she always availed herself of her Thursdays out. The present incumbent of my kitchen has a habit of retiring to her room on Thursdays with literature and lump sugar. The sugar is mine, and so, very frequently, is the literature. Once I found in her room a copy of "Marius the Epicurean" that I had thrown in the scrap basket when I discovered that some of the chapters were missing. I asked her if she had read it, and she replied that she had looked into it, and wanted to know if Marius was a vegetarian. don't know anything more exasperating than a maid who will not go out, unless it is one who will not come in-at night; I have had that kind, too, but that is another story. Selma is all that she should be in the matter of goings-out and comings-in, and if you can cure her of her other irregularities and dispose of the cousin you may enjoy as much peace as ever can come to a housekeeper who is at the mercy of maids and men. Strange that we should make so much fuss about choosing a husband, and yet accept anything in the way of a servant, when it is really more important to have a good maid than a good husband, for you see more of the maid. I believe in kitchen affinities, don't you? Selma was not one of mine; may she prove to be yours!

Faithfully yours,
WINIFED HOPE.

Fortunate the son whose father has a sense of humor. The days of his youth lack not variety nor do the words of paternal wisdom reach their mark without a wholesome punch.

From a father to his son at college.

PHILADELPHIA, PA. Oct. 29th, 1894.

DEAR JOHN:

I received your letter of the 21st inst. together with your usual request for funds. It is gratifying to note that your commercial course is rapidly bearing fruit—you certainly are a master at drawing "demand notes." I don't want to be inquisitive, but I sometimes wonder how you manage to separate yourself from so much cash. I find from my cashier that your allowance was mailed you on the first inst., and that twice since then I have responded to your C. Q. D's. —to keep the family name untarnished. If you had worked for your living as hard as I have all my life (your grandpa and grandma were pretty shy on this world's goods) you would be a little slower in bidding adieu to your money. An old saying, "Take care of the cents and the dollars will take care of themselves," still holds good, but the trouble now is, a good many people haven't the sense to begin with.

In your last letter you wrote: "I am paying calls three times a week;" but you didn't mention whether the calls in question related to some fair lady in the city of Boston, or whether—and I think I diagnose the case correctly from my

business experience—they have more to do with the American game of poker. In the latter case I must say that your "poker tutor" was a pretty good teacher for the other players. Be careful of cards, for they have been the ruination of many a good fellow. Any man who makes card playing his idol, and who uses whiskey as ballast, and whose sleeping hours range from sunrise to sunset, will never amount to much, and will soon be in the discard. I know you will sneer at this and laugh, and say that I am a "back number," but remember, fools have always been in the world; the only difference nowadays is that they have reached a perfection never before dreamed of-thanks to money and society. I am giving you the benefit of my experience, which you know is a dear teacher but pays the biggest dividends. Cards require some brains, I'll admit, but in the end it depends prettymuch on what cards are dealt you, and that part is all luck.

Speaking of luck, I remember old Si Harding. Si had a great fondness for horseshoes. When Si was eighteen he graduated at school, and on the day in question he spied a horseshoe in the street, which he forthwith plucked from its muddy resting place. That night he captured a \$50 prize. That settled Si. Horseshoes were lucky, and he would never pass one. The consequence was Si went long on horseshoes, and piled up a swell collection of old iron big enough to stock a warehouse; and if each horseshoe had fulfilled the mission of his dreams he would have had a corner in luck for the rest of his life. I only mention this to show that luck is an overworked word of four letters, made up for the most part of a little common sense and a good bit of hard work. I suppose Si is still collecting horseshoes, although I imagine he's noticed a falling off since autos have come into their own. What Si wanted was to discontinue his sky architecture and turn his dreaming into good honest work.

Your affectionate father, John Petersen.

Yet there is something to be said on the other side, and it would be difficult to paint the glamour of collegiate distractions better than does this real letter from a real girl, aged fifteen.

From one football enthusiast to another.

6:15 P.M., October 25th, 1902. DEAREST PEGGY:

Hoorah! Hoorah! Hoorah! Pennsylvania!!! Oh, oh, oh! Even as I write my hand trembles with joy. Six to five, in favor of Penn! Oh, that you were here for me to embrace you! Just think—all our defeats crowned by glorious success!

I can't tell you all of the game—you'll read that in the papers—but the men, oh, they played to perfection! Gardiner didn't play; he stood on the sidelines and watched. Dale started in—he played a dandy game—but he hurt his head and had to go off. If you'd seen him! Poor fellow, he walked off and just threw himself on the ground on his face. Gardiner and Williams and Hedges went up, and "Bill" put his arms around him, but he seemed perfectly heartbroken. Even father was affected. Bennett played beautifully; Fortiner fairly well -he hurt his knee terribly and had to go off; Torrey I couldn't see well but he seemed all right; and Metzgar, poor boy, got hurt for the first time this year. He hurt his face somehow. Strang played fairly well but he fumbles a little. Hare didn't play, and—well, that's about all of them, isn't it?

Penn played the best game I've seen her play this year—barring fumbles. In the first half she fumbled awfully, but the second was better. You should have seen Gardiner when we lost the ball on the three-yard line! He looked fierce! But when we scored—well, he just jumped around and clapped and—oh, I almost went wild! Some blessed man in our section started to make us cheer, and my excited feelings found some vent in three magnificent "Hoorahs!" You don't know how perfect it is, how thrilling, to just let yourself go and cheer! People probably thought me mad, but I couldn't help it.

The band was there, and after the game it marched around with all the students following in the "snake dance." They put their arms on each others'

shoulders and then skipped around in a twisting way, like a snake. You've no idea of the effect of these hundreds of men all singing, dancing, yelling together like mad. You'd think it a regular Indian war dance, and I'm sure Indians never got more excited. I felt—oh, I can't say how I felt—but—you know!

One Bucknell man (I can say that name now with no bitter feeling) got hurt, but he wouldn't go off, so their coach and another man picked him up in

their arms and carried him off!

There was a big crowd and lots of enthusiasm, I tell you. I never suffered such suspense as after Penn scored. Bucknell got the ball from a kick and started down-oh, I just prayed for time to be up! And when it was, I never felt better. Gardiner was almost wild toward the end. He went running about absolutely wringing his hands, and every little while he'd stop and talk to Williams or Hedges and they'd try to calm him. I think he wanted them to let him go in, and the people all around us kept yelling, "Put Gardiner in! Put Gardiner in!" But they didn't, and I guess it was just as well, for he limped dreadfully. At one time—when Bucknell made a touchdown, Penn being fairly rushed off her feet—Gardiner sat there with his head bent almost to the ground plucking away viciously at the grass. Poor thing, he was almost distracted before it was over; but the end—that made up for everything! He made one bound and rushed over to the men, so glad!

A pen couldn't describe my sensations. I just felt as if I were in the skies and my blood danced in my veins and I just wanted to yell! Oh, I wish you'd been there; it was worth a fortune, such—

such divine joy!

I don't know what I've written, and I don't much care. You'll understand. I can't write straight, my hand shakes so; but I feel a little calmer now. I couldn't help just sitting down and writing to you—I felt I had to let off steam. You'll read all about the game tomorrow, but you'll never conceive the superbness of it all from any newspaper.

From the happiest mortal in Phila-

delphia,

Babs.

P. S. I'd give a dollar to see you, to tell you everything about it—I can't write it.



### LOVE HATH A CHALICE

#### By Charles Hanson Towne

LOVE hath a chalice filled with glowing wine,
Wherefrom they drink who have confessed Love's name;
And having tasted of that draught divine,
Their hearts go forth, more holy than they came.

I have seen one come softly from Love's priest,
With such exultance leaving that high place,
I dared not look—I being among the least—
Save for one instant on his hallowed face.



MRS. CRAWFORD—Why didn't you ask me to help you, dear? CRAWFORD—What was the use? It wasn't anything you could do with a hairpin.

# ABOUT SLANG

#### By Ella Ferre

THOUGH it used to come in handy, aw, say, it's fine and dandy
To know you've put your load of slang upon the steady run;
And the proper chin can bandy with the biggest swell or grandee,
Or saunter with the way-ups. Sure thing! It takes the bun.

I had trod the slangy mazes till I talked like all blue blazes,
And my etiquette and language, too, were strictly in the mire.
So I told those bloomin' phrases I was done with them, bejazes,
And to chase themselves around the block and hoarsely holler "Fire!"

And I started them instanter, at a pretty lively canter,
And I said to them, by Jingo, "Go away back and sit down.

Now I'm free to sling the banter, like a red hot stump speech ranter,
And can cut the proper caper with the swellest guy in town.

No more you'll hear me mutter in the jargon of the gutter. I've sunk my pack of slangy stuff away down in the sod. Now the proper guff can utter, without ary halt or stutter—Oh, I wouldn't load it on again for Rockefeller's wad.



HUSBAND—I was a fool for not marrying five years ago.
Wife—But you didn't know me then.
"I know I didn't."



MAID SEEKER—But are you sure she is a capable girl?

EMPLOYMENT AGENT—Capable? Why, my dear lady, she has had seven places in the last three months. She's capable of anything!



SOME people don't know what they want till somebody else gets it.

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# THE WOMAN INTERVENES

By J. Hartley Manners

#### CHARACTERS

PAUL WINTHROPE QUIN (his servant) CAPTAIN BRENT THE WOMAN

PLACE: Paul Winthrope's chambers, London.

TIME: A winter evening.

CENE—A dark oak room fitted as a library and living room. There are a few good pictures, old furniture and china in a cabinet; for the remainder the room is lined with shelves filled with books. There is an escritoire at the left, facing the audience, so that all the "business" done at that particular place can be distinctly seen by everyone. A large deal table in the center littered with papers and books, a few deep, comfortable brown leather chairs round the room and a smaller one at the escritoire complete the furnishings. A door at the back in the center communicates with a corridor; another, at the right, connects with the other rooms. It is about half past eight in the evening. Quin, a round, bald, merry-looking little Irishman of fifty, is discovered struggling with the straps of a trunk. Paul Winthrope, a lithe, active, well built man of thirty-five, hurries in energetically from the right, putting on his overcoat.

PAUL (irritably)
Is the cab there?

is the cap there.

Quin It is, sor.

PAUL

Why the devil isn't that trunk ready?

QUIN

It is, sor—all but the straps, sor.

PAUL (jerking out his watch)
Come on. I'll miss my train. (Hurries to the escritoire.)

QUIN
Sure there are plenty of others, sor.
April, 1912—8

PAUL Don't answer me, you idiot.

Quin

No, sor.

PAUL (searching among the keys on his chain for the key of the escritoire; indignantly.)

Plenty of others!

QUIN
Sure there are, sor. There's one at—

PAUL I'm going by the nine o'clock train.

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Quin

All right, sor.

PAUL

If I miss it you leave my service tomorrow.

Quin

All right, sor. (Getting up.) There it is.

PAUL (holding out a letter) See that this is sent by hand.

QUIN (running to him)

My hand, sor?

PAUL

Get a messenger.

Quin

I could run round there in a-

PAUL

A messenger boy, I tell you.

Quin (reading the envelope)
But I know where Mrs. Brent lives.
You've sent me there many a time—

PAUL (snatching it from him)
Give it to me. Put that on the cab
at once. (Quin runs to the trunk and
picks it up.)

Send any letters to the Adelphi Hotel,

Liverpool, until I wire.

Quin

Will I tell the new servant that?

PAUL

What new servant?

OUIN

Ain't I leavin' ye if ye miss your train? And begob, you're going to miss it.

PAUL

Get out.

(QUIN runs out at the center with the trunk. PAUL hurriedly closes the drawers of the escritorie, then takes up a miniature with a little chain attached to it, kisses it, puts it face downward on the desk, closes the lid, then searches among the keys again for the right one. QUIN rushes in breathlessly.)

Quin (between gasps)

Ye've only eight minutes, and it's a mile and a half to the station.

(PAUL rushes out, throwing up his coat collar and putting away his keys.)

Quin (running after him)

Ye'd better let me take that letter. I'd see she had it.

PAUL (outside)

I'll send it myself.

(The door bangs. QUIN reënters and bustles about, straightening things.)

QUIN (muttering to himself)

Rushing about like a madman, when there's a betther train in the morning, and have a good night's rest to boot! (A bell rings.) Begob, he's come back! Now there'll be the devil to pay and all. (He runs out. Outside—after a pause.) No, ma'am. He just drove away this minnit.

THE WOMAN (outside)

How provoking! I'll go in for a moment—

Quin

But I tell ye he's just dhruv away.

THE WOMAN

I'll write him a note. (She enters in elaborate evening dress and furs.) What comfy quarters he has! Where's he gone? (Looking about quickly, her eyes rest on the escritoire.)

OUIN

To Liverpool.

THE WOMAN

Business?

Sure, how should  $\tilde{I}$  know?

THE WOMAN

Oh! I've left my pocketbook in the cab. Do run down and get it for me.

Quin (undecided)

Well, but ye see, ma'am-

THE WOMAN

Hurry, please. I want a card out of it.

OUIN

That's all very well, but—

THE WOMAN (commandingly)

At once!

Quin (hurrying out muttering) I don't like this at all, at all.

(THE WOMAN watches him off. Turning to the escritoire she tries it, finds it unlocked, laughs, searches and rummages among the papers, finds the miniature, looks at it, produces a pocketbook from

her fur cloak and slips the miniature into it.)

Quin (entering)

There isn't the sign of a pocketbook in the cab.

THE WOMAN

How perfectly foolish of me! I had it here all the time. (She laughs.) Stupid of me, wasn't it?

QUIN

Yes, ma'am.

THE WOMAN

How long will Mr. Winthrope be away?

Quin

Until he thinks he'll come back.

THE WOMAN

You're not very communicative.

OUIN

And who might you be, ma'am?

THE WOMAN

A very old friend of Mr. Winthrope's.

OUIN

Indade! And what name will I tell him?

THE WOMAN

Val.

Quin

Val?

THE WOMAN

Yes-just Val.

Quin

Sure, that doesn't sound like a name at all. Val!

THE WOMAN (laughing)

Tell Mr. Winthrope, when he really makes up his mind to come back, that Val called and was so sorry to have missed him. (She gives him a coin.) Thank you so much for being so agreeable. Good night. (She goes to the door.)

QUIN

Good night, ma'am. And I'm much obliged. (A furious ringing is heard at the outer bell. QUIN runs out muttering.) Who the devil is this?

THE WOMAN (looking again at the miniature and laughing)

Poor little Dolly! (She puts it away, gathers her cloak round her and goes to the door when the sound of voices arrests her.)

PAUL (outside)

This is the last time. You get out tomorrow. (THE WOMAN draws back out of the line of the door. PAUL enters angrily tearing off his gloves, followed by QUIN.) You don't even know the right time. The train was gone when I left this room. The Temple clock was striking nine as I reached the Strand. You fool!

Quin (anxiously)

S-s-sh!

PAUL

What?

Quin

S-s-sh! (Looking around.) Where in the world is she? (He sees her, and points her out to PAUL.) There she is.

PAUL (looking at THE WOMAN in amasement)

Val!

Quin

Val! Well, of all the names-

PAUL (recovering from his astonishment, meeting her as she comes down to him)
Why, how are you?

THE WOMAN

Splendid. And you? (Taking his hand.) Surprised, eh? And delighted? (A pause.) Well—say it!

PAUL

Of course I'm delighted.

THE WOMAN

I thought you would be. (To QUIN.) Thank you so very much for making Mr. Winthrope miss his train. We're both extremely obliged to you. (To PAUL.) Aren't we?

Quin

Oh, there's a fine train in the morning, and he can—

PAUL

Take that away—

Quin

I will, sor. (He takes up the trunk and goes out at the right muttering to himself.)

Val! May the devil fly away with me if I ever heard a name like that before!

THE WOMAN (sitting and loosening her cloak)

Well, this is nice, isn't it?

PAUL (taking off his coat)
Charming. But I can't understand—

Don't try. I just felt I wanted to see you—

PAUL (looking at his watch)
At this time—

THE WOMAN What does time matter to us?

PAUL

Well, but—

THE WOMAN

I'm not responsible to anyone for my actions. Are you?

 ${f Paul}$ 

No. Still-

THE WOMAN

It was just an impulse. You know I was always impulsive, wasn't I? Remember?

PAUL

Why, yes.

THE WOMAN

You do?

PAUL

Yes.

THE WOMAN

Fancy that! I thought you'd forgotten all about me.

PAUL

Oh, no.

THE WOMAN

But you've never been to see me. I don't believe you've ever thought about me.

PAUL

Really, I have.

THE WOMAN

I suppose it was just shyness that kept you from writing. You were always shy with women. And yet at one time you never let a day pass without seeing me or writing to me or telephoning to me or wiring me. Funny thing time, isn't it?

PAUL I think it was for the best.

THE WOMAN Your dropping me?

PAUL

Val!

THE WOMAN

I like to hear you call me that. For whom was it best—you?

PAUL

For us both.

THE WOMAN
Why? Didn't you love me?

PAUL

Did you love me?

THE WOMAN

I wonder if I did? Well, anyway, here we are, a man and a woman, thrown upon the waves of chance after ten years. Let me look at you. You're gray, and I'm disillusioned. (He laughs.) I think I'd rather be gray. I could hide that. You look very uncomfortable. (He chuckles.)

PAUL

It's all so unexpected—so—

THE WOMAN

Unpleasant?

PAUL

Oh, no. Far from it. (Suddenly.) Why did you come here tonight?

THE WOMAN

Well—we were talking about you this afternoon.

PAUL

We? Who?

THE WOMAN

Dolly and I.

PAUL (rising)

Dolly?

THE WOMAN

Yes. Dolly Brent.

PAUL

Talking about me?

THE WOMAN
Well, that shouldn't surprise you.

What do you mean?

THE WOMAN

Don't you expect her to talk about you?

PAUL

I don't understand you.

THE WOMAN

You weren't always so dense.

PAUL

What did she say about me?

THE WOMAN

Many things. Paul, can I speak to you like an old comrade—a pal?

PAUL

Why, of course, Val.

THE WOMAN (going to him, and putting her hand on his shoulder)

Drop it!

PAUL

Drop what?

THE WOMAN

Dangling at the skirts of a married woman! (He draws back with an ejaculation.) It isn't nice, it isn't manly, it isn't honorable; and it's more than a little dangerous.

PAUL

Is that what you've come here to tell me?

THE WOMAN

Yes, it is. Dolly and I are old chums. I was one of her bridesmaids. I found her today in tears. I probed, as a clumsy surgeon runs a lance into a wound, to see if it hurts, and I found the sore place. It was you.

PAUL

She was crying?

THE WOMAN

Like a pretty, little blue-eyed spoilt baby.

PAUL

Why?

THE WOMAN

Because she thinks she's gone too far and doesn't know how to draw back.

PAUL

You're absolutely wrong.

THE WOMAN

Am I? I don't think so. It's the last thing I'd have expected of you. When you made love to me, at least you had a spice of originality. That was why I liked you. But this married woman business— Bah! It's so unimaginative, so sordid, so bourgeois! Drop it!

PAUL

I tell you—

THE WOMAN

I'll tell you. That kind of puppy dog attention dates back to our scantily clad warrior forefathers who'd go hunting wild animals and leave their womenkind at home; and into the little mud huts would creep the stay-at-home warriors and speak to the wives of neglect, of the husbands that didn't understand them. of the beautiful things of love, and the wretched humdrum of marriage. Oh, it's all so old—and so mean! (Suddenly) Paul! In those days there were no divorces. The husbands used to take those tame household puppies to the edge of a cliff and stone them, and point to their whitened bones as a warning to the other puppies. Go and look at some of those whitened bones. Paul.

PAUL (in a white heat)
How dare you?

THE WOMAN

Dare I? There's very little I wouldn't dare to save one of my sex from the paws that fondle first and then scratch.

PAUL

You speak to me as if—I were a—cad.

THE WOMAN

Any man who pursues a married woman as you have Dolly must expect to be called by any name that fits his conduct.

PAUL

You absolutely and completely wrong me.

THE WOMAN

Do I?

PAUL

Absolutely. It is companionship. That's all it's ever been, or ever could be.

THE WOMAN

I believe that. But isn't it a very dangerous companionship?

PAUL

How?

THE WOMAN
Captain Brent served in Africa.

PAUL

I know that.

THE WOMAN

Do you remember a company of English soldiers being butchered to a man, and Captain Brent going after the butchers and catching them and shooting every one of them at sunrise in cold blood? The heat had died out in the hunt. It was just a cold-blooded massacre for massacre. What do you suppose a man like Brent would do to a tame puppy that pestered his wife? Wring its neck, eh?

PAUL Or get his own wrung.

THE WOMAN
Oh! A spark of the old manliness!
I'd begun to think you'd lost it.

PAUL

Listen. You wrong her; you wrong me. It is the purest friendship. That's all. He does neglect her. He values her less than the shoulder knot on his tunic. Not a guilty thought has ever entered my mind or hers.

THE WOMAN

I'm glad to hear it. But who knows when the guilty thoughts may come? And if they do—well, we're all very primitive when we get down to old mother earth, aren't we? We're the same old animals that came out of caves, only we've new manners of speech, a little more clothing, and ribbons and jewels instead of leaves and shells for ornaments. But remove our coating of civilization, and out springs the primitive brute and devours all our fine ideas of companionship and idealism and the whole cant of today. That's what I want to save you and Dolly from. You must never see her again.

PAUL

That rests entirely with her.

THE WOMAN

Does it?

PAUL

Entirely.

THE WOMAN

Then here is your dismissal. (She hands him a note. He tears it open and reads it.) She wrote it while I was with her.

PAUL

This is your doing!

THE WOMAN

Of course it is.

PAUL

By God, I won't accept it! She'll tell me herself to go.

THE WOMAN

Why give her the bother of doing that?

PAUL

You don't know the hell she's been living in with that soldier brute as her husband. She craves for something more in her life.

THE WOMAN

Well, she'll find it, and without your assistance.

PAUL

With her husband?

THE WOMAN

Yes.

PAUL

Bah!

THE WOMAN

And with the first cry from her little baby. (A pause. She watches him.) Now do you see? Do you understand why I found her crying her little heart out?

PAUL (stunned, burying his face in his hands)

My God! My God!

THE WOMAN (compassionately putting her hand on his shoulder)

Come. Think back ten years to what you were then, and fight it out as a well plucked man would. (*He moans.*) Does it mean as much as that to you?

PAUL

I love her!

THE WOMAN

Really?

PAUL

From my soul.

THE WOMAN

Then my task is easier than I thought. I was afraid it was just selfish infatuation. That is the hardest to deal with—robbing the hunter of his prey. But where there is love, everything is changed. Love is in the heart, and the heart of the lover is the easiest softened. Prove your love, Paul, by never allowing a word of reproach to linger on the wife or the mother. (A pause.) You'll never see her again?

PAUL

I can't! I can't!

THE WOMAN

Yes, you will. If you love her, you will. Promise me.

PAUL (after a pause, looking up and rising)

I promise.

THE WOMAN

Good! (She takes up her cloak.) My errand is over. The Paul I knew ten years ago would never break his word.

PAUL

You may be sure of that. Go now. Leave me with my thoughts.

THE WOMAN

No bitterness?

PATIT.

No. You showed me my duty.

THE WOMAN

I suppose you never want to see me again, do you?

PAUL

Not just yet.

THE WOMAN

Very well. If you ever do, there's a little corner at my fireside, with a comfy little seat, a whiskey and soda, a hearty handshake, not a word of this, and a great big remembrance of a ten-year-old friendship waiting for you. Good-bye, Paul. (She holds out her hand.)

PAUL

Good-bye, Val. (The bell rings violently.)

THE WOMAN (holding his hand) Good luck.

PAUL

Thank you. (He drops his eyes. She goes to the door. Quin comes in at the center and hands a card to PAUL.)

PAUL (reading)

Captain Brent. (THE WOMAN turns round and looks at him.) Show him in. Quin goes out.)

THE WOMAN
Does he often call on you?

PAUL

This is the first time.

THE WOMAN

Oho!

PAUL

He'd better not see you.

THE WOMAN

Why not? I want to see him. (Suddenly.) Put that away. (She points to the letter she gave him. Paul has just time to hide the letter as Quin shows in Captain Brent, a tall, bronzed, gray-haired man of fifty. Quin goes out. Brent comes quickly and nervously into the room, but stops dead when he sees The Woman. She smiles.) Hello!

BRENT (nodding curtly, then abruptly to PAUL)

I want to talk to you privately.

THE WOMAN

But I haven't finished with Mr. Winthrope yet.

BRENT (turning on her)
I want to talk to him alone.

THE WOMAN

Then you'll have to come some other time. (She sits down.)

BRENT (malignantly)

I'm going to talk to him now.

THE WOMAN

Well, don't make such a fuss about it. Go ahead.

BRENT

I said alone.

THE WOMAN

Oh, don't mind me being here. We have no secrets from each other.

A. Carrier

Brent (amazed)

What?

THE WOMAN (smiling with assumed tenderness up at him)

Have we, Paul?

(BRENT looks quickly from one to the other.)

THE WOMAN

Now then, Captain Brent, we're all ready. What is it?

PAUL (going to THE WOMAN.) Leave us, please.

THE WOMAN
I won't do anything of the kind. I
think you're both very rude.

BRENT

What I'm going to say will not be very pleasant for a woman's ears.

THE WOMAN

All the better. I love unpleasant things. Go ahead.

BRENT

Very well. I will. (To PAUL.) You have been seeing a good deal of my wife. (A pause.) Do you deny it?

PAUL

No.

(THE WOMAN rises anxiously.)

BRENT

You have a miniature of hers? Haven't you?

THE WOMAN (before PAUL can answer)
What! Another? Does Dolly give
them to everyone?

BRENT (turning quickly on her) What do you mean?

THE WOMAN
I've a beauty. (She takes it out of her pocketbook.) Look!

BRENT Where did you get that?

THE WOMAN From Dolly. Isn't it pretty?

BRENT (to PAUL)
That is the one she gave you.

THE WOMAN

Gave Paul? How ridiculous! (To PAUL.) I've never even shown it to you, have I?

BRENT

Will you keep out of this?

THE WOMAN Certainly. (She sits down.)

BRENT (vehemently and forcefully to PAUL)

You're a damned blackguard, and I've come here to stop you from ever acting again as you've done in my home.

PAUL (menacingly to BRENT)

Let us go into the court beneath this window, Captain Brent, and repeat what you've just said. (He starts toward the door.)

THE WOMAN (jumping up and intercepting them)

But why? Why go out in the snow? Settle your discussion here by the firelight.

BRENT

I'll settle it damn quick, you paltry— (He draws a revolver.)

THE WOMAN (stepping between them)
How soldiers love firearms!

BRENT

Don't you-

THE WOMAN

Put that away.

BRENT

This is no business of yours.

THE WOMAN

Isn't it? You're waving a revolver at a man I'm engaged to, and you say it's no business of mine! You must be mad!

Brent You're engaged? To him?

THE WOMAN
Alas, yes. (To PAUL.) There! He's surprised our secret, hasn't he?

BRENT

But-

THE WOMAN

Turn that ugly muzzle away. It may go off.

BRENT

Engaged? (To PAUL.) Then what do you mean by hanging round my wife?

THE WOMAN

Because I asked him to. Dolly is my oldest friend.

BRENT

You know he's been doing it?

THE WOMAN

I made him do it, poor dear. Dolly's so dull. (To Brent.) What in the world is the matter with you? Is this a joke?

BRENT

Joke! (He holds up the revolver.)

THE WOMAN

Turn that away.

BRENT

You made him call on my wife! Why, my servant overheard her telling another woman today that she'd gone so far she dreaded the consequences.

THE WOMAN
Quite right. I was the other woman.

BRENT

You!

THE WOMAN

You met me going out as you came in this afternoon.

BRENT

That's true.

THE WOMAN

I really don't know what's the matter with you.

BRENT

What did my wife dread?

THE WOMAN

Being bored any longer by my dear Paul's long-winded sermons. I've suffered from them, goodness knows. She didn't see why she should. What else did you think?

Brent

I didn't know what to think!

THE WOMAN

Did you ask your wife?

BRENT

No; I wanted to deal with him first.

THE WOMAN (with a little gasp of relief, laughing nervously)

And you put that horrid piece of steel in your pocket and come round here to make a foolish scene! Really, you ought to have your ears boxed. Paul, box his ears!

(Brent faces Paul and makes a sudden movement with the revolver. The Woman grips his wrist.) I'm surprised that an officer in the English army should listen to the tattling of servants and jump to the most unworthy conclusions about one of the most charming women in London. You will go to your wife at once and beg her pardon on your knees—after you've apologized to Mr. Winthrope and me.

BRENT

What!

THE WOMAN

We used to say "an officer and a gentleman." I'm afraid we'll have to drop the latter term if you're a fair specimen of the English officer.

BRENT

My servant distinctly heard-

THE WOMAN

Your servant! (She points to the revolver.) Then go and use that on him. And what did your servant hear? (She holds up the miniature.) That Dolly had given this to Mr. Winthrope?

BRENT

Yes.

THE WOMAN

I thought so. And because, when I know your wife is miserable at your neglect, your brutality and your complete lack of consideration for even her lightest wishes, and I think I'll distract her mind by letting her listen to my dear Paul's platitudes, you jump to conclusions, brandish a revolver and act like a theatrical avenging husband—with nothing to avenge. And I assure you there is nothing to avenge. (A pause.) 'Pon my soul, you men are droll. (Suddenly.) Paul! Don't you ever go near Dolly again.

BRENT

I'll take damn good care he doesn't.

THE WOMAN

Kindly leave "damn" out of your conversation, please. You're not in your barracks, Captain Brent.

BRENT

I beg your pardon.

THE WOMAN (indicating PAUL) Beg his, too.

What for?

THE WOMAN

For your ridiculous and insulting suspicions. If you don't, I warn you, I'll make you the laughing stock of every drawing room in London and of your regiment. Beg his pardon. (Brent hesitates.) Go on. You're in the wrong. You are, indeed.

Brent (turning to Paul) Sorry I was so hasty.

THE WOMAN (victoriously)

Ah! Why, there's more of the man and less of the bully in you than I thought. Now go home and apologize to your wife. You ought to do the same to me, but I'll let you off. (A pause.) Are you going to your wife, tell her of the scene you made here, and ask her forgiveness? If you don't I'll make a nine days' joke of it. Believe me, I will.

BRENT

Yes.

THE WOMAN

Good. In future, if your wife must be bored do it yourself. Goodness knows, you can. And one thing more: discharge that servant—and kick him, into the bargain.

(Brent (vehemently)

I will. The damned—I beg your pardon.

THE WOMAN (opening the door)
And now, Captain Brent, good night.

BRENT (going to the door, looking at PAUL, then at THE WOMAN) I thought that— But I have your

I thought that— But I have your word there was nothing—

THE WOMAN

Nothing beyond your stupid suspicions and a mischief making servant's lies. You ought to know Dolly better.

BRENT (straightening up)

I do. By God, I do. I'm sorry, Winthrope. I'm just a blundering fool. The blood was up in my head. Shake hands.

PAUL (holding his hands behind him) Good night.

BRENT (to THE WOMAN)
Dolly's everything to me, and I—I—

THE WOMAN

I know. Let me give you a word of counsel. Don't worry her with doubts—especially just now. Don't give her time for sick fancies. Begin your love making all over again. Take her for another honeymoon out of this wretched climate into the sunshine.

BRENT

I will. Much obliged to you for putting me straight.

THE WOMAN

Some men would never go straight if a woman didn't intervene. (She points to the revolver.) Throw that in the dustbin. Good-bye and good luck. (She gives him her hand.)

Brent (huskily; hiding the revolver)
Thank you. Good night. (He goes

out abruptly.)

(THE WOMAN and PAUL listen until the outer door bangs. PAUL makes a movement; she checks him. She runs to the telephone and rings it.)

THE WOMAN (at the 'phone)

Hello! Hello! Exchange? Give me 4394 Gerrard, please—4—3—9—4. (To PAUL.) See that he's gone.

(PAUL goes out. A door is heard to open

then shut. PAUL reënters.)

PAUL

He's just disappeared into the Strand.

THE WOMAN (talking into the 'phone)
Are you there? 4394? Is Mrs. Brent
in? Mrs. Brent? Val! Val! V-A-L—
yes. That's all. She'll know.

(PAUL, moving excitedly around the room, stumbles into a chair.)

Be quiet. (Into the 'phone.) Is that you, Dolly? Yes, Val. Yes. Don't talk—listen! I say don't talk—let me.

I'm at Mr. Winthrope's. Yes—Paul's. Quite all right. I've got the miniature. Yes, I've got it. That's off your mind. No, he didn't give it to me. I found it on his desk and took it. Wait a minute. Can't you keep still for two seconds? Your husband's been here. Oh, we had a most amusing time. One of your servants overheard us today and told him... No. I told him you gave me the miniature, and that Paul called on you because I told him to. Yes. To make it look all right, I said that Paul

and I are engaged. (She laughs.)
Isn't that funny? Oh, we had a lovely fifteen minutes. He's going home to you now-to apologize. Don't you forgive him too quickly. Make quite a fuss first, then give in gradually and make him promise never to do it again. See? Oh, you're a silly little goose. Of course it's all right. Best thing that could have happened. Come round in the morning and I'll tell you the whole story. What are you doing now? Crying? S-sh—s-sh -s-sh! Don't! (She wipes her eyes.) Now you've started me doing the same thing. Bless you, dear, don't be frightened. He'll eat out of your hand. But -Dolly-no more nonsense, dear. The Colonel's as straight as a die, and he's mad about you. Don't let him see you've been crying. All right. Good night. Bless you! . . . Yes—first thing in the morning. Good night. (She hangs up the receiver.) There! That's all over. (She wipes her eyes with her handkerchief, and takes up her cloak. PAUL helps her with it.)

THE WOMAN

Thank you.

PAUL

Thank you.

THE WOMAN

That's all right. Keep away from fire, like a good little boy, or you'll get burnt. You won't always find a woman intervening for you.

PAUL

Val, as God is my judge, there was nothing—

THE WOMAN

I know that, or I wouldn't have interfered. I'd have said to the Captain:

"Shoot away! He deserves it." Now I'm off. (She starts for the door.)

PAUL

May I see you again?

THE WOMAN

Yes—in ten years; and we'll talk it all over.

PAUL

You're wonderful.

THE WOMAN

Oh, don't begin on me. I'm not Dolly.

PAUL

You've saved us all.

THE WOMAN

That's a comfort. By the way, if that hot-headed Captain announces our engagement we must quarrel and break it off.

PAUL

To do that we must meet.

THE WOMAN

Of course. The seat by the fireside, the whiskey and soda and a quarrel. (She smiles at him.)

PAUL

Why did you do this?

THE WOMAN To save Dolly, of course.

PAUL

And me?

THE WOMAN (nodding)
A little. (PAUL kisses her hand.)
Pity the glove is on. Never mind—it

won't be when you call.

PAUL

Ten years ago! I'm very, very grateful.

THE WOMAN (shivering)

Don't! Think about it tonight, and come round tomorrow afternoon—not the morning—and we'll dream back those ten years.

PAUL

Those ten lost years!

THE WOMAN

No, Paul. Nothing is ever lost.

(As they disappear the curtain slowly falls.)

- Alexander

## **WORDS**

#### By Stuart B. Stone

ORDS are combinations of sound emitted from the mouth for the purpose of expressing or obscuring the meaning of the speaker.

Words are divided, with reference to length and impressive possibili-

ties, into polysyllables, or verbal bluffs, and monosyllables, or bluff callers.

Polysyllables are used for the aweing of constituents, clienteles and congregations, the exhibition of profound knowledge and the concealment of the lack of the same. They are employed by doctors, demagogues, scientists, poseurs, Bostonians, conversationalists and colored preachers. E.g., Constitution, paranoia, independence, investigation, fromage, agricultural implement, very respectfully, affinity, kleptomania, tonsorial artist.

Monosyllables are used to transact the world's real business, and are favored by umpires, policemen, bouncers, captains of industry, unbeloved fathers of well beloved young ladies, and Mr. Theodore Roosevelt. E.g., liar, out, yes, no, I, spade, git, love, please, quit, yum, hell. Both polysyllables and monosyllables are used impartially and eternally by pugilists, barbers, insurance agents, clubmen, suffragettes, grown-up boy orators of the Platte, and the Emperor of Germany.

Words thoroughly chewed and expelled to the thumping of a piano are called song. Words extracted from the mouth of a celebrity, twisted around and carefully stripped of original meaning, constitute an interview. Words used to fill the dry space between two highly ornamental book covers become current literature. Words, originating in nothing, and rolled from tongue to tongue, gathering slime all the way, make gossip. Words spouted over the heads of an audience accompanied by a gale of wind intended to sweep back the tide of disaster about to engulf the land for which our forefathers died, constitute oratory.

Words are cheap, yet Messrs. Doyle and Kipling, by means of a peculiar arrangement—or misarrangement—are able to dispose of them at a dollar each. While the supply in the great Webster and Worcester storehouses would seem to be ample for the most wordy, George Ade and the Carnegie Institute continue to operate

their mints overtime.

Words proceed from the mouth, ideas from the brain. Thus there is no diffi-

culty in accounting for the plague of the former and the famine of the latter.

Words, once uttered, unlike kites or the mayors of Seattle, cannot be recalled. See, therefore, that no cyanide of gossipium poisons your utterances, and that no benzoate of calumny enters into and adulterates your conversation against the pure truth law of the land.



To establish a reputation for cynicism, it is only necessary to make a habit of speaking ill timed truths.

# WHO WAS JEANETTE?

#### By Samuel M. Evans

COMETHING was the matter with Smith. That was very plain. For five days he had absented himself from the club. Not that that in itself was Smith sometimes went as many as four or five days at a stretch without visiting the club. But just previous to his absence this time he had acted rather queerly. Tommy Burgrave noticed it, and this is proof that it was plain to every member. Even the waiters and the cloakroom attendants had looked at Smith with wondering eyes on the occasion of his last visit. And when several days went by without any explanation, and then he stopped coming to the club altogether, the thing began to be talked over in corners and over the card tables as things are always talked over at men's clubs.

It was Tommy Burgrave who first suggested that Smith might be in serious trouble, and that we ought to try to find out what it was and help him out if we could. Tommy was a good-hearted fellow and hadn't the least hesitation about butting into other persons' affairs. He didn't even hesitate when we suggested that he interview Smith and report to us. He agreed to visit him in his office the next day and meet us at the club that night. But Tommy always got up very late in the morning, and when he finally got to Smith's office late the next afternoon Smith was not to be found. The clerk said that Smith had not been in that day and was not expected.

Tommy was now at the end of his resourcefulness. He could think of nothing to do but wander back to the club. He had just entered the cardroom when he spied Smith sitting dejectedly in one

corner. He went straight at the business in hand.

"Now look here, old fellow, what's the trouble? You must be in serious trouble, and you ought to let your friends in on it. A club's no good if it can't be of some help to a fellow, you

know, when he needs help."

Smith straightened up and smiled a sickly sort of smile. "Tommy, my boy," said he, "you're not married. You don't understand. You will never understand until you marry and find out that your wife has relatives. Don't have anything to do with women, Tommy. more upsetting to a man's nervous system than anything else God ever put on earth. If you ever do get married, Tommy, don't let your wife get near a wireless telegraph instrument. Women are bad enough by themselves, but I defy anybody to find a worse combination than women and wireless. When they get together, they can create more hell on earth than all the devils in the infernal regions.

"Last week everything was going along all right—business fine, and home as sweet as the new nest of a honeymoon couple. Now everything's gone to the dogs. I haven't been near the office to do any work for God knows how long, and Mrs. Smith and I can't look at each other without wanting to scream and fly at each other's throats. It all started from that damned wireless instrument. Why will men invent such things? The world got along all right before wireless

was invented, didn't it?"

Tommy nodded. "I guess it did, old

chap," agreed he.

"Then why was the thing invented? I don't know. It came a week ago yes-

terday—the wireless telegram, I mean. Mrs. Smith and I were at dinner enjoying a pleasant evening meal when the maid brought it in. My wife read it and passed it over the table to me. It read: Arrive Korea. Meet me. Answer.' It was signed 'Jeanette.' The maid said the boy was waiting in the vestibule for

the answer.

""Well, this is a surprise; I didn't know Jeanette was in the Orient,' said I pleasantly as I passed back the telegram. Tell her you will be at the dock when the Korea gets in, my dear. Let's see, when is the Korea due?' I looked at my paper. 'She's not due until a week from tomorrow. Tell her we'll both be on hand to meet the vessel. I always liked Teanette. A nice thoughtful little woman. She let us know a week ahead so that we could arrange our plans to fit in with an unexpected guest. I wish all women were as thoughtful as Jeanette. Jove, I'll take an afternoon off from the office and see if I can fix it so that we can board the Korea at Quarantine. We'll surprise her.'

"My wife looked up from the blank sent by the wireless company for the answer. 'How's this?' said she. meet Korea at dock. Glad you are com-

ing to us.""

"Just right, my dear,' replied I. "'How'll I address it?' asked Alice.

"'On board Pacific Mail Steamship

Korea,' I answered.

"'Yes, I know. But I've forgotten her last name for the minute. What is her husband's name; do you remember?'

"I couldn't recall it either.

"'It wouldn't go if we addressed it simply "Jeanette," would it?' asked my

"'Certainly not; there may be more than one Jeanette on board the Korea. And besides, we wouldn't want her to know that we had forgotten her last name. There's no hurry about it, anyhow. The Korea's not due for eight days. Tell the boy I'll send the answer tomorrow. We can think of it tonight, and we don't want to keep the youngster waiting.

"The maid sent the boy off, and we both started in to think of Jeanette's

last name. But it eluded us. Neither of us could recall it. 'I should think that you would remember it,' said Alice, pouting; 'you introduced her husband at your club and got him a card there.'

"'My dear,' answered I as pleasantly as I could, 'Jeanette is your cousin, not mine. But if we can't think of her name tonight, I'll run into the club the first thing in the morning and look up his name on the guest register and send the message. We'll not worry about it any

more tonight.'

"But we did worry about it. Alice grew more and more unreasonable. She declared that when she and Jeanette had been girls together in New York, she had known her only by her maiden name, which was Carpenter, and that as I had seen more of her husband than she had during their visit to us in San Francisco three years before, I should remember his name. 'I only called her Jeanette when she was here. How should I know her husband's name? You are the one to remember that,' asserted she, almost in tears. And for the first time since we were married there was no good night

kiss that night.

"She was not at the breakfast table when I came down the next morning, and I left without seeing her. Before I went to the office I dropped in here and saw the bookkeeper. I had made up my mind that I would find out Jeanette's last name, send the telegram and then telephone to Alice to meet me downtown for lunch. Then I would tell her that I had sent the message, and we would go to the matinee and everything would be all right again. But the bookkeeper informed me that the ordinary guest register is not kept for more than a year. He told me that the club keeps only the list of specially invited guests. He remembered Jeanette's husband but could not recall his name. No matter, I thought, the Pacific Mail has a list of passengers cabled from the other side and I can find it out from the steamship office after I leave the office tonight. I confess that I didn't do as much work as usual that The thing bothered me continually. 'Who is Jeanette?' kept running through my brain all day, and I was glad to leave early for the steamship

"The clerk in charge of the front office was very polite about it, but he would not let me see the Korea's passenger list. It was against the very strict rules of the company, he said. I asked for the manager, but he was not in. He left the office every day at three o'clock, the clerk told me. There was a chance that Alice would have recalled the name during the day, and anyhow there was no hurry about it. The Korea was not due for a week, and I dismissed it from my mind as I rode home on the car.

"But Alice had not recalled the name.
'Did you get the name from the club register, dearie?' was her greeting at the

front door.

"I explained that the club never kept registers for more than a year, and told her that I had not sent her answer.

"'You might at least have tried the steamship office. They keep a list of the passengers on every steamer, don't

they?

"I told her about the visit to the steamship offices. 'There's no hurry, dearest,' I expostulated. 'I'll see the manager personally in the morning, get the name and send the telegram. Now don't let this spoil our whole evening.'

"But it did spoil the whole evening. Alice could talk of nothing else but Jeanette — Jeanette — Jeanette. She called me a procrastinator and a horrid thing. I might have at least tried the Revenue Service. I knew that Jeanette's husband was captain of the Bear when they were out here, and I could have got his name from the customs offices, if I had had enough interest to try. I didn't care about her relatives, anyhow. And then she burst into tears.

"Tears always make me mad clear through. 'Jeanette's husband was not a captain in the Revenue Service,' I retorted somewhat sharply; 'he was in the Coast and Geodetic Survey. As for your relatives, why are they so thoughtless as to send such a fool telegram? Jeanette has always struck me as being a very thoughtless woman, anyhow. She expects everyone to take everything for granted.'

"Alice spent the night in the guest room, and I didn't see her at breakfast the next morning. There was nothing interesting in the morning paper. On the front page was an account of a steamship wreck off the coast of France. I wondered savagely why it had not been the Korea that had been wrecked. Every page I opened had some story about a ship on it. It seemed as though the editor had made a specialty of marine news that day. I left the house thoroughly angry. All the way to the office the car wheels kept saying, 'Who's Jeanette?'

"I went to the steamship offices the first thing. Got there before the manager arrived and had to wait. I told him the whole story and asked him to make a special case of it and allow me to see the Korea's passenger list. He smiled at me queerly and said firmly that no one but special agents of the United States Government were ever allowed to see a steamer's passenger list unless something happened to the vessel at sea. He was very sorry but he could not make a special case of my request. I could see that he did not believe a word of what I

had told him.

"Then I visited the offices of the Coast and Geodetic Survey. I asked who was in command of the steamer Albatross in 1908. They told me it was Captain Dolliver, who is in command of the vessel That was not the name of Jeanette's husband. The Albatross is the only vessel in the Coast and Geodetic Survey that has ever been on the Pacific Ocean. I began to think that maybe Alice had been right about the Revenue Service, and I next visited the Custom The clerks there were very de-I asked who commanded the steamer Bear in 1908. They promptly told me that it was Captain Wycliffe. He is in command of the vessel now. But Wycliffe was not the name of Jeanette's husband. I got the names of every captain in the Revenue Service for ten years back; but there was not a name among them that sounded as though it might have been the name of Jeanette's husband. I'll admit that the clerk looked at me rather queerly when I asked for the names, but he looked them up for

me, at any rate.

"I went back to the office and tried to The stenographers in the outer office had a troublesome way of spacing their taps on the typewriters so as to make them say, 'Who's Jeanette? Who's Jeanette?' I ordered them to cease work while I was in the office, and finally went away early. That night Alice met me at the door. She was evidently repentant. Nothing was said until we were seated at dinner. 'Have you sent the telegram, dearie?' she asked me. I told her what had happened that day, and suggested that she ring up some of her friends on the telephone and find someone to whom she had introduced Jeanette and who could remember her last name.

"She almost jumped across the table 'I have rung up everyone to whom I ever introduced Jeanette while she was here,' she almost screamed at me, 'and my friends think that I have gone crazy on the subject. Today Mrs. Iones called on me and said that she and Mrs. Field had been saying that morning that I looked worried, and that I ought to go away for a vacation. You're a man; you ought to be able to find out.' Then she burst into tears again. 'Don't you speak to me again until you have found out that name and sent the message!' she shouted at me as she left the room.

"I didn't see her again until today. She made a point of keeping to her room while I was in the house, and I thought I'd let her sulk it out. I have led a devil of an existence the past few days, I can

tell you.

"I went to see my friend Maddox of the U. S. Secret Service the next day, and told him the whole story, and he believed it. He said he would try to get a copy of the Korea's passenger list and let me know that afternoon. I went to the office and tried to work. The clerks looked at me in a funny sort of way as I entered the door. The office was unbearable. Outside the door the elevators seemed to clatter, 'Who's Jeanette?' as they whizzed up and down, and I couldn't work. It occurred to me that perhaps in the letter files of the office

there might be a name like that of Jeanette's husband or that would at least recall it, and I sent for the files and ran through them. There was not a name that had the faintest suggestion of Jeanette's husband about it. I sent for the junior partner and told him that I had decided to have the offices moved away from the elevator shafts where it would be quieter.

"'But, Mr. Smith,' he expostulated in considerable surprise, 'we went to a lot of trouble to get these offices for the very reason that they are near the

elevators.'

"'I have decided to have them changed,' I retorted shortly, 'and I want you to look about and find quieter quarters. If you cannot find them in this building, look elsewhere.'

"He studied me quietly for a time, and then suggested that I had been looking very ill of late and needed a vacation. I replied briskly that when I needed a va-

cation I would not consult him.

"That afternoon Maddox came to see me. He had not been able to get a copy of the Korea's passenger list. They had told him that they would tell him if any particular person whose name he mentioned was aboard the vessel, but that they could not allow the list to be scrutinized. 'I want to know if a woman whose first name is Jeanette is on the Korea,' he had answered. The manager had looked at him sharply for a minute and answered: 'That man was in to see me a couple of days ago. I think that he is either up to some crime or is crazy. For your own information, I will say that there are three Jeanettes aboard the Korea.

"What was I to do? Maddox suggested that someone in the club might remember the name of Jeanette's husband. I dined here that evening. The first man I ran into was Dr. Qualls. I asked him if he remembered the name of Jeanette's husband. He did not. I asked the same question of every man I saw that night. I stayed at the club over night and started in on my inquiry again the next morning. I kept it up for three days. Most of the members of the club remembered the man all right, but none

of them recalled his name. Then I noticed that whenever I came into the club people began to look at me askance. Whenever I approached anyone and asked him if he remembered the name of Jeanette's husband, he began to fidget and look queerly at me. Usually the members would try to forestall me by beginning an animated conversation about something else. Finally Dr. Qualls took me aside and told me that I was looking very badly and needed a vacation. That was the last straw. I did not come to the club again.

"I don't know where I have been or what I have been doing the past few days. The club was unbearable; the office was not to be thought of, and home was out of the question. I could not ride on the street cars. I wandered around the water front for a while. The unloading cranes on the vessels seemed to click out in monotonous tones, 'Who is Jeanette?' I went uptown. The electric rivetting machines shricked out in their ceaseless taps, 'Jeanette, Jeanette, I tell you, man, I know what it feels like to think that you are going crazy.

"The Korea got in today. I remembered it late this afternoon. I thought that my wife might have forgotten to go to the dock to meet the steamer, and that I ought to go to meet Jeanette, at any rate. Then I could make up some lie about our being out of town when her wireless arrived, and stall along until she mentioned the name of her husband. I got there late. The Korea had docked a little after noon. Just as I got onto the pier, I saw my wife standing there and Jeanette running to meet her. Jeanette was a queer-looking dapper little man whom I had never seen before. He seemed to be protecting her; he was carrying her steamer rug and grips. But he did not look like her husband. I began to wonder whether I had

gone crazy already.

"Jeanette ran up to Alice and threw her arms around her neck and kissed her. 'I'm so glad to see you, dearest,' she gushed. 'I never thought until after I had sent my message that you did not know that the Captain and I had been divorced, and that your reply would not reach me because of the change in names. No matter. I'm as happy as I can be. My husband and I have been around the world for our honeymoon. I want you to meet my husband.' She turned to the queer-looking individual, who was standing on one foot and looking embarrassed. 'My dear, this is my cousin, Mrs. Smith. Alice, this is my husband, Mr. Booth.'

"I had not been seen. I sneaked off the pier and came straight here. Thank God, it's all over, and I hope no more of my wife's relatives show up. But I would like to know the name of Jea-

nette's first husband."



## SPRING TIDES

By Joseph Boardman, Jr.

WHITE steam flags against the sky, and high red brick aglow— All the channel marks in sight for two good miles and more— Dogs adrift and trim mammas and little folks in tow,

Flash of whitecaps where a skirt goes blowing out before, Sables roughed and browned with wind, taxis smoking blue— It's good to see the tide rips run along the Avenue!

April, 1912-9

# NO LIMIT

## By Godfrey Montague Lebhar

I'VE kissed her pretty ruby lips,
I've kissed her unawares;
I've kissed her on the instant,
And I've kissed her on the stairs,

I've kissed her in the meantime, I've kissed her in the park; I've kissed her inadvertently, And likewise in the dark.

I've kissed her on the frontier, And on the left ear, too; When I couldn't kiss her often I'd make her forehead do.

I've kissed her on her bended knees, I've kissed her on the cheek; I've kissed her by the rivulet, I've kissed her by the week.

I've kissed her little nose so much, How much she little knows; I've kissed her pretty often, And I've kissed her pretty toes.

Say, when I get a-kissing her, There's nothing I won't do; I'll kiss her with abandon, Yes—without a band on, too!

No, there's nothing I would stop at When once I'm in the swirl; Why, I'd kiss her in the bathtub—My six months baby girl!



"After the bawl is over."

## THE WOLF

#### By Adam Gault

YOUR piano needs tuning—ach, very badly it needs tuning," remarked Valkenberg, with

candid disgust.

His host, hearing the voice but not the words, grunted perfunctorily in response. Varick was too deep in the latest novel to permit either the arrival or the quasiconversational demand of his friend to lure him from its perusal. He had, moreover, a power of concentration on which he rather prided himself. With a subconscious movement, he pushed a box of cigars away from him, and considered the duties of hospitality handsomely met.

"Drink?" he murmured absently, as a gracious aftermath of this impulse. A leaf of his book fluttered as he turned it. He felt very far from the luxurious room in which he sat. In fancy, he was tramping along a moonlit English road; and Valkenberg's dreamy piano playing had been to him but a fitting accompaniment of the soft rustle of the night wind among the somber foliage of ancient

oaks.

Valkenberg smiled in amused understanding. He had known Varick for two years, and liked him thoroughly. Varick could not annoy him, but the temperament of Varick's piano could, and did. With an imperative hand he struck the "F" octave of the middle register, then the thirds and fourths.

"Listen," he persisted, addressing Varick over his shoulder. "A fine in-

strument, but hear the wolf!"

Varick raised his eyes from the page, his attention arrested by the last word.

"What d'ye mean?" he demanded, with some interest. "What wolf?"

He inserted a cautious index finger in

the volume to hold his place, but deigned at last to turn for a moment to his guest.

"This one."

Valkenberg struck again the offending octave, and listened with disapproval to the result. "Your piano is worth keeping in good condition,"he added severely. "If not for yourself, for others. Why do I come here? To see you? Himmel, no!" He answered his own question with unflattering emphasis. "You, with your nose always in a book or cleaning guns! I come to play on your piano. But when it is like this, I could stay in my attic room and rattle the coal shovel against the scuttle. It would be the same thing."

"As bad as all that?"

If it was, obviously the attraction of the piano would not hold his guest much longer. Varick yawned, closed his book and laid it on the table, with a lingering glance at its crimson cover as he bestowed himself to definite and hospitable service.

"What the deuce is the wolf, anyhow?" he asked again, as he filled two glasses with whiskey and soda, measuring the portions with a critical eye.

Valkenberg threw up his hands.

"Lieber Gott!" he cried over his shoulder. "You would hear it if those things on the side of your head were human ears! To be born without music in the soul!" He brought his hand down on the piano in a venomous chord, regarding Varick arraigningly as he did so.

"Don't you get it?" he demanded. "The trailing, whimpering sound, like a distant how!? That is what is called the wolf in the temperament of this instrument. It is the unfailing proof, my friend, that your piano needs a tuner."

He struck the chord again, insistently. He had the wolf by the ears, and meant to make it yelp until it was recognized. Varick listened, his round pink face holding an absurdly childlike look of expectancy, almost of apprehension. Valkenberg, still regarding him over his shoulder, suddenly burst into a shout of laughter, and, rising, briskly crossed the room to his side.

"But you are expecting to hear him bark, nicht wahr?" he cried, delightedly. "Perhaps even to see him bite, eh? You think he is curled up under the piano, with his tail neatly folded around the left hind leg! Ach, but you are a comfort, Varick! This world needs more like you. You see nothing. You hear nothing. It is restful to be near you. No wonder you read, since the world of sound is closed to

you!"

"Nonsense!" observed Varick robustly. "What do you know about wolves, anyhow? I don't believe you'd recognize a real howl if you heard it. By Jove, if you ever listened to 'em in the open you wouldn't forget 'em! Of all the depressing sounds that assail the hunter's ears— It would take Richard Strauss to get that howl out of a piano."

He handed his friend one of the glasses he had filled, pushed the box of cigars forward again and nodded hospitably toward a big chair near his own,

in front of the blazing fire.

"Sit down," he urged. "Be comfortable. I'll tell you a yarn about a wolf

pack--"

Valkenberg gave a dry laugh as he dropped into the chair. His mood had changed with characteristic suddenness. He lit a cigar and sat smoking in silence, his eyes upon the flames, his hands deep in his pockets, his feet on the fender, his thoughts obviously far away. Varick, watching him, observed the new lines that had come into his face during the past six months, and the more powdered effect to the hair around his temples. This man, he knew, could not be more than thirty-eight; yet there were moments—this was one—when he looked twenty years older. He was now giving his guest close attention. Valkenberg was nervous and restless tonight, and

his blue eyes held at moments almost a look of panic. Varick, who was more observant than the other realized, wondered what was up. He settled back in his chair, and, clasping his hands behind his head, continued musically.

his head, continued musingly:

"But you wouldn't hear a word of it, so what's the use of wasting it on you? Such a good story, too. What a queer chap you are, Valkenberg," he added, without waiting for a reply—"with your wolves and your music and your mysterious Rhine background! I'm almost beginning to wonder if there isn't some basis for the tales romantic maidens tell about you."

Valkenberg, his eyes on the fire,

smoked in silence.

"You can play like Paderewski himself," Varick continued thoughtfully. "Why aren't you doing it at big concerts and recitals, and being pelted with snowdrops and things? In singing, you could give Caruso eighty yards' start, and leave him a mile behind at the finish. Why, then, aren't you warbling before crowned heads? As if all this wasn't enough, you've got a fine head for finance, yet you are—"

"A clerk, at eighteen hundred a year. I know; is it necessary, then, to say it?"

Valkenberg spoke so drily that Varick looked at him in surprise. The German shrugged his shoulders with a little grimace, as if deprecating his show of feeling, and added, more calmly:

"Forget it, my friend. Let us stop this idle talk. It is not for that I came to

see you."

"I know. You came to play on my

piano."

Varick spoke lightly, flicking the ashes from his cigar into the grate. "I'll have it tuned tomorrow," he added

magnanimously.

"For the piano, surely," his guest corroborated, without embarrassment. "But also for you. Because you have not, like those others, questioned and surmised—"

"In other words, because I'm an un-

reflecting ass. I see."

Varick meditated on this statement of the case in silence, the end of his cigar a glowing spark in the gathering twilight. Suddenly he rose with a dry little laugh, shook himself and switched on the electric light. Then he stood regarding his guest with eyes full of friendly interest.

"Not that at all," exclaimed Valkenberg irritably. "I have enjoyed your piano, your hospitality, yourself. Most of all-I admit it-have I enjoyed the fact that you, more than any other man I have met in your country, know how to mind your business."

Varick smiled, dropped into his chair again and settled himself as if for a talk

that promised to be interesting.

"That unnatural self-restraint ends right here," he declared curtly. "From this time on I'm going to interfere in your affairs. I've just been leading up to it tactfully. Perhaps you've noticed."

"It must come," remarked the guest gloomily. "It always does." He threw his cigar into the fire, thrust his hands into his pockets again and turned his gaze on Varick. "I will spare you any other tactful openings," he said ironically. "Those things you are thinking about now, and will say ten minutes from now, eh? You are not the only rich man I know who wants to give me a better job than the one I have. You are about to offer it. Is it not so?"

"It is," conceded Varick blandly. "Glad you're so intuitive. Saves preliminary talk. I've got a good thing for you, and I want you to start in on it the first of the month. But, first of all, I want you to grasp one idea. I'm not doing this through sentiment or any rot of that kind; I'm doing it partly because I hate to see good material going to waste, but principally because I need you."

Valkenberg waited a moment, his head bent forward, his eyes fixed moodily

upon the rug at his feet.

"You make it very hard for me," he

murmured at last.

"You don't mean"—Varick leaned toward him incredulously-"you don't mean you're going to refuse it, without

even knowing what it is?"

mistaking the quiet finality of the "And I do not care what it is, my friend — not that much!" snapped his fingers as he spoke; then

added quickly: "But for your thought and kindness-for that I care, believe

Varick tossed away his cigar. There was grim determination in the gesture. in the firm line of the lips, in the quick set of his jaw. His round, rather boyish face had suddenly become the masterful face of a leader. Looking at him, Val-kenberg realized for the first time why this apparently indolent and nonchalant young man had proved so wise a cus-

todian of his father's millions.

"Look here," Varick said tersely, "I'm going to hit right out from the shoulder. For two years, ever since you came to New York, we've been pals. If it was, as you've suggested, because I asked no questions, all right. Let it go at that. I never will ask any. If that's the foundation, our friendship stands on a pretty firm rock. To me, you're a package two years old, labeled 'Valkenberg,' and dropped from space. There's good material in that package. I hate to see it rusting in an eighteen-hundred-dollar clerkship. Come in with me. Whatever the past has been"-he spoke slowly now, his eyes holding those of his guest —"I trust you absolutely. It's not a princely post I'm offering you, but you'd handle a quarter of a million a year."

"Thank you, Varick." Valkenberg's cool voice cut sharply upon the air, still vibrating with the pregnant significance of Varick's tones; but he wiped his forehead as he spoke. "I am not a swindler, a defaulter or a deserter, if that is what you—how do you say it?—what you are driving at. But I cannot accept your offer, and I cannot tell you why. I can only say 'Thank you' once more, and-

good-bye."

Varick stared at his friend. He had thought—he would not recall all he had thought; but he knew why he felt that quick thrill of relief over Valkenberg's assertion of a clean past. He was all right, then. Good. But why this mys-"But I certainly am." There was no . tery? And why this note of parting? Varick caught at that.

"You don't mean," he ejaculated dazedly, "that you're going to clear out, for good, because I've offered you some-



-

thing five times better than what you've got?"

Valkenberg smiled, but his face looked

haggard.

"Oh, I shall stick to my job," he said lightly, "a little while. Then I must be off again, I suppose, like the Wandering Jew. I do not"—he hesitated—"I do not remain anywhere very long, you see."

Varick caught at this, too, as at a conversational lifeline which might pull him from the undertow that was dragging him down.

"Why not?" he asked with simple directness. Valkenberg smiled at him

again, a very tired smile.

"My friends are too good to me," he said quietly. "They offer me ten-thousand-dollar jobs and such things."

Varick sank back in his chair.

"And that drives you away! It's too much for me," he reflected aloud. "I suppose you know what they are saying about you," he added.

Valkenberg nodded slowly.

"I think so. That I am a German spy. That I have eloped with some woman of high degree and that we are hiding here. That—oh, a thousand thats! Why quote them? Not one of them happens to be true."

Varick drew a long breath.

"Well, we'll drop it," he said. "But don't throw out hints that I won't see you again. I—well, I don't like 'em."

For a moment Valkenberg regarded him without replying, and as he looked

his gaze cleared and softened.

"You are a good friend," he said at last, with a sigh. "I am sorry to lose

you."

"Lose me? Why—" Varick, a rudely practical young man, loathing sentiment, which he habitually confused with sentimentality, was flustered at the pained protest of his voice. He made a gallant effort to cover it. "Why the devil," he demanded brusquely, "must you lose me?"

Valkenberg shook his blond head and

rose

"That I cannot tell you," he said. "If I could, you would not understand." He hesitated, the odd, frightened look

deepening in his eyes. "You did not hear the whine of the wolf in the temperament a little while ago, when I played on your piano," he added in a lighter tone. "Perhaps there is a wolf in my temperament, too, whining all this time, but not heard by you. That would be a wolf hunt, eh? But not one for a sportsman. Good-bye, old man. Good luck!"

There was something of the wolf in the quick movement that followed this farewell. The door slammed on the last words. Varick, sunk in his chair, heard his friend's rapid steps going down the outer hall, and, with a strange sense of loneliness, felt that he was hearing them thus for the last time. For a moment he sat staring at the closed door, his thoughts in a whirl. The whole thing was so infernally mysterious, he told himself again. He had tried to help his friend, and had lost him for good. He liked Valkenberg-liked Valkenberg's music and Valkenberg's talk, even if it always stopped short when seeming to approach personal revelation. He had admired Valkenberg's brains and Valkenberg's charming manner-everything about him, in fact, except this mystery that enveloped him like a fog. For a long time he sat musing, giving himself up to the puzzle, and to regret over the situation. Then grouchily he opened his book again.

But the charm had gone from the picture of the English skies and meadows and the ever interesting thrill of youth and love. Eventually he dozed a bit in his chair, and, vaguely conscious though he was of his familiar surroundings, he seemed to see through half-closed eyes a different picture. It was a far stretch of gray road with one man on it. Vickar recognized at once the erect, military walk, the firm set of the shoulders, the decorative gleam of fair hair under the pointed cap. As he looked he saw something more—a skulking, slinking shape that slid like a shadow in and out among the trees and shrubs that lined the highway, dogging the solitary traveler and steadily decreasing the distance that lay between them. Suddenly the man disappeared around a corner, and, when he

vanished, the shambling animal, its quarry gone, threw back its head and uttered a long drawn mournful howl.

Varick rose, shook himself and gazed with irritated disgust at his shaking right hand, which was trying to lift the heavy decanter from the table.

"Great Scott!" he said aloud. thing is actually getting on my nerves."

He gulped down the whiskey when he had succeeded in pouring it out, and as soon as it had taken effect he sat down, seized his book again and for a few moments gazed unseeingly at the open pages.

'What a beastly unpleasant dream!" he added reflectively, and began to read.

Varick did not see his friend for months. From time to time he caught some casual reference to him among business men, and once, toward spring, at a public dinner, he heard him referred to in accents of stern disapproval by Hutchins, the president of a bloatedly prosperous trust company.

"I offered that ass Valkenberg a big thing last night," said Hutchins, "and he turned it down almost before the words were out of my mouth. What's the matter with him, anyhow?"

His voice still held traces of the incredulity he had experienced when the

ass had declined his offer.

"I know men who would give their heads for the chance he threw away," Hutchins continued irritably, setting down his empty wineglass with an emphasis designed to stimulate an inattentive waiter who reclined languidly against the back of his chair. "I haven't any use for these mysterious chaps," he added sulkily, finding this maneuver ineffective. Varick agreed with him courteously. One hadn't much use for mysterious chaps. One use for Valkenberg which he had was to remember him regretfully, for he still missed his friend. As a tribute to this memory of him, he kept his piano in perfect tune, on the chance that Valkenberg might drop in. Every now and then he approached the instrument tentatively, struck the "F" octave of the middle register and listened with a puerile hope for a certain

response, which he would not have recognized had it come. He had taken the pains to ask the tuner about that "wolf," and had lent a patient ear to a long technical explanation which conveyed nothing whatever to his mind. It was comforting, however, to know that the thing was tangible and not a figment of Valkenberg's fancy or evidence of a disor-The latter hypothesis had dered brain. occurred to Varick once or twice, as explaining the Valkenberg mystery. Or possibly he was haunted by somethingsome obsession, or recurrent dream. Varick knew there were more strange happenings in life than scientific gentle-

men were able to explain.

For the rest, he rode his hunters and drove his automobiles and played his brilliant games of bridge and read his favorite books and looked after his millions with apparent indifference but conspicuous success. In March he ran over to Boston, and, while passing an evening in a small but extremely exclusive gambling resort of that intellectual city, he saw Valkenberg again. The latter did not see him, and Varick, who had been dragged to the place by a business associate, and who whole-heartedly disapproved of it and its purpose, hesitated to accost him. Leaving his host to wander where his fevered fancy led him through the hot and crowded rooms, Varick sat down in a retired corner and looked gratefully at Valkenberg's yellow head. German sat with his back to him, but it was plain that he was absorbed in the game. His hunched-up shoulders showed this as he leaned forward; his muscles seemed drawn and tense, and his face, of which Varick got an occasional glimpse as he turned to right or left, was very pale. Varick stared at him in puzzled wonder. This was a new side of Valkenberg—one he had never seen before. But then, after all, he had seen only two sides of him—the friend's side and the musician's side. Naturally, the man had others-lots of 'em, Varick reflected cheerfully. He felt rather guilty over the unsuspected espionage he was exercising, but there was a soothing satisfaction in seeing Valkenberg again, even there and thus. Varick's loyal, lonely



heart expanded as he looked at him. He settled back in his chair, sunning himself in the warmth of this modified reunion, and waited with patience till his friend should have enough. He was not sure what he intended to do then, but back in his brain lay a pleasant hope that perhaps Valkenberg might be alone in Boston, and would be glad to see him, and have a smoke and drink with him before

they parted.

Suddenly Valkenberg started to his feet. The play thus far had been marked by the tense quiet peculiar to gambling. None of the four men at his table had uttered a word beyond the curt verbal requirements of the game. But in an instant all this had changed. Valkenberg, after starting up, was rummaging in his pockets with feverish rapidity. He even turned them inside out. They were empty, or at least held nothing that served his purpose. Convinced of this, the German's features, of which Varick now had an excellent view, were distorted with chagrin and wrath. fellow players, having pocketed the winnings or losses of the evening with conventional impassivity, were regarding him with some surprise. One of them rose The others sat silent, as if awaiting further developments. These came. Valkenberg, after standing for an instant furiously gnawing his lower lip, suddenly caught the attentive eye of an employee of the place. With a petulant gesture he beckoned the man to him, and then, with equal impatience, plucked his watch from his pocket and wrenched the gold links from his cuffs. When the cat-footed attendant reached his side. Valkenberg brusquely handed him the articles without a word. The attendant walked off with them, and Valkenberg, drawing a long breath, as of relief, abruptly resumed his seat and seized the His companions philosophically resumed theirs. The attendant soon returned with some banknotes. Valkenberg glanced at the denominations, then threw them all on the table.

"Good Lord!" muttered Varick. He leaned forward, fascinated, watching the play, his eyes glancing from his friend's face to those of his companions, then

back again. If there was anything queer about the game, he told himself, he wanted to know what it was. But it was obviously straight—though the stakes were high for an eighteen-hundred-dollar man, he reflected drily. He observed that Valkenberg's face was now livid, and that his eyes held a strange light; but he kept himself well in hand and played steadily and brilliantly. No play, however, could prevail against his bad luck. His money melted, as Varick put it to himself, "like an icicle on a hot waffle iron." In a tragically short time it was gone. His opponents rose, not hastily, but with the conventional air of those who had played until everybody had had enough. Valkenberg leaned toward them, his blue eyes filled with the fixed, hard glitter of a snake's.

"But you will give me my revenge, is it not so?" he exclaimed aloud. His imperious tone disturbed the other players in the room, several of whom looked up with disapproval of such bad form, but the men addressed remained cool.

"Certainly," said one of them curtly. "Any time you are in a position to make

good."

There was something homicidal in the flashing glance which Valkenberg turned on the speaker. Then, without another word, he leaped to his feet and left the room. Varick followed him hastily, and caught him in the hall, where, with hat and coat already on, the German was

feverishly pulling on his gloves.

"Hello!" said Varick, trying to speak as if this chance encounter in a Boston gambling house at one o'clock in the morning were the most natural thing in the world, after the long interval since their last meeting. He half extended his hand as he spoke, then drew it back again, for Valkenberg turned on him eves that had no recognition in them. At first Varick thought it was a deliberate cut, and flashed hotly as he drew into himself. But he realized, almost at once, that it was not this, but the look of a man who, in his own little hell, was too distraught to see anything beyond it. Varick stared in helpless confusion. Was Valkenberg drugged? If not, what the deuce was the matter with him? With

sudden resolution he strode forward, slapped him soundly on the back and greeted him again.

"Hello, old chap! I didn't expect to run across you in this haunt of iniquity.

Where did you drop from?"

The altered greeting was more effective. Valkenberg's consciousness struggled up to meet his, as the consciousness of an anesthetized patient struggles back through the vague bondage of ether. He stared, recognized, gasped and a great light broke over his face. Varick's heart leaped.

"Varick!" he cried; and in the same breath: "Lend me money! Lend me all

you have!"

Varick's response was wholly automatic. Without reflection, he thrust his hand into his pocket. But before he could draw it forth, the face of his friend came close to his, white, distorted, the lips curled away from the teeth, like those of an angry dog.

"Oh, you would!" he snarled. "By heaven, I believe you would kick me into hell! But you shall not—no!"

He had drawn back as he spoke, and next his clenched fist swung viciously upward and caught Varick under the jaw. He fell, and as he went down, Valkenberg leaped over him like a cat, flung open the door and plunged into the darkness.

Varick returned to New York the next day. "Insanity," was his diagnosis of the Valkenberg case, when he was sufficiently clear-headed to diagnose anything. His theory was confirmed by a short note that reached him at his club two nights later:

Forgive me, my friend. I was not myself. I am going away from New York, "for good," as you Americans say. But first, if you wish your satisfaction, I will meet you when and where you will, and you shall knock my head off.

Varick replied curtly to this crudely apologetic epistle. He accepted the other's excuse, ignored the proposed amende honorable, wished him good luck in his new field, wherever that was, and added conventionally that he was his sincerely, which was quite true. What-

ever he was to Valkenberg, he was that most sincerely. But Varick was human. The exhortation to turn the other cheek when one had been smitten had never appealed to him drastically. It must be admitted, too, that the Boston incident had brought a somewhat blighting frost to that garden of his heart wherein Valkenberg had once been deeply rooted. As the months passed he thought less about him than he would have imagined possible, and ultimately came to think of him hardly at all. He had buried Valkenberg deep in the unlovely cemetery of the interests we have outlived, and written requiescat in pace on his tombstone.

Twelve years later Varick went West for some midwinter moose hunting, and he passed one night in an indescribably lonely logging camp, a far cry from anything he would have called civilization. During the interval between his arrival and supper, he wandered through the woods, prolonging the excursion somewhat unwisely. He was beating his way back in the gloaming, and had begun to wonder whether he was lost, when he heard a cheery whistle and steps crunching on the snow hard by. He waited, and presently a man strode toward him, carrying an axe over his shoulder and whistling an old Vienna waltz air.

At the notes memory stirred in Varick, but before it had flashed its message, he caught a blue glint in the clear eyes under a heavy fur cap. The next moment, the other man's hands were clutching his shoulders.

"Varick! Varick! Mein lieber Freund! Is it really you? Ach, but God is good!"

There was no mistaking the genuineness of the delight in Valkenberg's voice and eyes, but Varick received it guardedly. He was not quite sure what this eccentric person would do next. What he did was to swing his arm over Varick's shoulder, and, turning, walk back with him toward camp, his impetuous speech pouring forth like the rushing torrent of a mountain-fed stream.

"It was you, then, they spoke of at the camp!" he cried. "You are the mighty New York hunter who stays the night! I should have known it. Gottl And I might have missed you! Even to

think it is horrible."

Varick studied him with the appraising gray eyes that looked on life so sanely, and thus retained their kindly light. Valkenberg was greatly changed. face was deeply lined, and the hair under his fur cap was quite white; but he seemed surprisingly well. He had always been a fine specimen physically; now he was superb. He radiated a strength, dignity and magnetism more compelling than ever. He was evidently one of the camp's working force. His clothes testified to that, and everything about him spoke of outdoor labor of a hard, taxing kind. Varick's heart melted as he looked at him, listened to him and felt the human clasp of that friendly arm. He asked the inevitable question, to which his eyes had already given him the an-

"I can't believe it's you," he said. "I can't take it in. To meet like this! What

are you doing here?"

Valkenberg glanced away with a fugitive air, and a shadow fell at once over his radiant face. His voice was changed, too, when he answered. All the sparkle had vanished from him.

"Ach, that comes at once. Yes, of course," he said slowly. Then he threw back his head with quick resolution, and unconsciously quickened his pace until Varick was put to it to keep up with

him.

"You shall know," he said, with fierce resolution. It is right. It is fate. But not now—not till tonight. Now you will tell me of yourself, and of the beasts you have killed, and of New York and the music and the politics. For a few little minutes you shall be just my friend back

again. Is it not so?"

It was. They talked till supper time of wholly unimportant things, and were wholly happy. After supper they came out into the cleared space before the cabin, and side by side walked up and down, their steps ringing on the icy ground, their breath escaping visibly on the frosty air as they talked. Under the biting stars of that northern sky Varick learned why Valkenberg was there, while inside the cabin Valkenberg's fellow

workers and sole associates sat and smoked and swapped yarns, or dozed and snored around a roaring fire. Valkenberg told his story very simply, and with hardly any interruption from his com-

panion.

"It was the cards, of course," he said. "You knew that-nicht wahr?-from the night in Boston. Always it has been the cards. Always I have fought them. since I was a boy, gambling with other little boys in the gardens of our fathers in Germany. Before me, my father fought and gambled and lost, and shot himself. Before him, his father fought, gambled, lost and shot himself. before him, his father, my great-grandfather, a hero in his day, fought and gambled and lost. But he was shot by a fellow gambler. It goes back furthermuch, much further; but should I follow all that? We are a bad lot. It is in our blood-a curse handed down from father to son; a disease, a fever, a fire, that burns and consumes the very soul."

Varick felt uneasy. This recital

started in a depressing way.

"My mother told me the whole story when I was fifteen, after my tutor had caught me gambling one night with other boys in our own castle. She heard of it and sent for me, and I went to her sickroom. I shall not forget that night; it is not a thing one forgets. She showed me also the family records. We are not Valkenbergs. I took that name. We are Von Gumperts."

He straightened himself as he spoke the name; there was a martial, defiant ring in the sound of it as it left his lips.

Then he added, with a sigh:

"'The gambling Von Gumperts,' they call us; for we have gambled away our lives and our fortunes for more than

six hundred years."

He stopped. Varick did not speak. In his own wanderings over the earth he had heard and read of 'the gambling Von Gumperts' things he did not like to recall. Valkenberg resumed almost mechanically:

"Until morning I listened to my mother. It was a long story. When she finished, we made a covenant. First, there should be no more gambling Von Gumperts. I should be the last. I promised her I would never marry. Then I would make a fight—a good fight, a long fight—and, whether I won it or lost it, at least I would see it to the finish. The last Von Gumpert would die when God willed—not by his own hand. I swore this, and I am glad I swore it. It gave her comfort, and she needed comfort. She died the next day. I was left alone, and my fight began."

Varick did not break the brief silence. In such circumstances he would have resolved never to gamble, and he never would have gambled. It seemed quite simple to him. But he saw there was no reason for mentioning so elemental a solution of the problem to Valkenberg.

Valkenberg went on.

"Naturally, you cannot understand; never yet have I found one who could understand, since my mother died. Least of all could I understand that frightful passion which fired every drop of my blood. Of course I would not gamble at all; that I decided at once. I would never touch a card. I knew what it meant to my line. I went to Heidelberg. I gambled, and left. I joined the army. I gambled, and left the army. I gambled away all I had. A friend gave me a position. I took it, gambled and left the position. Other friends gave me other positions. I took them, gambled and left them. A cousin sent me out of Germany, to Paris. I went, gambled, left Paris. I came to America, with one or two strong letters. I secured good situations. I gambled, and left them. I took small situations, gambled and left them. I left New York and went to Washington. I gambled and left Washington. To Chicago, and gambled and To San Francisco. There, and in Denver, I took positions that brought me the barest living—food, shelter, clothing, nothing more nothing to gamble with. But I gambled and gambled and still gambled. I gambled the hat off my head, the coat off my back, the shoes off my feet. Then I came here. That was eight years ago."

"But good God, man, why?"

Varick's question was almost a cry. Valkenberg, hearing it, threw up his hands in a characteristic gesture of childlike despair.

"He asks why," he said grimly, as if apostrophizing the cold and glittering

"Yes—why?" repeated Varick urgently. "When you've got it in you to put up such a winning fight! Don't you remember how you threw down my loan in Boston? You threw me down, too! I understand that now. It was a victory, man, to be proud of. You resisted then; you can resist again."

Valkenberg smiled his wan little smile. "A victory, yes," he said. "But you never knew how short of life it was. Within the next half-hour I had found out your hotel. I went to it. You were not there. I tramped the hall outside of your room the rest of the night, waiting for you, to borrow money and gamble again. But you did not come back."

"But even a minute's victory is something," Varick persisted. "And the next one should be easier," he continued, with a vague recollection of having read something of that sort in connection with the development of will power. "The doctors might help you, too," he hazarded. "Nerve specialists, or, better still, hypnotists or psychologists."

"I was treated by them in Paris for two years. I lived in the house of the best one of them all, to give him every

opportunity to help me."

Valkenberg spoke patiently, in much the tone with which one would answer the questions of a child. "He gave me up," he added, "when he found I was teaching his young son to gamble. For six months I won all the boy's pocket money."

Varick shivered. He found himself on the verge of something that offered him no grasp. He was dealing with a demoniacal obsession. It was not a comfortable sensation, this of being on his spiritual tiptoes on the edge of the unknown and uncanny. He felt that a Christian would say: "This is a case for God." He kept to familiar ground, and asked simply: "But you can gamble here, can't you?"

Valkenberg slowly shook his head.
"Barred," he said tersely. "Anyone who does it is discharged on the spot.

The foreman watches us like a hawk. He is a crank on that subject. Of course, being discharged would not hold me, even if it would the others. But he has stripped us of cards. He leaves us no chance whatever. Because of that, I remain."

Varick could only fall back on his ear-

lier question.

"But why this, of all places?" he asked hopelessly. "You, with your blood, your education, your habits—"

Valkenberg gave it to him direct.

"Gott in Himmel, man, can you never understand?" he cried with a groan. "I must live away from temptation. I am no longer strong enough to fight. I am worn out by the effort. Here I am safe."

"But your life," echoed Varick, parrotlike—"doesn't that mean something

to you?"

"Is not my self-respect something?" Valkenberg spoke wearily now, as one whose very soul is tired. "You see," he continued, "I have as yet done nothing I am really ashamed of, except to win from the doctor's son. And he was twenty and a little cad," he added in "Always I have been extenuation. tempted, but always I have run just in time. I resigned from the army with dignity, from my positions with dignity. Always with dignity and a clean record. I have not yet borrowed or stolen from my employers. It has been my obsession that I would—that I must! To run is not heroic, but one who does it can fight still another day, eh? Now I am tired of fighting, and I am very tired of running. Each time it was harder to run. Each time I was nearer the point when I could not run. So I ran here—to cover

—to skulk, if you will, but not to fight, not to run, any more. And, Gott sei dank, not to gamble! All day we work like demons. At night we are glad to sleep. We cannot gamble with the snow or the trees or the stars, and those things are all we have."

Varick was silent. Again he had a sense of something beyond his ken. His mind circled round it, trying to materialize it. Valkenberg unconsciously helped

him.

"They tell us," he continued musingly, "that it shall avail a man nothing if he gain the whole world and lose his soul. But to lose the world that you may gain your soul—surely that is different. I have fought for thirty years, and, of a certainty, I have lost the world. But I can keep my hands clean. I can keep my promise. I can—how do you say it?—I can 'sit tight' till the end of the game we call life. That is not much, but it is something. Am I not right, my friend?"

The door of the cabin opened. A blaze of light and a roar of laughter came out to them. Varick listened to the raucous shouts of the men inside, glanced at the lounging, uncouth figures outlined by the firelight, and contrasted this life with the one Valkenberg had always known, the one that his nature demanded. Then he looked at the tall, solemn trees standing about like sentries, at the unbroken waste of snow that stretched away in every direction, at the intense glitter of the winter stars above him; and in that momentary balancing of life's accounts his vision cleared and he found his answer to Valkenberg's question.

"I think you are, old chap," he said

huskily.



MISS WISE—Miss Lean takes two hours to dress for the Opera.
MISS GUY—Yes; and there's never anything to show for it.

# LES FLEURS MORTES

#### Par Maurice Leblanc

N passant devant la loge de la concierge, Jeanne demanda, distraitement:

- Mon mari est rentré?

- Non, madame, M. Damoin n'est

pas rentré.

Il n'était que sept heures. Le ménage Damoin d'inait à huit heures. Jeanne trouva donc fort naturel que son mari ne fût point encore là.

Elle prit l'ascenseur. Arrivée au cinquième étage, ayant oublié sa clef, elle

sonna.

Au bout de quelques secondes, la porte s'ouvrit, et elle aperçut son mari qui venait au-devant d'elle dans l'antichambre.

— Comment! s'écria-t-elle, tu es ici! La concierge prétendait que tu n'étais

pas rentré.

— Elle est folle, dit Raoul Damoin en riant. Voilà près d'une heure que je suis de retour.

Jeanne embrassa son mari et ne son-

gea plus à cet incident.

Le lendemain, Raoul amena l'un de ses amis intimes à déjeuner. Aussitôt le repas fini, les deux hommes s'en allèrent ensemble.

Jeanne resta quelque temps encore dans sa chambre, mit son chapeau et

descendit.

En bas, comme la concierge lui tendait des lettres, elle plaisanta:

— Mon mari était rentré hier soir.

Vous ne l'aviez donc pas vu?

— Ma foi non. Pourtant, j'ai de bons yeux. Et personne ne passe sans que je le voie.

Jeanne, qui avait examiné les enveloppes des lettres, dit à la bonne femme:

— En voici une pour mon mari. Vous auriez dû la lui donner tout à l'heure.

— Tout à l'heure? Mais M. Damoin n'est pas sorti!

- Comment! Mais il est sorti avec

un de ses amis. M. Colnard.

— Je connais bien M. Colnard, et je l'ai vu qui s'en allait. Mais il était seul.

- Ah! dit Jeanne, qui n'insista pas

davantage.

Elle avait une visite à faire et plusieurs courses. Elle y renonça, se promena au hasard dans les rues, et, tout à coup, à sa grande surprise, se retrouva devant la maison qu'elle habitait.

Aussitôt chez elle, sans même adresser la parole au domestique, elle se dirigea vers le cabinet de travail de son mari.

Raoul n'était pas là.

Alors, elle eut un mouvement de dé-

tresse et se jeta sur un fauteuil.

Le ménage Damoin était un de ces bons ménages que l'amour a formés, et qui, grâce à l'amour, restent de bons ménages, malgré la dissemblance des caractères, la diversité des goûts et le

retour fréquent des querelles. Raoul, écrivain connu, apprécié comme poète et comme critique, était un homme de travail, aimant la solitude, la vie calme et méditative. Il savait, par affection, se plier aux fantaisies de sa femme, dont la nature se révoltait contre cette existence trop paisible. Mais il en souffrait. Jeanne était exigeante comme toutes les amoureuses. Elle voulait qu'il s'occupât d'elle sans répit, regardait comme des injures les longs silences où Raoul se complaisait, et semblait stupéfaite lorsque, entrant brusquement dans le cabinet de travail de son mari, elle n'était pas accueillie par des clameurs de joie et des explosions de tendresse.

— Du moment que tu ne penses pas à ta femme, disait-elle, c'est que tu penses à une autre femme.

Ce soir-là, elle demanda négligemment à Raoul:

- Tu as fait une bonne promenade avec ton ami?

 Très bonne. Colnard m'a conduit au Bois, et nous avons visité Bagatelle.

Il mentait. Elle vit cela à ses yeux qui n'avaient point leur regard de fran-Mais pourquoi mentait-il?

Tout de suite, elle songea à une autre femme, cette "autre femme" dont elle lui avait parlé si souvent. Mais alors elle ne comprenait point où cette "autre femme" et Raoul avaient pu se donner rendez-vous, puisque Raoul n'était pas Tout le mystère se résumait précisément en ce fait que, depuis deux jours, Raoul, qu'elle croyait sorti, ne sortait pas. Pourtant, il quittait bien l'appartement. En ce cas. . .

La vérité la heurta soudain, effrayante. Toutes les coıncidences, tous les malentendus trouvèrent dans son esprit, éclairé d'une lueur subite, leur explication normale, certaine. Puisque la concierge ne voyait pas son mari, c'est qu'il s'arrêtait quelque part, à l'un des étages de la maison et qu'il y restait des heures entières. "L'autre femme" était là!

Ieanne passa une nuit affreuse. Pour elle, la trahison de Raoul ne faisait aucun doute. Non seulement il aimait une "autre femme," mais, afin de la retrouver plus facilement, il l'avait installée dans la maison même où demeurait sa propre femme! Et c'était pour cela qu'il s'en allait chaque après-midi! Et c'était pour cela qu'il avait mis fin à ces bonnes journées où elle venait lui tenir compagnie dans son bureau, journées de discussion parfois, mais tout de même si intimes, si chaudes, si amoureuses!

Elle se leva tout d'un coup. Son mari dormait près d'elle. A tâtons, doucement, craignant que le moindre bruit ne l'éveillât, elle saisit le trousseau de ses clefs sur la table où il les déposait chaque soir et gagna la chambre voisine. A la clarté d'une bougie, elle vit qu'il y

avait une clef de plus!

A dix heures du matin, Jeanne était habillée, son chapeau sur la tête.

Elle alla trouver son mari, pour bien s'assurer qu'il travaillait.

- Tu sors done? lui dit-il.

– Oui. Ta mère et ta sœur viennent dîner. Je vais acheter des fleurs.

Quand elle eut refermé sur elle la porte de l'antichambre, elle sentit battre son cœur. Les rendez-vous avaient lieu au quatrième étage. Oui, elle s'en souvenait, au quatrième. Le petit appartement qui donnait sur la cour, après avoir été libre durant un trimestre, était occupé depuis quelques semaines. En toute certitude, Raoul l'avait loué. de cet appartement, elle tenait la clef en

Elle fut presque heureuse, en passant devant la porte, d'entendre la concierge qui montait l'escalier. Elle ne s'arrêta donc pas, sortit de la maison, acheta des fleurs, fit d'autres emplettes et revint.

Ses jambes tremblaient, et, quand elle arriva au quatrième étage, elle dut s'as-

seoir sur la chaise du palier.

Cependant, il fallait agir. L'idée de la trahison, la haine, le besoin de se venger, un désir ardent de voir sa rivale et de l'injurier la soulevèrent brusquement, et, d'un coup, elle introduisit la clef dans la serrure. La clef tourna:

-Ah! gémit-elle, comme si elle eût eu, jusqu'à la dernière minute, l'espoir

de s'être trompée.

Mais un spectacle inattendu la sur-L'antichambre était vide, entièrement vide. Aucun meuble, aucune tenture, aucun rideau. Le bruit de ses pas fut celui qui résonne dans les pièces où personne n'habite.

Devant elle, sur la droite, elle aperçut une salle à manger également dénudée, dont les boiseries étaient grises de poussière, et à la fenêtre de laquelle il man-

quait deux carreaux.

Sur la gauche il y avait une porte,

celle du salon. Elle l'ouvrit.

C'était une petite pièce, très simple, aux peintures blanches, sans tapis. Au milieu, une table de bois blanc et une chaise. Près de la cheminée, un fauteuil. Par la fenêtre on voyait le grand mur de la cour, au-dessus duquel rayonnait un coin de ciel bleu.

Jeanne s'avança, vers la table. Des fleurs mortes pourrissaient dans un vase. Un cendrier renfermait des bouts de cigarettes orientales. A côté, un porte-plume, de l'encre, quelques feuilles de papier où des vers étaient écrits en tous sens, comme jetés au hasard. S'étant penchée, elle reconnut l'écriture de Raoul, de même qu'elle avait reconnu ses fleurs préférées, ses cigarettes, la couleur de son encre.

Elle passa dans les autres chambres de l'appartement et constata qu'elles étaient vides aussi. Alors, elle revint au salon. Une émotion profonde la pénétrait. Et elle resta longtemps à contempler le calme refuge que Raoul avait choisi, le coin de ciel bleu devant lequel il songeait, la petite cellule où il avait été contraint de chercher le silence, la solitude et la paix nécessaires à ses pensées d'amour, ses désirs de beauté et

ses méditations d'écrivain et à ses rêves de poète.

—Raoul . . . Raoul . . . murmurat-elle, agitée de sentiments nouveaux, troublée d'une sorte de crainte respectueuse à la pensée des joies inexplicables que cet homme trouvait en lui-même dans le mystère de son cerveau.

Elle enleva du vase les fleurs mortes, les remplaça par les belles fleurs fratches qu'elle avait apportées, jeta les cendres de cigarettes, mit en ordre les papiers, et sortit.

Le soir, en remontant à l'heure du diner, Raoul trouva Jeanne qui lisait dans sa chambre. Il ne lui dit rien. Aucune parole ne fut échangée entre eux; mais ils se regardèrent un instant jusqu'au fond de l'âme, de ce regard grave et doux auquel les larmes qui le voilent donnent une tendresse infinie. . . .



# PAR LA FENÊTRE OUVERTE

#### Par Jacques Madeleine

MA fenêtre s'ouvre sur le bois. Le vent déjà printanier m'apporte Pourtant encore une feuille morte, Evocatrice des Autre ois.

Feuille sèche, es-tu du divin mois D'avril où, s'appuyant à la porte, Telle m'a souri de telle sorte Que j'en fus pâle, et restai sans voix?

Feuille, feuille, es-tu d'un soir d' automne Quand celle-là que nul cri n'étonne Disait non à mon espoir têtu?

Ou d'un jadis d'une que j'oublie? Mon œur se serre. Que me veux-tu, Messagère de mélancolie?

## THE OTHER

## By Louise Elizabeth Dutton

AM the Other; in her empty place
I count it better to be kind than wise,
Since I have overmatched her truth with lies,
And won you from her glory to my grace.
How lightly you forget her young, proud ways,
Her gracious breast, her breathing, sweet and still!
Great love has been a little thing to kill.
What is my face, to blind you to her face?
Her laugh, that I have taught you to forget,
Taps at my heart again, and mocks me yet;
Her vanished eyes of luring and command
Forever with old love light cloud and glow;
Ah, when your lips are on my lips, I know
I am the Other; in her place I stand.



## MOIRA

#### By Marguerite Marshall

THINGS by the dull tool shapen, Stone and deep-hearted tree, I who was old in the Age of Gold— Think that I bow to ye?

Thought that is last in living,
Christian God of the Three,
I who am young as the song unsung—
Challenge I call to thee!

Mine is the star-swept darkness,
Mine is the shadow sea;
Mine is the earth, and man from his birth—
Mine, by my own decree.

# GILDING THE SLAPSTICK

## By George Jean Nathan

NE night in the Year of our Lord 1896, a tall, thin man walked out upon the stage of a Broadway theater, followed by a little fat man. Of a sudden the tall, thin man wheeled about and deliberately poked his forefinger into the eye of the little fat man. Instantly a bombilation of laughter surged over the auditorium. Men literally shook and rocked and rolled in the violence of their mirth. Women shouted and screamed and went hysterical in an uncontrollable ecstasy of merriment. One spectator actually ruptured a blood vessel out of sheer glee. Nose glasses were hurled off their respective bridges by the abrupt rebellion of the muscles of melancholia and were shattered into many pieces. Tears of transport welled up in waves, and the prodigious flood of cachinnation was dammed only with the final advent of physical weakness.

One night last month, sixteen years later, the same tall, thin man walked out upon the stage of a Broadway theater, followed by the same little fat man. Of a sudden the same tall, thin man wheeled about and deliberately poked his forefinger into the eye of the same little fat man. Instantly a brother bombilation of laughter surged over the auditorium. Men again literally shook and rocked and rolled in the violence of their mirth. Women again shouted and screamed and went hysterical in an uncontrollable ecstasy of merriment. Long minutes passed before the audience recovered, before its laughter was spent, before it was able again to contain itself. WEBER AND FIELDS had once more established the fact that, when all has been said and done, no form of humor, be it the farcical drollery of a Hoyt, the insinuating and delicious satirical twistings of a Barrie or a Synge or a Shaw, or the wily jestings of a Fitch or a Bahr or a Besier, is so appealing to American and other susceptibilities as that invested in a direct pedal assault upon the seat of another man's trousers, in the sticking of a finger into his retina, in a propelling of the stomachical muscles against the protruding paunch of one's fellow with force sufficient to knock the latter off his feet, or in some other such excruciatingly comical pain-breeding stratagem.

The slapstick has had as many muckrakers as its political twin, the Big I, in my younger days, have been one of its handsomest assailants. Indeed, I still am. But truth compels the chronicle that I, in company with every other reviewer in the land, am frequently a hypocrite in this matter of humor—that is, when it comes to writing about it. It is expected of the conscientious critic that he deplore the humor of the swash of the air-puffed bladder, the swat of the rolled newspaper and the "it's raining" of the conversational drizzle. It is expected of him that he ply his pen in vigorous pleading for the nativity of a general appreciation of a finer, more literary, more respectable Molièrean shape of humor. Upon his shoulders, so he is fondly persuaded to believe, rests the rescuing of the theater from such of its abysmal sins. To laugh at a man falling on his face? Oh, horrors! To be jocular at the sight of a socalled comedian tweaking the nose of another? Mercy, mercy! And yet it remains, dolorific as it may be and in all faith is, that that same grandiose critic. being a human being in spite of himself and his job, guffaws and holds intestinal

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jubilee almost every time a pickle herring or merry Andrew of the stage pulls another's whiskers or imprints upon his companion's hinter anatomy a great toe encased in leather. There is, forsooth, good reason for this. There is good reason why slapstick humor, above every other form of humor, commands our laughter, albeit against our wills. And

herewith is its fugitive defense.

The basis of all humor is pain—that is, pain of a not too deep nature suffered by another. Every really effective jest, witty observation, facetious satire in the world's history has been grounded on the discomfiture and troubles in one direction or another-mental, physical, financial or what not—of a fellow man. This is the greatest joke the Creator ever saw fit to play on us, His children. He fashioned our hearts so that they would weep at the beholding or hearing of suffering, and our minds plus our eyes plus our stomachs plus our ears-four to one-so that they would scream in fine glee at the same thing. Thus is it four to one that we will laugh at him who falls on the icy pavement, at him who bumps his kneecap against a chair in the dark, at the pink-eye, at the headache of the morning after, at the lad with the green apple abdominal pains, at the woman with shoes too tight, at the bronchial hoarseness of von fellow's voice, at him who has just lost a five-dollar bill, at him who has been gold-bricked out of his moneys, at him who while shaving has cut himself with the razor, at the person who is thrown to the floor by a sudden lurch of the street car, at the drunken, tottering bum in imminent danger of cracking his skull, at anyone who steps on a tack, sits on a pin or gets married—in brief, at each of these and thousands of other equally unfortunate and quite unhumorous personal calami-

The slapstick is the symbol, the dramatization in parvo, the juice of the boiled meat of unhappiness and pain. As it comes into forceful and audible contact with Meyer Bockheister's pants, being directed thither by the chubby fists of Michael Dillpickle, it shoots into our minds not only the highly pleasant

and laugh provoking thought that Mr. Bockheister has been made to suffer a temporary stinging sensation of large discomfort, but it suggests such additionally ravishing humors as the possibility of Mr. Bockheister finding a fine red welt there in the morning, and of his being compelled to partake of nutriment in an upright position. To those of us who are blessed with better imaginations than our neighbors, and who are thereby able to glean twice as many grounds for laughter out of the episode, there occurs also the delicious potentiality that Mr. Bockheister's trousers might have been torn by the severe blow, thus necessitating the purchase against his will of a new pair, together with the chance that Mr. Bockheister may be able to grab the slapstick away from his aggressor and play a return sonata on the suburban section of the trousers containing Mr. Dillpickle. Anticipation of pain multiplied thus adds to the jocoseness of the occasion.

That Mr. Bockheister did nothing to warrant the slapstick attack upon his person makes the humor of that attack all the more delightful, because human nature is such that it enjoys seeing people get, not what is coming to them, as the saying has it, but in seeing them get what is *not* coming to them. Of course our mouths deny this, but our heads tell us it is the world's philosophy—and perfectly true. All forms of humor allied with the slapstick produce the same effects in us. We are brought up on the humor of the circus clown who trips himself up in the sawdust ring and lands on his ear, and who runs headlong into his fellow clown and stands the latter on And the "kid" of us remains his head. in us eternally. Humor of a more delicate fiber may win our smiles and flirt with our brains, but it takes the cruder humor of the chin whisker, the stomach pad, the swishing, swashing slapstick and their relatives to make us let go and launch ourselves into fêtes of prolonged ventral iov.

WEBER AND FIELDS, prime ministers of the humor of the slapstick, have made of themselves a national institution. Their names are veranda words from Cape May to Coronado. And their resumption of joint activity after a considerable period of disassociated industry, surrounded by many comrades of the old music hall days—William Collier, Lillian Russell, Fay Templeton, John T. Kelly, George Beban, Frankie Bailey, Bessie Clayton—is not without its privilege of being marked with a native theatrical milestone. One Weber-Fields show is as much like another Weber-Fields show as one Leslie Carter play is like another Leslie Carter play, as one absolutely new tooth powder is like another absolutely old tooth powder, or as one of Edward Sheldon's climacteric scenes, in which an overly amorous male makes a flying tackle at a reluctant and horrified female, is like another, be the lady Salvation Nell or Morrow's fiancée or Boss Regan's wife or Tessie Casey, the Princess Zim Zim.

In a Weber-Fields show, Ludwig Dinglebender and Herman Oberhauber are invariably discovered in the Place de l'Opéra, Paris, with only five cents between them with which to buy a drink. The very next moment they are being bamboozled out of a meager ten thousand dollars by a smooth American who wagers that they cannot guess the color of the light in front of the café. Dinglebender sneaks a look over his shoulder. So does Oberhauber. "Green," bets Dinglebender. "Red," bets Oberhauber. "You both lose," says the smooth American, as he collects the greenbacks off the ground; "it's white." And sure enough, the light, first turning from green to red, has now resolved itself into the winning color. Then we behold an Irish politician from Brooklyn, traveling with his daughter. He refers to the Champs Elysées as the Camp Ellis, says something about the "Insane" river and longs to be back home where he can understand what he is eating. A gorgeous lady in diamonds, surrounded by "boulevardiers" and "art students," interrupts the proceedings temporarily to sing something entitled to the general effect that "They Call Me the Belle of the Boule Miche" or "Beware of the Milkweed in the Garden of Love." After a chorus maneuver in which numerous beautiful pins are presented to the audience amid quarts of lingerie, Dinglebender and Oberhauber reënter. Dinglebender chokes Oberhauber and kicks him several times in the stomach to prove his affection for him. After lamenting the fact that they are now absolutely without funds, the twain proceed forthwith to give Henri Påtédefoiegras five thousand dollars for a half-interest in his restaurant. The transaction is broken in upon by the most recent explosion of the chorus—and so on until eleven o'clock.

In the present exhibit, called "Hokey Pokey," and characterized as a potpourri of reminiscences, Messrs. Weber and Fields are Messrs. Dillpickle and Bockheister doing Paris on a bargain counter letter of credit, William Collier is the smooth American, John T. Kelly is the Camp Ellis, Lillian Russell is the bejeweled songstress, the others are the familiar others and the rest is the chorus. But back of it all is the inimitable Weber-Fields music hall spirit, the only true music hall spirit ever distilled in this land—a spirit that gilds the slapstick, shaves the antique jests and makes the chorus girls kick higher and oftener than any of their sisters on neighboring stages. The spectator who is loth to confess that the Weber-Fields entertainments make him a happier, a merrier and a better member of society is a dangerous individual. He is precisely the sort of person who may be expected to sniff contemptuously at Ibsen, to whistle "Alexander's Ragtime Band," to talk about "society" plays, to proclaim "Uncle Tom's Cabin" an able piece of literature, to rush to the newsstand each month to learn whether or not Valerie has or hasn't, to write serious articles on the vacuity of American musical comedies and to be willing to sit through a performance of "King Lear" in the middle of summer. The leading blemish in the current exposition is an astonishingly inept burlesque, by Edgar Smith, of "Bunty Pulls the Strings," the pseudo-wit of which is invested chiefly in numerous references to Scotch whiskey and Harry Lauder, in the manipulation of extravagant hoopskirts and in a droll and novel conceit relating to the likelihood of one's being kilt if he wears kilts.

Mr. Daniel Frohman years ago rejected "Madame Sans Gene" on the ground that the public could not possibly be interested in a heroine who was a scrubwoman, and "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," so far as early production at the old Lyceum was concerned, on the ground that the public would never accept the wanton woman Paula in a similar pivotal capacity. Ever since that day, one of the most popular diversions among our native theatrical purveyors has been the declination of large subsequent successes on equally subdititious and illegal arguments. A recent amusing illustration of this practice, although the present instance has had a fortuitous O. Henry ending for the parties concerned, is to be discovered in the case of a farce by Augustin MacHugh and Winchell Smith called "Officer 666." Cohan and Harris produced the product, so to speak, with the left hand—or in the same meek, resigned and non-committal manner in which they might have drunk a lemon phosphate, eaten a charlotte russe or read one of the newly come stories from the pen of Rudyard Kipling, not because these items could satisfy them in any way, not because they could take the place of drink, food or good red reading, but rather because they just happened to be handy when nothing of a better sort chanced to be around. "But it will never go," Messrs. Cohan and Harris promised themselves, "because the public is sick to death of thief plays." And—of course—it did go! The public, as has been established, likes any play the hero or central character of which reflects its own nature, its own qualities, its own secret inner man. And the reason for the popularity of the so-called thief plays is to be found in the unquestionable circumstance that, although most of us are scarcely to be named criminals, we are none the less true crooks at heart.

We are thieves by nature, albeit in insignificant phases and directions. You may not steal gold, but you rob Peter to pay Paul. You may not break jail, but

vou do steal fifteen minutes every morning for a longer lay in your beds. You may not plagiarize in print, but you plagiarize much of your scintillating conversation from that of your fellows. You steal your ideas of dress and manners and call it copying. You women try to cheat Time with rouge, and Nature with rats and puffs and switches and belladonna and pads. You men try to steal the years from Time with gay neckerchieves and boyish raiment and to cheat Nature with toupees and false teeth and your morning pint of champagne. You steal by studied pose your neighbor's honest opinion of you and call your artifice "front." You pretend to be looking intently at your watch when the waiter comes round with the check and thus steal your share of the meal. You steal the truth from yourself and justify your act with a "Well, we've all got to be hypocrites sometimes these days to get along." You fumble for change, cause your companion to buy the tickets and steal a ride on the Subway or "L." Why, certainly you are thieves—and you love thieves! You may not break into a house with a jimmy, but if that house is a fashionable one you will try your level best to break into it in some waythrough the badger game of a tricky introduction, through a business maneuver or through social stealth of some You may not steal your friend's silverware but you will steal more than your just share of his food from his dinner table by not eating any luncheon that day.

"Officer 666" narrates, through an ingenious admixture of romance, melodrama, farce and burlesque, the manner in which one of your brothers appropriates a young millionaire's house during the latter's absence, plans a simultaneous elopement with a Western heiress and a collection of valuable paintings and is surprised by the young millionaire in what, for purposes of public morality, may be called the nick of time. Much sagacity is revealed in the handling of the incidents of the piece, which is brought to a delectable conclusion with an adaptation of Sydney Grundy's popularized device. "Do you know,"

says the girl, "I wouldn't have thought all these things could have happened anywhere but in a play." To which the man replies, "Believe me, dear, they couldn't!" Wallace Eddinger and George Nash perform the stellar duet with a sure touch, the general harmony being interrupted every now and again, however, by a one-finger histrionic obligato on the part of a black velvet dress containing a figure programmed as Miss Ruth Maycliffe.

After laying eyes upon Eugene Walter's dramatization of John Fox, Jr's., novel, "THE TRAIL OF THE LONESOME PINE," I withdrew to my studio, re-read my words in last month's SMART SET anent dramatized fiction, and became so pleased at my own perspicacity and acumen in analyzing the general case in hand that I treated myself to an expensive cigar, a pint of supreme Burgundy and a glance at myself in the mirror. The amazing success with which this production has met in the outland provinces is rather perplexing, and can be explained away only by a glance at the following correlated statistics:

I. The "road" rates the greatest dramas of the decade in this approximate order: r. "Way Down East;" 2. "Mary Jane's Pa;" 3. "The Shepherd King;" 4. "The Grain of Dust;" 5. "Beverly of Graustark;" and 6. "The House of a Thousand Candles."

II. The "road" made Florence Barclay's "The Rosary" the best seller

novel of the year.

III. The "road" believes the five greatest actors in America are: 1. James K. Hackett; 2. Cathrine Countiss; 3. Bonita; 4. Chauncey Olcott; and 5. Billie Burke.

Admitting that there is dramatic material in Mr. Fox's novel, which I personally am loth to, it is difficult to understand how the pen that paved "The Easiest Way" could have blazed "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" in so stumpy and banal a manner.

We Americans are a patriotic people we are loyal Englishmen. Which is one reason why Henry Arthur Jones's last two dramas, which never could have found a production in British theaters, were foisted upon us over here. Had an American written "We Can't Be As Bad As All That" or "Lydia Gilmore," particularly the latter, his playbroker agents would have demanded at least sixty percent for the endeavor of the placing of them, the manager to whom they had been submitted would have become deceased on the spot and any actor to whom they had been offered as a vehicle for himself impartially would have declared them to be "Wonderful! Wonderful!!" "Lydia Gilmore" is precisely the species of dramaturgy in which an actor can "see himself," which, in other words, means that "Lydia Gilmore" is an archaic, artificial bundle of euphuistic and futile slobber. The decline in the definite dramatic artistry of Mr. Iones. as exhibited in this his most recent work, and as foreshadowed last season in the play mentioned above, comes as something of a genuine enigma to those of us who found in his labors of other days ever present indications that their creator realized that men and women were born into this world with something else in their heads than "big speeches" and something else in the left side of their chests than little red dictagraphs. "LYDIA GILMORE" we explore the marrowless emotions of so many paint and powder helots smelling of the manuscript page, and we look upon their vain struttings and factitious woes with the same portion of cardiac response that we accord the antics of Punch and Judy, the climacteric scene in the average Bernstein play, the music of the piccolo, the bankruptcy troubles of a Hebrew, the sentiment in Robert Hichens's novels or the emotional acting of Robert Edeson.

Baker Street, I found Holmes in a deep study. He was plainly perplexed. Never have I seen him more so.

"My dear Watson," said he, "I believe that now, at the very close of my successful career, I have encountered a mystery that promises to baffle me to the end." "Impossible!" I replied. "Remember, you

"Impossible!" I replied. "Remember, you have even been able to deduce why it is that actresses always have their pictures taken looking at a rose. And, furthermore, did you not once even succeed in figuring out why it was that otherwise-American actors always pronounce

'been' bean, 'secretary' secretry, and 'again'

as if it referred to a financial coup?

Holmes said nothing. I glanced at him out of the corner of my eye and perceived with something of a shudder that he was at his old habit again. He noticed my involuntary movement and smiled faintly. Poising the needle, he said: "No worry, my dear Watson; but I will require the artificial stimulus. In fact, you had better send round the corner to the drug shop for a couple of extra quarts."

for a couple of extra quarts."
My curiosity could contain itself no longer.
"What is this impenetrable mystery?" I cried.

It was a full minute before Holmes answered. "The problem that has eluded me after all these years," he confided at length, "concerns the motive that could possibly have caused anyone to produce a play by Owen Davis called "MAKING GOOD.""

Without a moment's hesitation, I seized my revolver to determine whether it was loaded and tucked it into my coat pocket, for I realized instinctively that I would need it on this case as I had never needed it before. And, having seen some of the previous handiwork of this same playwriting fellow, may God forgive me for the hope that sprang up in my breast that I might, mayhap, be called upon to use it!

J. M. Barrie's brief satirical burlesque of the modern problem play bearing the title, "A SLICE OF LIFE," was presented at the Empire during the month, with Miss Ethel Barrymore, Miss Hattie Williams and John Barrymore in the cast. What was disclosed was a hugely entertaining and amusingly delineated exposé of the conventions of the stage in this era and of the mechanical subterfuges and devices wherewith such conventions are imparted in all seriousness to the audience. The extravagant use of the telephone for the identification of characters: the patent evasions of the antiquated "aside;" the glowing hearth (always very red); the "papers;" the meal finished before it is scarcely begun; the discovery by the husband that his wife has a "past," that she has deceived him and that she is really a good woman; the discovery by the wife that her husband has a "past," that he has deceived her and that he has not been an immoral man at all, as he had led her to believe; what to do with the child and the confession that there is no child; the quick reconciliation and the decision to leave home and "go out into the light" together—these are the ingredients of this dramatization of a sort of up-to-date version of Jerome K. Jerome's "Stageland." There is one item in the burlesque that demands speedy correction. A character is made to occupy fully half a minute in writing a letter when it is a well known truth that stage personages always compose documents, however long and important, with a couple of rapid strokes of the pen.

One of the most diverting circumstances connected with musical comedies whose scenes are laid in Parisian restaurants and dance halls rests in the opportunity provided the spectator to study the various stage producers' ideas as to what constitutes revelry. Of course there must always be revelry! No scene laid in Paris could be complete without it. All the girls in Paris always wear pink silk stockings and keep the toes of their right feet at five minutes after six. And the men spend all of their time beseeching Phileep to make haste with the "wine" and assuring Angèle that they are not married. The "revelry" that the leading characters in the pieces keep referring to in speech and song at intervals of every five minutes is usually expressed by the lesser characters and chorus in three ways: first, by dashing madly across the stage from L. U. E. into an exit at R 1; second, by laughing periodically in loud and sudden outbursts in the wings; and third, by holding the skirts during the intermittent stroll across the scene about six or seven inches above the Mason and Dixon line established by the drawing room. This brand of revelry is once more to be found on tap in "THE OPERA BALL," the tune exhibit in which the attractive Marie Cahill is at present being displayed. "THE OPERA BALL" is the most recent appearance under an alias of the venerable farce, "Pink Dominoes," the last previous advent of which was registered in this very theater only a few weeks before under the alias of "Modest Suzanne." Indeed, so popular has this tried and true theme become that we may even look forward to seeing it utilized in four or five years by Harry B. Smith. Of the current transmigratory form of the pristine piece I may say good of Miss Cahill and no more.

# AN ANTIDOTE TO "YANKEE DOODLE"

By H. L. Mencken

PON the average American's bilious ignorance of foreigners I made my lamentation last month—how he assumes, as fundamental axioms of ethnology, that all Frenchmen wear corsets, swill absinthe and swap wives with their neighbors; that all Italians belong to the Black Hand and fear the evil eye; that all Greeks are bootblacks and all Norwegians numskulls; that all Germans keep canary birds, drench themselves with malt liquor and condemn their wives to the washtub; that all Hollanders wear wooden shoes and all Spaniards smell of

garlic.

And with that marvelous telescope, naturally enough, there goes an equally marvelous mirror. That is to say, the average American is as flattering to himself as he is libelous to the uitlander. Contemplating his own image, he sees a lordly and magnificent creature, a being of absolutely perfect physique, intellect, habits, doctrines, instincts, tastes, consuetudes and table manners. His own way of stoking his buccal cavity with peas is infinitely lovely; all other ways are uncouth and ridiculous, if not down-His own newspapers, right indecent. even the worst of them, are better than the Berlin Lokal-Anzeiger or the London Times. His own children, at ten or eleven, show a degree of sapience that would shame and flabbergast an Oxford don. His own ward boss, on the whole, is a more respectable, or, at any rate, a more astute statesman than Bismarck or Cavour. He himself, in pitched battle, would be a sufficient (if not, perhaps, a quite fair or humane) match for six

Englishmen, ten Germans or a hundred Chinamen. And as for the great and admitted heroes of his race—his Washingtons, Mad Anthonys, Andrew Jacksons and John L. Sullivans—well, here the American is among such lofty and overpowering fauna that to bring in exotic supermen for comparative measurement, even such insistent supermen as Caius Julius and the son of Hamilcar, seems to him grotesque to the verge of lunacy, like matching Ossa with an arch-

ipelago of warts.

Such is the average American, the American patriot, a man with an extraordinarily favorable opinion of himself and his'n. His name, perhaps, is Kraus or Cohen or O'Rourke, but on the psychic, the emotional, the idealistic side, he is part of the divine lineage and the august stammvater of his race, its gladiators primordial and incomparable, buckle the floor of Heaven with their heads. Wherefore and by reason of which, it is occasionally entertaining, and at the same time salubrious, for some doughty bravo to come down upon the caputs of these gladiators with a length of ninety-pound rail, and so restore the floor of Heaven to its normal flatness, that the blest may skate serenely.

Such a bravo—with all due respect to a sedate and ancient man, now far less the ruffian than the logician—is the Honorable Charles Francis Adams, of 84 State Street, Boston, Mass., in whose "Studies Military and Diplomatic" (Macmillan), amid many pleasant blooms and ingenious snarls of speech, you will find a number of lethal weapons

lurking. And these weapons do not merely lurk; they are in good and constant service; the noise of their shocks makes a rolling rataplan. But upon what, precisely, do they perform—what targets—what skulls—what magnificoes? Upon General Israel Putnam, Upon General Nathaniel for one. Greene, for another. Upon General-George—Washington—speak it con sordini-for a third! Yea, even upon George Himself, the Odin of our Valhalla! And if that sacrilege offends, then let it be said in Mr. Adams's defense that he ameliorates it by striking down devils as well as gods. That is to say, he shows that if George occasionally displayed an amazing ineptness, then General Sir William Howe, his antagonist, displayed an ineptness even more amazing; that if the Continentals at Bunker Hill walked straight into a trap, then the British on that same day amiably broke the spring; that if the campaign of 1777 was a comedy of errors on the one side, then it was a still livelier comedy of errors on the other.

What happened at Bunker Hill? Mr. Adams, stripping the story of its accretions of tinsel and nickel plating, tells it in simple terms. The British forces, eight thousand strong, occupied the city of Boston, and a British fleet lay in Boston harbor. Howe was supreme commander. The American militia, ten thousand strong and with Putnam in command, hovered in the outskirts of the town. The logical aim of the British was to lure the Americans into a stand-up fight, preferably along the waterfront, and so drub them with men and ships. The logical aim of the Americans was to grab as many nearby strongholds as they could, and so harass and demoralize the British. But when the time came to grab, just what strongholds did the Americans select? only, and that one the weakest of them all! Charlestown Neck, to wit, with Bunker Hill upon it. Charlestown Neck was practically an island. Nothing but a narrow causeway joined it to the mainland, and that causeway lay exposed, not only to the attack of landing parties, but also to the heavy fire of the British

ships. But out went the Continentals, on the night of June 16, 1775, and by dawn of the next day they had thrown up earthworks on Bunker Hill, or rather on Breed's Hill, just below it. There the rising sun found them, neatly bottled. All that was necessary to bag them was to seize the causeway, shake them up a bit with ships' cannon, let them explode all their own scanty ammunition, and then land and handcuff them.

But what did Howe do? Alas, good Howe had an imbecility up his sleeve to match and surpass the imbecility of the ragged Continentals! Just as they themselves had been warned that Charlestown Neck was a trap, so he in his turn had had it pointed out to him how that trap might be easily and safely sprung. But this plan, for all its simplicity and certainty, did not appeal to Sir William. Just why he objected to it no one has ever discovered—here, indeed, we are upon one of the impenetrable mysteries of history—but that he did object we know. In place of it he adopted the astonishing plan of attacking the Americans in front-of landing under their fire, of advancing in the face of their fire, and of bucking, finally, their line of well made earthworks! And not only did he make this insane frontal attack, but to add to the joys of the day he left the causeway to the mainland wide open, so that when he finally succeeded, with staggering loss, in driving the Yankees out of their trenches, they made a safe and quick retreat and were soon with their patriot brethren behind Boston. In brief, Howe not only failed to spring the trap into which his foes had walked, but he actually went to the length, at great loss and trouble to himself, of driving them out of it!

This same incredible strategist gave another affecting performance on Long Island a year later, but here his antagonist was not Putnam, but Washington. In its main plot that second farce was almost identical with the one played on Charlestown Neck. That is to say, Washington, like Putnam, sent his troops into a trap—and then stood by while Howe, with great fuming and fury, drove them out. Brooklyn was the

Charlestown Neck of this delightful affair. When Washington crossed the East River from Manhattan and went into camp on the Long Island heights, he placed himself completely at the mercy of Howe, who had thirty thousand men on Staten Island and a fleet in the lower bay. By the simple device of sending his ships into the East River while his army advanced up Long Island, Howe might have bottled George's little army of some five thousand and then waited for it to starve and surrender. But did he adopt this plan? Of course he did not. A simple plan, certain of success, was always abhorrent to that involute and preposterous mind. Instead, he landed his troops at Gravesend, marched them up to the Yankee front, and there paused for a springand while he paused thus Washington slipped across the river and took to the woods! Where was the British fleet that night? Down at Sandy Hook!

But there were blunders on the American side even worse than Howe's. To Washington's folly in crossing to Brooklyn, where he found a superior army in front of him and a wide and deep river behind him, delicate allusion has been You will find it discussed more frankly, more judicially in Mr. Adams's book. George blundered again when he threw up his Brooklyn trenches on low ground, with hills commanding them at easy range. But it was Sullivan, his chief field lieutenant, who took the prize for stupidity on that astounding day. Between the American front and the British landing place at Gravesend there was a wooded ridge, and over it came The British might have three roads. advanced by one road, by two or by all Sullivan, sallying from his defenses, occupied two of these roads, leaving the third open. By which did the British come? By the open third, of course. And coming thus, they fell upon Sullivan's rear, turned his force inside out, took him prisoner and killed or wounded nearly half of his entire command! The only thing that may be said in defense of Sullivan is that the British probably took the third road quite by accident. It is incredible that Howe, knowing it to be undefended, should have chosen it deliberately. His invariable plan was to pick the very worst route available.

This habit was well exemplified soon afterward—that is to say, in 1777. Howe was now in New York, and Burgoyne was coming down from Canada in an effort to join him. Washington and the Continentals awaited events out in Jersey. The obvious thing for Howe to do was to send part of his army up the Hudson to meet Burgoyne, who was hard pressed, and so open a British highway through the young republic, breaking its back as Sherman broke the back of the Confederacy. He had the troops and he had the ships; the one thing necessary was to give the word. But such a plan, of course, was beneath the dignity of Howe. He preferred more recondite, more fantastic, more elephantine movements. And so he put his men aboard his ships, and, as Mr. Adams says, vanished into space. Six days later he made a spectral reappearance off the Delaware capes and then dropped out of sight again. A month more and he was in the Chesapeake. But to what end? To the end, it soon became evident, of capturing Philadelphia! why Philadelphia? Because the Continental Congress met there. But couldn't the Continental Congress, scared away by redcoats, meet just as well somewhere else? Of course it could. And yet the heavy-witted Howe laid his plans for besieging Philadelphia—and the obliging Washington, instead of leaving him to his folly and striking northward against Burgoyne and so clearing the whole country above New York of Britishers, hurried south to meet him. What followed every schoolboy knows. Valley Forge was the price paid for that combination of follies.

I here give you the substance of but a few of Mr. Adams's extraordinarily penetrating and interesting chapters. Let it not be supposed that he is a mere mocker, a picker of flaws, a splitter of hairs, a reviler of earnest and honest men. Far from it, indeed. The chief living representative of the most distinguished of all American families,

with long years of life behind him and a plentiful experience, not only of men but also of battles, he brings to these critical studies the technical equipment of a military expert, the ripe judgment of an historian and the tolerant philosophy of a man of the world. His is no effort to belittle and pooh-pooh Washington. All he tries to show is that our first great general, for all his virtues, still had his serious faults—that in the days of his apprenticeship he was handicapped alike by the almost comical poverty of his material and by the limitations of his own skill, and that even in later years, after he had had many a hard buffet, there were still lessons that he had not learned. One, for example, was the lesson that a man on horseback could do better service in many important situations than a man on foot. A whole chapter is devoted to Washington's use of cavalry—and it may be summarized by saying that he scarcely used cavalry at all, despite his crying need of it day by day and the ease with which he might have added it to his resources.

In the latter half of his book, Mr. Adams abandons the Revolution for the Civil War. In one chapter he discusses the ethics of secession; in another he pays tribute to the genius and character of Robert E. Lee; in a third he attempts an analysis of the factors which caused the Confederacy to go to pieces. Then at the end come two chapters upon Civil War diplomacy, the one dealing destructively with the popular legend that Queen Victoria prevented British interference, and the other letting daylight through a remarkable tale told by E. L. Chittenden, Lincoln's Register of the Treasury. This last chapter recalls in more than one way Huxley's famous essay "On the Value of Witness to the Miraculous." Chittenden's yarn concerns an emergency bond issue in 1863, and inasmuch as he issued the bonds himself and signed every one of them personally, his account of the matter has been commonly accepted as beyond question. But Mr. Adams demonstrates, by an extremely skillful marshaling of proofs, that he must be disbelieved nevertheless—that some of the

things he describes as taking place, and to his certain knowledge, never took place at all. A fitting climax to an unusually thoughtful and valuable book. In the midst of all our flubdub and our fustian we need such volumes to show us the truth. Read it if you would get the saccharine taste of the orthodox histories out of your mouth. It has a sharp and novel flavor, not quickly to be for-

gotten.

Just what Edward Gordon Craig, the son of Ellen Terry, is pleading for in his volume "On the Art of the Theatre" (Browne) is not always crystal clear, for Mr. Craig affects a pontifical and highfalutin' style, and so the bright faces of his ideas are sometimes obscured by the veils of his verbiage. On the one hand he seems to propose and advocate certain reforms in current stage management, chiefly in the direction of coordinating warring elements, and on the other hand he appears to be convinced that the stage of today is artificial and tawdry beyond all remedy. His main complaint, as I understand it, is that too many cooks now spoil the dramatic broth. First a dramatist writes a play; then a stage director engages and rehearses actors to play it; then a musician writes shiver music to accompany its thrills; then a scene painter daubs its scenes; then a costumer prepares its raiment, and finally a star actor mauls and murders it to suit his own sweet will. There will never be a perfect stage performance, says Mr. Craig, until there arises a man who combines all of these talents and can exercise them all with equal facility—that is to say, a man able, first of all, to write a good play, and then able to paint its scenery, design its costumes, devise its lighting effects, rehearse its performers and play its principal part himself. A rare creature, to be sure, but still not an impossible one. Richard Wagner, swinging his baton over a performance of "The Ring of the Nibelung" at Bayreuth, came very near filling the Mr. Craig, indeed, hints that another is even now among us, his initials being E. G. C. and a certain excellent actress being his mamma. But

though he thus establishes the possibility of his proposed reform, he by no means proves its necessity. His own testimony, in fact, shows that performances coming very close to his ideal are now being given at various places in Europe—and with no attempt to avoid the normal and logical division of labor.

When he soars further into space he becomes even more absurd. The art of the theater, he argues, is not based upon ideas but upon movement. It is not the child of poetry, but of dancing. So he pictures a theater of the future in which the dramatist of today will be dethroned, and in which silent uber-marionettes (his own name for them), swaying and bouncing through the mazes of some subtle and portentous pantomime, will take the place of living actors. What Mr. Craig overlooks here is that even a pantomime, to have any intelligible meaning at all, must tell a story, and that the author of such a story must inevitably be a dramatist. Changing his name, he falsely assumes that he has got rid of the fellow—but he hasn't. And neither has he got rid of the actor after he has elaborately established the fact that the plays of early India were played by puppets. So they were, but we of today demand a greater verisimilitude, and so we use actors. Those actors, of course, have their limitations. A single role may be played perfectly, but not a whole play. There is always a lingering touch of unreality; the spectator must always help in the make-believe. But as the art of acting progresses and the art of playwriting with it, this unreality tends to shrink to the negligible. Such a play as "Ghosts," for example, is not a real "slice of life," and no sane spectator believes that it is, but all the same its likeness to reality is so close that it makes a powerful appeal to the intelligence and the emotions.

Thus Mr. Craig's objection to realism, on the ground that it must ever be imperfect, goes to pieces. His premises are false and his conclusions are false. When he protests, let us say, against a childish fidelity to insignificant details, then he is on safe ground, but when he protests against every effort at literal reproduc-

tion, however intelligent and successful, then he is quickly bogged. He himself, in this very book, presents careful designs for small stage properties. Well, if powder puffs and vases should be realistic, then why not kitchen ranges and pots of geraniums? And if ranges and geraniums, then why not the whole of Nora's sitting room? For heroic and fantastic plays, dealing with places and people that never were on land or sea, his vague masses and flooding lights have their undoubted value. But the really important plays of today deal with the life of today, and it is to our taste that they present that life realistically, and its environment no less than its actual clash of wills.

Comes now a man who sticks closer to earth, and in consequence is far more informing and entertaining. He is Channing Pollock, a dramatic critic of large and ancient practice, and his book is called "THE FOOTLIGHTS FORE AND Aft" (Badger). What Mr. Pollock tries to explain and expound is not how the theater ought to be conducted, but how it actually is conducted. That is to say, he gives a clear and accurate description of the whole dramatic process, from the first reading of a play to the final reckoning and division of the profits. overlooks no single detail. He tells us how plays are cast and rehearsed and what wounds they suffer by the business; how a scene is painted and what it costs; how the thousand and one details of lighting are worked out and tested; how dramatic values are augmented by the myriad devices of the stage manager; how actors run amuck and managers tear their hair; how all the principal living playwrights of America manufacture and sell their merchandise; and, finally, how the press agent, that benign hobgoblin of the modern theater, plans and executes his staggering mendacities. Mr. Pollock knows the playhouse as few other men know it. He is not only an acute dramatic critic but also a successful dramatist and librettist, and he has made his living in his time as manager, play reader and press agent. No dark secret of the stage is a secret to him; he has tackled and

penetrated them all. And he tells his story in a lively and good-humored fashion, with no sparing of anecdote and example. It is a wonder that so interesting and useful a book was so long in the writing. The American people are vastly concerned about the theater, and in particular about its trans-footlight mysteries. And yet no one, until Mr. Pollock approached his typewriter, thought to give them a book about those mysteries. Well, here it is at last. It evades all the familiar problems and ponderosities. It deals frankly with things as they are.

"THE AMERICAN DRAMATIST," by Montrose J. Moses, author of an excellent book on Ibsen (Little-Brown), has considerable value as a record of plays written and forgotten, and you will find in it, here and there, many thoughtful if not always impeccable opinions; but its lack of proportion and coherence is a very serious fault. What Mr. Moses offers his readers, in brief, is not a sagacious and well ordered study of the American drama, but rather a hodgepodge of materials for such a study. Discussing dramatist after dramatist, he fails entirely to trace their interrelation, the dependence of one upon another; and what is more, he is not always prudent and accurate in discussing them as individuals. He sees William Gillette, for example, merely as a clever mechanician, and seems to have heard nothing of Gillette's pioneer adventures in naturalism, or of his great influence upon American farce in the late nineties. Again, he devotes exactly fifteen lines to Charles Hoyt—and gives over a hundred to Owen Davis! Yet again, he puts all that he has to say about "The Easiest Way" in two sentences, separated, one from the other, by more than three hundred pages. Yet again, he sneers absurdly at the libretto of "Robin Hood," one of the best ever done in English. Altogether a rather irritating book, for all its useful marshaling of names and dates. Mr. Moses is in considerably better form in his "MAURICE MAETERLINCK" (Duffield), a clear account of the famous Belgian, both as

dramatist and as philosopher. brief, but it is written with great care, and should prove of value to those who find the plays and essays of Maeterlinck a bit incomprehensible. A far more elaborate study is "MAURICE MAETER-LINCK, A BIOGRAPHY," by Edward Thomas (Dodd-Mead), which appears as an extra volume to the authorized American edition of the Maeterlinckian theater. In particular, Mr. Thomas makes excellent contributions to an understanding of the dramatist's poems and of his earlier and more fantastic dramas. The book is illustrated, which that of Mr. Moses is not, but it lacks the exhaustive bibliography of the latter.

Here is another published play. "Dis-RAELI," by Louis N. Parker (Lane), is a bold and vivid character sketch against a background of conventional theatrical flubdub. Saving only Dizzy himself, not another person in the play has much more reality than the puppets in a Punch and Judy show. But Dizzy stands out clearly—a fellow of wit and sapience, a rare master of intrigue and chicanery, a pricker of pomposities, daring and yet elaborately cautious, accurate in estimating man and men, sharp enough of eye to see through a whole file of hypocrites and two brick The play is not a panorama of walls. his life; it does not attempt to show him undergoing changes. All it seeks to do is to present him at a high-pitched and characteristic moment—the moment, to wit, when he gobbled the Suez Canal. It is not the climbing, insinuating Dizzy that we see, but the cocksure, irresistible, triumphant Dizzy—Dizzy with the fires of youth quenched, but with the wisdom of a sanhedrin of serpents in his heart. A figure that stands out in the round. A human being in the midst of marionettes. The saving grace of an extremely puerile and artificial play.

Next month—the poets. Already they throng my antechamber and the tuning of their lyres is in my ears. While they tune and wait, a chance offers for a recess and refreshment. Auf wieder-

sehen!

## PERTINENT AND IMPERTINENT

#### By Owen Hatteras

ROM pale parsons with translucent ears and from little girls who speak pieces; from the scent of tuberoses and from medicated lingerie; from dinner invitations from friends who have wives who have sisters who have no living husbands; from tight collars and from "No Smoking" signs; from elderly ladies who have sure cures for toothache, and from barbers with perfumed fingers; from the nocturnes of Chopin, and from the New Thought; from persons who pasture their children in the hallways of hotels, and from postage-due stamps; from the harsh cacophony of liquorish snoring, and from imitation mahogany furniture; from professional G.A.R. men, and from squeaky piano pedals; from adult males who wear diamonds, and from all high functionaries in fraternal orders; from bier-fisch, and from loose rugs on hardwood floors; from obscene novels by lady novelists, and from eczema; from grass butter, and from detachable cuffs; from fat women who loll grotesquely in automobiles, and from theater orchestras: from female bachelors of arts and from drizzly Sundays; from Fletcherism and from actors who speak of their "art;" from transcendentalism and from delirium tremens; from the Declaration of Independence and from cold dinner plates; from the key of B flat minor and from the struggle for existence; from pedants who denounce split infinitives, and from chemical purity; from canned book reviews and from German adverbs; from basso-profundos with prominent Adam's apples, and from platitudes; from Asiatic cholera and from the Harvardocentric theory of the universe—good Lord, deliver us!

Socialism—the theory that the desire of one man to get something he hasn't got is more pleasing to a just God than the desire of some other man to keep what he has got.

MORALITY—the theory that every human act must be either right or wrong—and that ninety-nine per cent of them are wrong.

LOVE—the delusion that one woman differs from another.

Contributions toward a pronouncing dictionary of foreign words adopted into the American language:

Monsieur Mont-sewer Scherzo Shirts-o Menu May-noo Rathskeller Rats-killer Kaif Café Paresis Par-ee-sis Fiancée Fy-ance-y Huff-brow Hofbrau Entrée En-tree Wurst Worst Début De-but Foyer Foir Lingerie Linger-ee Connoisseur Conny-sewer Dépôt Dee-poh Fête Feet Habitué Hab-it-choo Pro-teege Protégé Née Décolleté De-coll-ty Amateur Am-ma-choor SUNDAY—a day devoted by Americans to wishing that they themselves were dead and in Heaven, and that their neighbors were dead and in Hell.

\_\_\_

NEWSPAPER—a device for making the ignorant more ignorant and the crazy crazier.

Change the sex of the devil and nine men out of ten would begin to believe in her.

AMERICA is still the land of religious freedom—but the definition of religious freedom has changed. Once it meant the right of every man to state his own beliefs freely. Now it means the duty of every man to accept and approve the other fellow's. Once its antithesis was enforced silence. Now its antithesis is free speech.

Adventures in the American language:

Give every man whatever is theirn.

I have never saw nothing more

uniquer.

What sort of automobile was that I seen you goin' down Broadway last Tuesday mornin' about nine o'clock in?

THAT New York judge who lately advocated placarding the shops of short weight grocers, as a measure more sapient and effective than fining them, put his finger upon a weakness which the so-called progress of civilization has introduced into our criminal jurispru-I allude to the weakness of restricted and unprotean unpunishments, of hobbled and denaturized judges. Time was when it was the business of a judge, not merely to determine the quantity of a punishment, but also and more especially to determine its quality. Far from being a mere clerk of penalties, he was also their inventor and embellisher. What he sought to devise and inflict in any given case was some punishment

which met exactly the character and conditions of the crime to be punished—which arose out of and had its roots in that crime, and suggested and commented upon it in every detail—some punishment appropriate to the one crime alone, or at least more appropriate to the one crime than to any other.

Such was the theory and practice of the criminal law in the spacious Middle Ages, before men began to be ashamed of honest instincts and simple reasons. For a runaway villein the obvious punishment was hamstringing, and being obvious, it was executed without further ado. For a perjurer, the removal of a schnitzel from the tongue. scoundrel who bit in clinches, extraction of the teeth. For the rowdy housewife and husband beater, prolonged immersion in a horsepond—i.e., enforced and painful silence. For the pickpocket, excision of the offending digits. For the strolling actor, an egg, a kick and a running start. A judge, in those days, had to be a fellow of resource and ingenuity. His superiors expected him, not only to punish crime, but also to punish it in some germane and felicitous fashion. If he could get a touch of humor into his sentence, so much the better, for the common people remember a jocosity much longer than they remember a syllogism. But in any event he had to maintain a logical and obvious connection between the offense and its penalty. If, finding the application of capsicum plasters an efficient punishment for napping catchpolls, he next day prescribed it for a pirate, a witch or a well poisoner, then he was himself brought into court for malfeasance in office—and probably condemned to death for felonious idiocy. In brief, he had to keep his wits about him if he would keep his job and his head. The law presumed him to be a man of sagacity, of ingenuity, of resource; and if, by any stupidity, he showed that he wasn't, its wrath consumed him.

The judge of today needs no such virtues. He is not the agent of justice, but its mere lackey. A great body of law protects the felon against his effort to find out the crime, and another great body of law protects the felon against

his effort to fit the punishment to that crime. There are, indeed, but three penalties remaining in his repertoire. First, he may sentence the convicted evildoer to death; secondly, to imprisonment; and thirdly, to pay a fine. The first penalty is so rarely prescribed, and so rarely inflicted when prescribed, that we may safely disregard it. And the third is not a punishment at all, but merely a means of avoiding punishment—a device whereby the criminal who has made his trade pay is given a chance to buy his freedom by sharing his spoils with the community.

Consider, for example, the case of the short weight grocers mentioned above. Does fining them really punish them? Does it give society any genuine protection against them in future? Not at all. All it does is to decrease, more or less, the profits of their chicanery—to take from them, for the public use, a portion of their private stealings. In Turkey or China a man accused of such a crime pays a bribe to the judge personally and so gets his freedom; in the United States he bribes the judge as agent for

the community. There remains the other penalty of our modern law—that of imprisonment. A punishment, it must be admitted, of undoubted efficacy in many cases. So long as a man is in jail it is obviously impossible for him to commit many of the common crimes. He cannot rob banks: he cannot kidnap children; he cannot perform piracies upon the high seas; he cannot stuff ballot boxes. And the mere possibility, the threat of imprisonment is sufficient to deter many weak and pessimistic men from venturing into crime at all. But if we proceed from these merely latent criminals (i.e., from the general run of men) to the actual, or professional criminal, then we find that the value of imprisonment as punishment or deterrent begins to shrink and fade away. Only so long as it endures is it either the one thing or the other. The moment the burglar, or pickpocket, or yeggman emerges from prison he resumes his burgling, his picking of pockets, his yegging. In the case of these and many other crimes the amateur is

practically unknown. Once a man begins picking pockets, for example, he usually keeps on picking pockets to the end of the chapter. He is sworn to the trade. ipso facto and from the start. bagged now and then, to make occasional sojourns in prison—all that is mere professional risk. When, by some mischance, he is nabbed and jailed, he lays the business to the fortunes of war, as a surgeon does when a patient dies or a lawyer when a client is hanged. soon as he has paid his debt to the law he resumes the practice of his profes-If anything, a term in prison heartens and emboldens him, for he commonly debits it, not to the acts preceding it, but to the acts following it. In brief, he regards it as a sort of fee or license paid to the community for the privilege of extracting wallets. thus it fails to punish him, and at the same time fails to deter him.

Now, really, how much shrewder and more efficient were the punishments of an elder and less maudlin day! The aim then, as we have seen, was to link crime and punishment together indissolubly to make the relation of one to the other obvious and painful—and, finally, to make it measurably more difficult, once a given man had committed a given crime, for that same man to commit that same crime again. Thus the hamstringing of runaway villeins, the disentonguing of perjurers, the complete dedentalization of biters in clinches. And thus, to come back to our chief example, the amputation of pickpockets' fingers. Send a pickpocket to jail and you merely exchange one method of supporting him at the public expense for another method. But cut off the thumb and forefinger of his right hand, or even only the first phalanges thereof, and he goes at once upon the retired list. He is substantially as fit as any other man for nine-tenths of the honest trades and professions—but not for picking pock-To live at all, he must learn something new. A single blow of the correctional cleaver has at once amply punished him for all his past offenses and made it impossible for him to repeat them.

# SOMETHING PERSONAL

## By the Publisher

OME of our readers like to have fun with us, but we get just as much amusement out of it as they do. One of these jokers—anonymous, I regret to say-saw a chance for a thrust in my brief postscript to this page last month. I mentioned, you will recall, that our proofreader had made the voluntary admission that the March number of The SMART SET was, in his opinion, the best that had ever been produced, and that he had been reading the magazine for ten years. Our humorous friend clipped the postscript and sent it back to us with the comment: "Poor fellow! The pity of it!"

I hereby invite him to meet the proofreader. Furthermore, he will be permitted to bring with him an inspector from any humane society he may desig-

nate.

Another anonymous writer charges us with iniquities still deeper dyed:

You are slowly murdering the old SMART SET.... By all means change its name to "Thayer's Conservative Magazine." What a grand ring it has! I can hear it tickling your ear drums. You have a fine thing, Mr. Thayer, bought and paid for; in God's name, why don't you push it along? You've got the biggest chance alive, and, old man, not man-n, you're throwing it away.

Really now—but what's the use? For every anonymous letter of that sort we get five signed letters of an entirely different type. Here is one from Boston: DEAR MR. THAYER:

Now for the second time you are making magazine history in your own superlative fashion. The new red blood you are injecting into THE SMART SET is giving it a tremendous impetus. No saying how high it will go before you get

through with it.

I've read your talk in the March number. You have set to work to inject a new meaning into the term, "The Smart Set." It will be an uphill task, but that is the kind you glory in. The term has so long been associated with "The Idle Rich" that it will be hard to divorce them. But the usage of other words and phrases changes continually—why not this?

And here's another from a man who admires The Smart Set, and in vigorous language tells us why:

We have always loved The SMART SET because it has never attempted to free Ireland, regulate the trusts, dig the Panama Canal, lambaste the railroads or usurp the field of the yellow journal in any other way. It has been a pleasure to feel that one could open The SMART SET and not be confronted by the picture of some wild-eyed labor leader or flat-nosed baseball hero. We have admired The SMART SET as the vehicle of the best light literature, the kind that entertains, without finding it sandwiched between long-winded articles by pessimistic highbrows, alarm clock scientists and well dressed anarchists.

The above are a few of the reasons why I enclose the cheque. If, however, The SMART SET is metamorphosed to one of the modern periodicals of "enlightenment," I shall regret that the money was not spent for liquid good

cheer or devoted to foreign missions.

We propose to earn that money.

John adams thayer



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WOMAN, the female of man. See Homo.

VIRGINIA, one of the British American colonies, situated between seventy-four and eighty degrees west long, and between thirty-six and thirty-nine degrees of north lat. bounded by the river Patowmack, which separates it from Maryland, on the north; by the Atlantic Ocean, on the east; by Carolina, on the south; and may be extended as far westward as we think sit.

LAUGHTER, an affection peculiar to mankind, occasioned by something that tickles the fancy.

In laughter, the eye-brows are raifed about the middle, and drawn down next the nose; the eyes are almost shut; the mouth opens, and shews the teeth, the corners of the mouth being drawn back and raised up; the cheeks seem pussed up, and almost hide the eyes; the sace is usually red, and nostrils open, and the eyes wet.

JAPAN, or Islands of Japan are fituated between 130° and 144° of E. lon. and between 30° and 40° N. lat.

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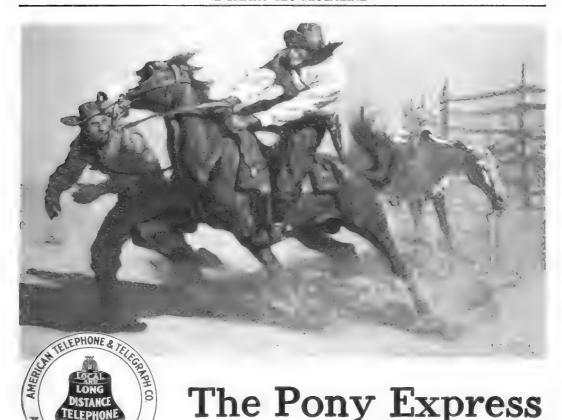
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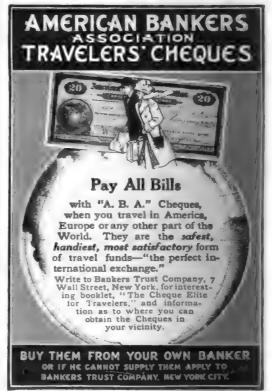
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that represent the official word of what is to be seen this season.

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# MRS. ADAIR



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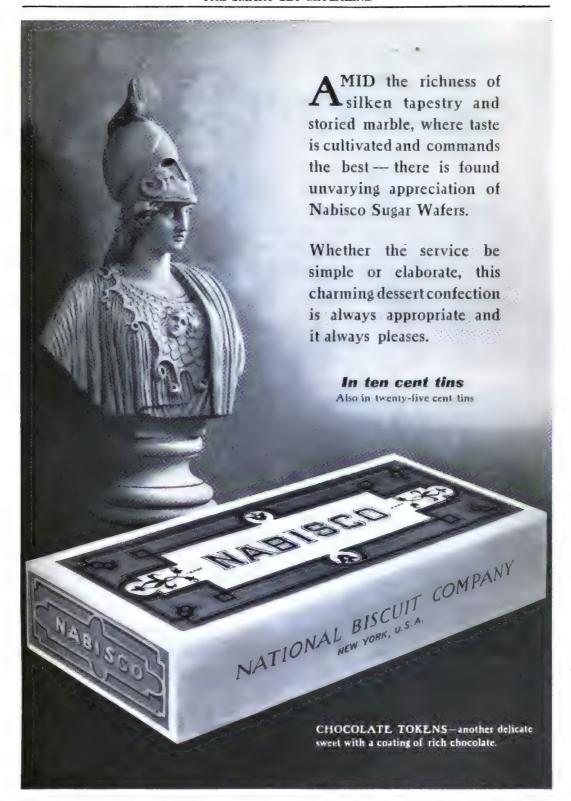
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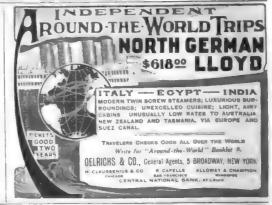
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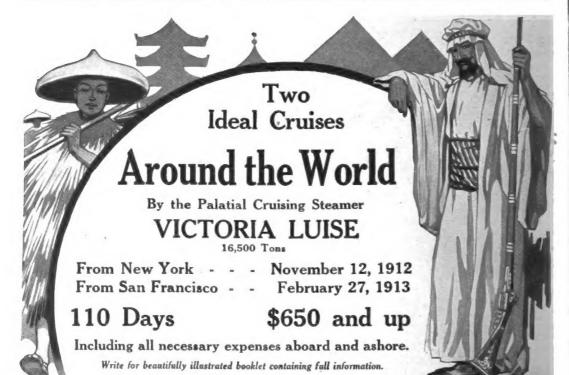
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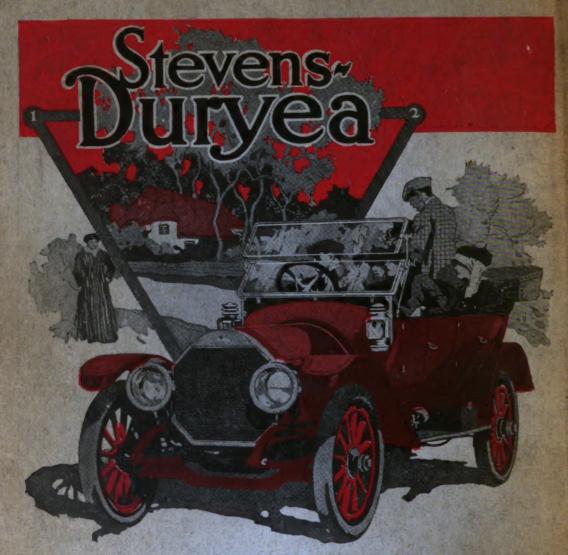
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